

FIFTY CENTS *

NOVEMBER 17, 1967

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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Painted portrait of Carl Stokes

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MAYOR
STOKES

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This is a big Buick, a big Buick LeSabre. Yet its powerful V-8 engine runs on regular gasoline. Isn't that a beautiful way to stay within the household budget? It's just one example of what we mean by Buick talks your language.

If you ever approached the LeSabre with an armload of groceries, you'd appreciate its wide doors.

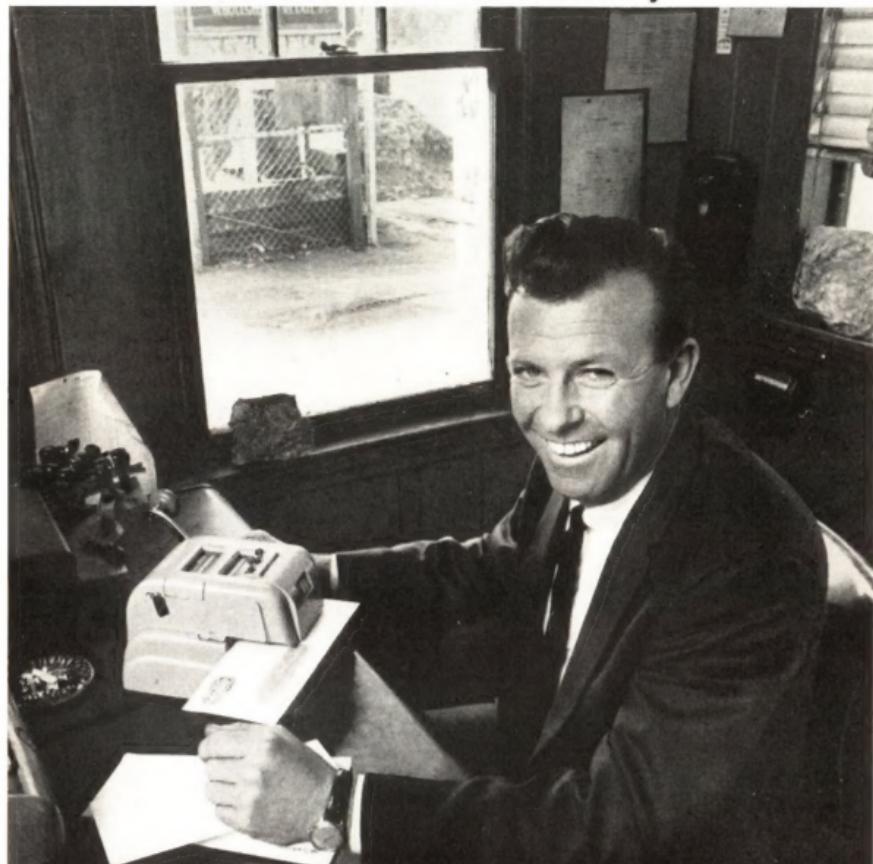
Every Buick features a full line of GM safety equipment, including seat belts for six passengers.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?



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Why Mike Lawlor uses a Pitney-Bowes postage meter to mail as few as ten letters a day.



Standing beside a mound of cobblestones in West Hempstead, Long Island, is the building that houses the Lawlor Stone Setting Corp. From his small office, Mike Lawlor and his men supply and contract stonework for structures as large as college classroom buildings and as small as their own compact quarters.

Every business day, ten to thirty letters are mailed to prospects and clients. Not just bills, but bids and contracts. Brochures to contractors and architects. Postcards showing work they've done.

For the past five years, one of our little desk model postage meters has been helping Mike Lawlor handle this wide variety of mail. According to Mike, "Because of the meter, we don't have to keep a stock of all the

different kinds of stamps we use. Like 8's for airmail and 4's for the postcards. All we do is dial the right postage on the meter and print it on the envelope. Our mailing jobs are also easier to take; before we got the meter, we got thick tongues from having to lick all the stamps and envelopes."

We made our desk model meter especially for businesses the size of Lawlor Stone Setting Corp. In fact, most new DM users mail fewer than Lawlor's ten letters a day and still find our meter invaluable. To find out just how our meter can help in your business, call a Pitney-Bowes office for a free demonstration.

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For information, write Pitney-Bowes, Inc., 1214 Pacific Street, Stamford, Conn. 06904. Postage Meters, Addresser-Printers, Folders, Inserters, Counters & Imprinters, Scales, Mailopeners, Collators, Copiers.

The day Nick Nixon met the sea lions.

Two of them, at Los Angeles International Airport.
Looking like something out of water.
So TWA Hand Nick Nixon turned a hose on them.
But they didn't appreciate it.
Somebody else might have left it at that.
But not Nick.
He phoned the Greater Los Angeles Zoo,
and got the Curator of Mammals.
Since when don't sea lions appreciate a nice cold shower?
Ever since the Gulf Stream, it turned out, they like a little warm with the cold.
That's the way Nick mixed it.
And it turned out fine.

But Nick was worried.
He spoke to his supervisor.
Could someone tell the ramp man at Chicago to shower the beasties again, before they took off for Pittsburgh?
"And tell him, please, it's got to be 60 degrees! That's the way they like it!"
Sure, some other Carrier may throw a little water over your sea lions...
But who but the Hands at TWA would go to the trouble of finding out what

temperature they prefer?



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Surest Hands in the business

*TWA's registered service mark for its world-wide cargo services.

you'll only hear what you want to hear.



If you're fussy about the things you listen to; buy a Lear Jet stereo eight.

We invented it for people who like the fidelity and long-play idea of tape; but don't want to fiddle around with reels, threading, or rewinding.

We packed eight sound tracks on quarter-inch tape, put it all into a compact cartridge and designed it to play up of an hour and twenty minutes of uninterrupted music any-

where, anytime. It makes the phonograph record obsolete.

You have your choice of 10,000 selections on stereo eight cartridges from every major recording company.

You can play the same cartridge in any Lear Jet stereo eight unit. The new home stereo system shown here; our stereo portable; our tape deck that plugs into your home console, or one of the many stereo tape players

we invented for cars.

Lear Jet is the only automotive tape cartridge player with a fast forward selector; and an exclusive precision pitch control to let you find the tone you like best.

For true stereo, four 5-inch speakers that sing out loud and clear, or soft and clear, whichever you decide.

In fact, if you listen to us you'll have music wherever you go.

Lear Jet stereo eight





The 7-minute interview:

We invented it to give you a chance to size up a life insurance agent and still have an out.

How do you know whether or not you want to do business with a man until you talk to him and have a chance to see if he's your kind of person? That's why a Mutual Benefit agent offers a 7-minute interview.

In seven minutes, he's not about to solve your problems, though he may very well spark a couple of ideas that will save you money.

The important thing is that you will have a chance to see that he knows his stuff and to size him up. To determine if he's a person you would find it easy to talk to.

If you're interested in further discussion, invite him to stay. Otherwise, he'll be on his way at the end of seven minutes. Or, if you're too busy to see anyone right now, write for our free booklet, "What you can expect a Mutual Benefit agent to do for you."

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Benrus: If it were an ordinary watch, we'd give it an ordinary guarantee.

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Only Benrus unconditionally guarantees your watch movement for three years. If the movement fails to perform properly for any reason, Benrus will repair or replace it free.

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What a waste of Don Q.

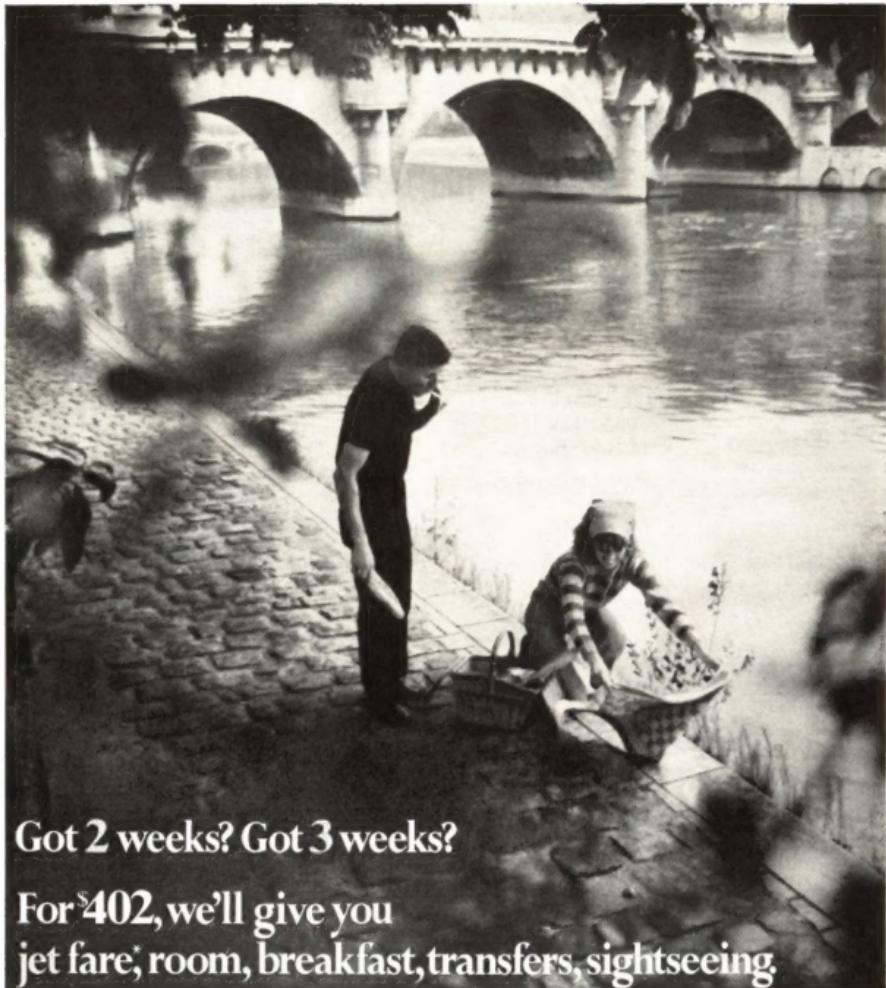
Rum this good should be served on the rocks or with soda. So you can appreciate its exceptionally light, dry, smooth flavor.

Lots of people will tell you these are the very qualities that make for superior eggnog.

To them, we say, Cheers!



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A Mr. and Mrs. business trip may be a lot easier to take than you realized.

At Hilton, you can share a room with your wife for just about a third more than if you occupied it alone. You get even greater savings if you extend your stay for the weekend. And there's no extra charge for our Lady Hilton advisory service—designed to keep your wife busy during

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The Boeing 737 Twinjet is the newest—and smallest—member of the world's most famous family of jetliners.

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The 737's interior spaciousness is unmatched by any other short-haul airliner. It has more height above the aisle. More head room over the seats. More shoulder and elbow room along the windows.

The 737 also inherits the benefits of Boeing's unequalled jet flight experience. Boeing 707s, 720s and 727s have flown more miles, carried far more passengers than any other

jets. They are, in fact, the world's most popular jetliner family.

Watch for the superb new Boeing 737 Twinjet. It has already been ordered by: Avianca, Braathens, Britannia, Canadian Pacific, Frontier, Irish, Lake Central, Lufthansa, Malaysia-Singapore, Mexicana, NAC, New Zealand, Nordair, Northern Consolidated, PSA, Pacific, Pacific Western, Piedmont, South African, United, Western, Wien Air Alaska.

BOEING 737

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, November 15

ANDROCLES AND THE LION (NBC, 7:30-9 p.m.). Richard Rodgers puts to music George Bernard Shaw's tale of man and beast. Norman Wisdom plays Androcles. Geoffrey Holder the lion. And Caesar? Noel Coward, naturally.

KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). Tony Randall stars as "Stagecoach Johnnny" in a musical comedy set in the New York of the 1920s. Guest stars include Walter Winchell, Cab Calloway, Gilbert Becaud, Nathaniel Frev, Michele Lee and Marlyn Monroe.

ABC WEDNESDAY NIGHT MOVIE (ABC, 9-11 p.m.). Laurence Harvey, Diane Cilento and Hugh O'Brian in *Dial M for Murder*, a David Susskind TV version of the Broadway play that was transferred to the screen by Alfred Hitchcock in 1954.

Thursday, November 16

CAROL CHANNING AND 101 MEN (ABC, 9-10 p.m.). Carol has the boys in for the first of two specials. Among them: Walter Matthau, Eddy Arnold and the All-Force Academy Chorale.

Friday, November 17

TARZAN (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). The guests make this one interesting: Helen Hayes and her son, James MacArthur, as a domineering mother and her son who wants to be a jungle doctor.

AMERICAN PROFILE: THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART (CNBC, 10-11 p.m.). Robert Culp narrates a visit to the National Gallery, featuring an account of Resident Restorer Francis Sullivan's use of X rays to uncover hidden secrets in several masterpieces. One example: *The Lady in Dullino* by Tiepolo. She holds a closed fan, but X rays show that the artist first painted the fan open and later closed it.

Saturday, November 18

N.C.A.A. FOOTBALL (ABC, 4-10 p.m. to conclusion). In the battle for the national championship, rat least in the rating polls, U.S.C. meets U.C.L.A. at Los Angeles.

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). The first of a two-parter, "People of War," focuses on the villagers in a much fought over hamlet in South Viet Nam. Repeat.

Sunday, November 19

ISSUES AND ANSWERS (ABC, 1-30-2 p.m.). Dr. Kenneth Galbraith is the guest.

AND DEBBIE MAKES SIX (ABC, 8-9 p.m.). Reynolds gets together with Bob Hope, Jim Nabors, Donald O'Connor, Bobby Darin and Frank Gorshin.

THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS COMEDY HOUR (CBS, 9-10 p.m.). Tonight's visitors include George Segal, Nancy Wilson and Paul Revere and the Raiders.

Tuesday, November 21

WORLD PREMIERE (NBC, 9-11 p.m.). Darren McGavin, Sean Garrison, Shirley Knight, Nancy Malone, Ossie Davis and Edmond O'Brien in *The Outsider*, a made-for-TV detective movie.

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). "Gangnam in Tahiti: The Search for Paradise." Sir Michael Redgrave is the voice.

All times E.S.T.

TIME, NOVEMBER 17, 1967

Baron
No matter who you are - no matter where you go
let the **BARON** accompany you...



The BARON

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We make dictating machines for people who hit their thumbs when they hammer nails.

Our Time-Master dictating machines are simple to use. Ten minutes' practice and you're an expert. Here's why:

A kid can do it. Really. Just slide on a belt and it locks in place. Automatically. No fussing to load our machines.

Button. Button. Who's got the button?

The mike has. All the controls are in the mike, where they make sense. You can operate all of them with your thumb, so you're completely free to think about what you're dictating, not about what you're doing.

Choose your weapon.

Dictaphone offers two systems. One Time-Master records on a visible Dictabelt. Make a mistake and you just indicate it, give the correction and continue. Your secretary sees the indication mark and listens ahead for the correction before she types.

The other Time-Master uses a magnetic Dictabelt. If you make a mistake, back up and correct it yourself. You give the correction, it replaces the error. And Dictaphone's new automatic place finder, "Forward Memory" (a tiny arrow just below the Dictabelt)



indicates precisely where you stopped dictating, so you can quickly get going again.

How does the sound sound?

Bell clear. Your secretary won't have any trouble understanding you. There's even a little gadget that automatically levels whether you roar or whisper.

Of all the dictating machine companies you'll find listed in the

Yellow Pages, there's only one who has *both* kinds of belt systems—visible and magnetic. Dictaphone. So aren't we the logical ones to call if you want the whole story on dictating?



The name
that started the whole business.

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Announcing a minor improvement in slide projectors.



It's a new kind of light. Nothing more. But it does some pretty revolutionary things.

Because it's got a reflector built into it. Just like an automobile headlight.

And to show you what an improvement a reflector makes, we eliminated it from a headlight. The one on the left.

We call our new light the Luminac lamp. (We invented it. And Sylvania makes it just for us.)

It produces brighter, whiter light than the lamps in other slide projectors.

And it spreads the light evenly clear across the screen. Even at the edges.

So, with flash shots, it lights up the area the flash often leaves darker. The edges. And gives greater realism to the slide.

With outdoor shots, the even lighting at the edges gives a greater sense of depth. And the brighter lighting all over shows the colors in a more-natural light.

The Luminac lamp has another advantage, too. A lifespan at least twice as long as conventional lamps. Which means you may never have to replace it.

But there are many more good reasons to buy our slide projector besides our lamp.

Like electronic focusing. Sound synchronization (a way to show "talkie slides" with a tape recorder). And excellent optics.

Things that, along with the Luminac lamp, make Airequipt slide projectors the most-advanced in the world.

And the best thing that could happen to your slides.

AIREQUIPT
New Rochelle, N. Y.



If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.



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"TANKER-RAY"

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of Genghis in this special, which focuses on the years spent by the artist in the South Seas.

ONE-NIGHT STANDS (ABC, 10-11 p.m.). ABC News crews hopped on planes, buses and cars to record the stop-and-go lives of Bandleader Woody Herman, Singer Johnny Rivers and the Bartok-Hunt Circus.

NET PLAYHOUSE (shown on Fridays). *Enemy of the People* is Arthur Miller's adaptation of Henrik Ibsen's scathing indictment of a corrupt society. James Daly won an Emmy last year for his portrayal of the idealistic doctor. Repeat.

NET JOURNAL (shown on Mondays). "LSD: Leitvin v. Leary." A pseudopsychadelic trip complete with whirling lights and a confrontation between Head Guru Timothy Leary and M.I.T. Physiology Professor Jerome Leitvin.

THEATER

On Broadway

MORE STATELY MANSIONS Eugene O'Neill wanted the uncoordinated, lengthy manuscript of this play destroyed. Somehow a copy survived, and has been subjected to the surgery of Jose Quintero, who manages to make the great US dramatist appear as inept as a summer-stock apprentice. As a husband, wife, and mother fencing for one another's love, Arthur Hill, Colleen Dewhurst and Ingrid Bergman all appear lost in a disenchanted forest.

THE LITTLE FOXES. An admirable Lincoln Center revival of Lillian Hellman's 1939 play demonstrates how securely bricks of character can be sealed together with the mortar of plot. Anne Bancroft, George C. Scott, Richard Dreyfuss and Margaret Leighton are expertly gilded by Director Mike Nichols through gilt-edged performances as members of a family afflicted with a vulpine itch for plunder in the turn-of-the-century South.

WHAT DID WE DO WRONG? A ponderous put-down of the contemporary troubles of young and old falls on its face as it peers into the generation gap. Devotees of Paul Ford may be amused by their idol in a hippie getup, but others will consider *Wrong* more absurd than theater.

HENRY, SWEET HENRY lured theatergoers into picking up \$400,000 worth of tickets in advance of its opening. These venture-capitalists have a dismal evening in store for them. The musical concerns itself with a pair of schoolgirls who spend off-hours spying on a concert-stage idol (Dan Amaché). When he is not pounding the keyboard, he dallies with suburban and urban matrons. The music is tuneless, the lyrics witless, and the dances could pass for mass-horseshit.

ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD might be called *Two Characters in Search of a Plot*. British Playwright Tom Stoppard takes his protagonists from the wings of the Globe and sets them stage center to wonder, with corrosive wit and in spiritual desolation, who they are and what they are doing at Elsinore. Scintillating performances by Brian Murray and John Wood endow the evening with rousing theatricality.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY is nine years old and Harold Pinter's first full-length play. On Broadway for the first time, it is as highly individualistic, if not as technically poised, as his later works. The playwright cuts



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And that's a guarantee.

Three years guaranteed, in any commercial installation like hotels, hospitals, schools, against 10% surface wear . . . even in the heaviest traffic areas.

A.C.E.TM nylon. It's the only commercial carpet program backed by its own fiber producer regardless of mill, distributor, retailer.

"This Carpet is guaranteed by Fibers Division, Allied Chemical Corporation, against excessive surface wear for three years when properly installed and maintained. The guarantee will cover surface wear to the extent of loss of more than 10% (per square yard) of pile fiber. If the carpet fails to perform as guaranteed, it will be replaced at our expense upon request of the customer. The guarantee does not cover tears, burns, pulls, cuts or damage due to improper cleaning agents or methods."



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You would
like it in the
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Mason City,
Iowa



Known as the city that produced Meredith Wilson, Mason City is also gaining a reputation as an art center. The beautiful MacNider Museum is contributing to that reputation. A calendar of events for the year shows something's always going on. String quartet concerts, nationally famous traveling exhibits, art classes of all kinds, plus an excellent permanent collection. The people of Mason City have long been known for their industrious nature as a skilled labor force with a tradition of hard work. In addition, Mason City boasts excellent transportation facilities and ample resources. Abundant natural gas is piped in by Northern Natural Gas Company and distributed by Interstate Power Company. For more information about plant location opportunities in Mason City, write the Area Development Department of Northern Natural Gas Company, 2223 Dodge Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

does your home sound as good as it looks?

We think a home that looks beautiful should sound beautiful, too. So we make an exceptional tape recorder/player to flood your rooms with rich, vibrant stereophonic sound.

The Ampex 961 portable isn't like other tape recorders. To begin with, it has certain engineering features that only Ampex offers. Things like deep-gap heads for years of peak performance. Dual capstan drive to eliminate wow and flutter. Rigid-block suspension for perfect tape-to-head alignment. Even automatic reversing, so you can play a complete four-track stereo tape without changing reels.

The 961 comes complete with two dual-cone, extended range speakers and two high-fidelity microphones. It costs \$349.95.

If that sounds like a lot, remember that Ampex makes the tape recorders most of the professionals use. All the big networks, most local radio and TV stations, and almost all commercial recording companies use Ampex recorders as standard equipment.

That means we don't make home recorders. We make home versions of professional recorders.

There's a big difference.

Ampex. The people who started it all.

Comes complete with two speakers and two microphones for just \$349.95.

STEREO TAPE BONUS—Select \$100 worth of Ampex stereo tapes for just \$39.95 with the purchase of any Ampex stereo tape player/recorder.



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The 961 features finger-tip reverse, automatic tape filters, monitor switch, automatic tape provision, and push button digital counter.



The Ampex 961 has Exclusive Deep-Gap Heads, Rigid-Block Suspension, and Dual Capstan Drive.

AMPEX CORPORATION, Consumer and Educational Products Division, 2201 Lunt Ave., Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007

TIME, NOVEMBER 17, 1967

AMPEX

IF YOU LIKE A NICE, BLAND, DELICATE LITTLE DAIQUIRI...

STAYAWAY FROM MYERS'S RUM.



Myers's doesn't make a nice, bland, delicate little anything. What it does make is a hearty, full-flavored rum drink. That's because Myers's is dark Jamaican rum. And people who know rum will tell you dark Jamaican rum is the rummiest rum of all. So, naturally, the Myers's Daiquiri is the rummiest Daiquiri of all.

Use Myers's Rum every time the drink calls for rum. You'll love it. Providing you're ready for a good, full-flavored rum.

For free booklet write: General Wine & Spirits Co., 100 Park Avenue, New York, New York. Myers's—the true Jamaican Rum. © 1968 Prodi.

through the conventions of accepted stage behavior and the rules of the well-made play to expose the cruel and the comic, the frighteningly familiar and the terrifyingly unknown in each man's existence.

AFTER THE RAIN is an eggshell of a play from an egghead playwright. John Bowen borrows and embalms theatrical modes and ideas from Bertolt Brecht, Aldous Huxley, George Orwell and Peter Weiss and colors them in a fashionable shade of apocalyptic. As the tyrannical leader of a Noah-like band of survivors from the flood of 1969, Alec McOwen is convincingly diabolical as he plucks open the soul of a power maniac.

Off Broadway

SCUBA DUBA is in the tradition of the "new comedy" that draws its laughs not from funny-ha-ha but from funny-peculiar. Novelist Bruce Jay Friedman (*Stein, A Mother's Kiss*) puts one of his Mom-obsessed neurotics in a château on the Riviera during the night his wife is out cuckolding him with a Negro. Jerry Orbach is exquisitely believable as a modern victim-persecutor, one minute hiding under the coats in the closet, the next brandishing a scythe at his enemy, the world at large.

CINEMA

THE COMEDIANS. Graham Greene's Haitian purgatory has an excellent cast (Richard Burton, Peter Ustinov, Alec Guinness, Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Ford) and enough transcendent drama to absorb it from its most glaring sin: at two hours and 40 minutes, it is too long.

WAIT UNTIL DARK. A blind woman (Audrey Hepburn) who has become the nearly helpless victim of a trio of terrorists led by Alan Arkin tries to equalize the situation by removing all the light bulbs in the house; but she forgets the one in the refrigerator—with chilling results.

Far from the MADDING CROWD. Director John Schlesinger and Screenwriter Frederic Raphael, who collaborated on Oscar-winning *Darling*, now team to bring Hardy's brooding novel to the screen, with solid performances by Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Peter Finch and Terence Stamp.

ELVIRA MADIGAN. A Swedish cavalry officer (Thommy Berggren) deserts his wife, children and career to spend a summer of delirious happiness with a tightrope walker (Inga Degermark) in this spare and remarkably sensible film.

FINNEGANS WAKE. A surprising number of James Joyce's fire-borne visions survive in the screenwriter's version of the screenwriter's novel, thanks to Director Mary Ellen Butz's audacious dream sequences and witty collages and montages.

COOL HAND LUKE. A cocky prisoner (Paul Newman) becomes a folk hero to his fellow inmates by repeatedly escaping and indomitably refusing to knuckle under to sadistic guards.

THE INCIDENT. The sight of 14 subway passengers, paralyzed with fear as two punks (Tony Musante and Martin Sheen) pummel their way through the car makes shockingly clear the fact that the desicating pressure of urban life could well be the real villain.

MORE THAN A MIRACLE. A beautiful peasant girl (Sophia Loren) brazenly steals a horse from the handsome prince (Omar Sharif), gets herself a job making omellets in the palace kitchen, beats out seven prin-



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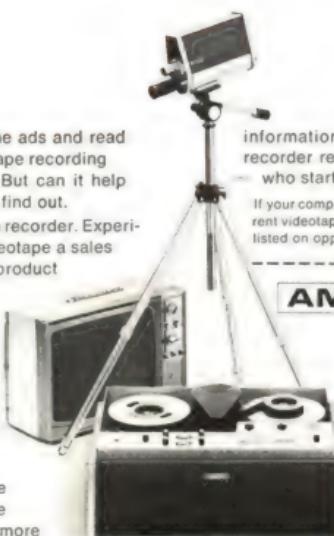
How to try videotape recording for less than \$200

You've probably seen all the ads and read all the articles about videotape recording for business and industry. But can it help you? Here's a great way to find out.

Rent an Ampex videotape recorder. Experiment with it for a week. Videotape a sales presentation. Stage a new product demonstration. Test your ability to communicate to an audience.

After a week, you'll probably want to keep it. And that's fine with us. We'll apply your rental fee—all of it—toward the purchase price.

So find out what videotape recording is like. Send in the coupon and we'll send you more



information about the exclusive videotape recorder rental plan, from Ampex, the people who started it all.

If your company has offices in other areas, they can rent videotape recorders from the distributors listed on opposite page.

AMPEX

Ampex Corporation
Consumer and Educational
Products Division
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Gentlemen:

Please send me more information about renting an Ampex videotape recorder.

NAME

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Maybe you talk about taking a cruise
when you retire. But, if you don't plan now,
you may miss something.

The boat.



Prudential understands that some day you'll have the time to do the things you've always wanted to do. But the question is—will you have the money?

You probably know what you'll have coming to you from Social Security and perhaps a company pension. But they may not add up to the kind of retirement you want. You can make up the difference with a Prudential Annuity. A Prudential Annuity will guarantee you a check every month even if you outlive Methuselah. So you'll

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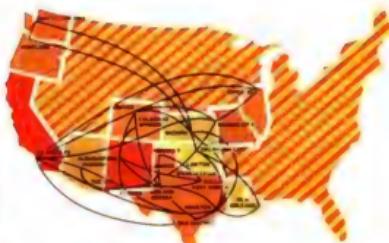
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cesses after a dishwashing contest, finally catches the prince and lives happily ever after in this utterly mindless but totally delightful fairy tale.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE YEAR 2000, by Herman Kahn and Anthony J. Wiener. Two practitioners of the art of futurism consider what the world may be like 33 years hence.

MEMOIRS: 1925-1950, by George F. Kennan. A close-up look at a crucial quarter-century of U.S. diplomacy by a man who was one of the first to see the cold war coming, and who was also one of the first to predict a thaw.

THE MASTER AND MARGARITA, by Mikhail Bulgakov. This subliminal Russian satire has survived 25 years of official suppression to reach the U.S. in two separate and unrelated editions.

THE MANOR, by Isaac Bashevis Singer. In this tragicomic account of the changes that rack a Victorian Polish-Jewish family, a popular Yiddish storyteller demonstrates that he has the credentials of a major novelist.

THE SLOW NATIVES, by Then Aslev. One of Australia's leading writers tells a prickly story of a Brisbane family of intellectual pioneers who undergo a painful adjustment to a philistine society.

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER, by William Styron. The author's fourth novel, a powerful, timely and imaginative reconstruction of a Negro slave uprising in 1831, installs his name at the top level of contemporary writers.

THE PYRAMID, by William Golding. In a seemingly simple tale about a bright lad who sacrifices everything to escape his low origins, Author Golding explores his favorite theme, which holds that original sin is an anthropological fact.

ROUSSEAU AND REVOLUTION, by Will and Ariel Durant. This tenth and last volume of their 38-year labor, *The Story of Civilization*, is one more proof that the Durants are the most eminently readable historians around.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, Styron (1 last week)
2. *The Gabriel Hounds*, Stewart (3)
3. *Topaz*, Uris (2)
4. *The Chosen*, Potok (4)
5. *The Arrangement*, Kazan (8)
6. *Rosemary's Baby*, Levin (7)
7. *Night Falls on the City*, Gannam (5)
8. *A Night of Watching*, Arnold (6)
9. *Christy*, Marshall
10. *The President's Plane Is Missing*, Sterling

NONFICTION

1. *Our Crowd*, Birmingham (1)
2. *The New Industrial State*, Galbraith (3)
3. *Nicholas and Alexandra*, Massie (2)
4. *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, Alliluyeva (5)
5. *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, Kavanaugh (4)
6. *Anyone Can Make a Million*, Shulman (7)
7. *Incredible Victory*, Lord (6)
8. *The Beautiful People*, Bender (9)
9. *Too Strong for Fantasy*, Davenport
10. *At Ease: Stories I Tell to Friends*, Eisenhower (8)



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Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the place
 Every creature was stirring at a furious pace.
 Stockings were carefully hung side by side
 In hopes that Kahlúa would be tucked inside.

There came from the kitchen the continual clatter
 Of the mixing of brownies from Kahlúa batter.
 Kahlúa was poured on roast turkey, for basting,
 And poured into small cordial glasses, for tasting.

Some whipped up bowls of Kahlúa Parfait,
 While others cracked eggs for Kahlúa Soufflé.
 (All drank Kahlúa in coffee. Olé!)

Yet this was but part of their holiday fixings,
 Kahlúa was used for their spirited mixings;
 Kahlúa Sour! Brave Bull on ice!
 Then, after dinner, Black Russians are nice!

They drank K & B (that's Kahlúa and Brandy)
 From Kahlúa Kups (made of chocolate candy).
 Celebrations continued well into the night
 (With Kahlúa cocktails, that were, like, out of sight!)

Till each one exclaimed
 with a cry of delight,
 "Merry Christmas to all,
 and to all a good night!"

"Bar Humbug!"

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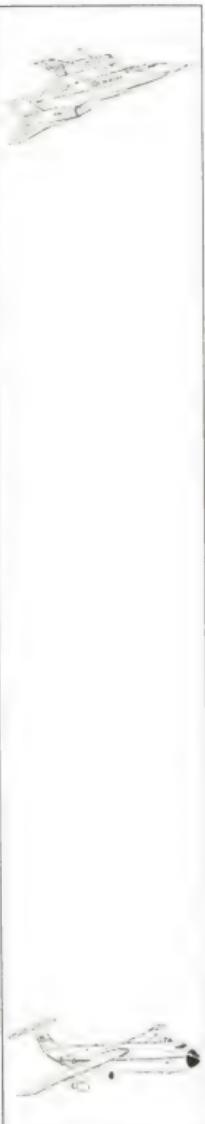
More than 2000 miles per hour in sustained flight! That's only one of nine records set in a single day by the U.S. Air Force in the Lockheed YF-12A. It also sustained altitudes above 80,000 feet. Of the 32,700 aircraft Lockheed has built in the past 35 years probably no other has been quite so dramatic.

Unless, of course, it might be the mammoth C-5A airlifter, scheduled to make its first awe-inspiring flight in June 1968. Imagine looking skyward and seeing an aircraft just short of a football field in length, carrying 110 tons of payload, cruising at speeds above 500 miles per hour. Big enough to handle 99 percent of all types of equipment in the U.S. Army's inventory, the C-5A has a tail that towers six stories above the runway. Civilian versions of this supersize transport will be able to carry the commerce of cities, cutting direct operating costs of air cargo in half.

Record-breaking aircraft, however, are only a part of the colorful activity of Lockheed. The Lockheed Agena vehicle achieved a major milestone when it mated with Gemini VIII, first successful space docking maneuver in history. In the area of oceanic activity, the mystery of the deep will be less a mystery, thanks to Lockheed's Deep Quest research submarine. And Lockheed anticorrosion systems protect ships and offshore oil rigs. On land, Lockheed is involved in other programs for progress: blood bank inventory control systems; state and hospital information systems to help people help people; gamma irradiators to keep foods fresh; dams and highways; and many others.

Tomorrow, reaching down as well as up—into this world as well as out of it—Lockheed's name will continue to appear and reappear on the new and needed yet to come.

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LETTERS

Faithful in Their Fashion

Sir: It was refreshing to read a crisp, smog-free Essay on patriotism in these United States [Nov. 10]. I belong to a rather ambiguous generation, many of whom have forgotten what it is all about. The draft dissenters wade through the crumpled bubble-gum wrappers on the streets of our cities waving signs and mumbling chants, but it is the men "over there" that must wade through the muck and mire of war as it really is.

Having someone you love on the other side of the world makes you realize what it is all about, and getting a lump in your throat is telling it like it really is.

KEL CHAMBERLAIN

Grosse Pointe, Mich.

Sir: I find it encouraging that the conscience of today's youth is expanding, that we are concerned with making our country worthy of being loved. Many good Americans do not find it necessary to constantly reaffirm their loyalty, but patriotism is latent in most of us today—even those who demonstrate their dissent so adamantly.

CHASE WEBB

San Francisco

Sir: You have correctly identified true American patriotism grounded in the purest motives and motivated by the loftiest ideas. Pity that we are blind to the truth and have not the ability poetically bemoaned by Robert Burns to see ourselves as others see us.

THE REV. W. EUGENE HOUSTON
Manhattan

Sir: MAY TIME'S trenchant elucidation of patriotism pay tribute to our fighting and dying men in Southeast Asia; may it thunder bolts of ridicule and scorn on the ever-increasing numbers of extreme dissenters who question America's so-called entanglement there.

To these malcontents, listen to the immortal words of Hilaire Belloc: "They died to save their country and they only saved the world."

JAMES M. BOUSHAY

Lockport, Ill.

Sir: Love of country requires criticism when it appears to be warranted. Criticism is carried out according to one's abilities and modes of expression. Adults criticize verbally; children rage and break things. When verbalization moves our country's cause absolutely nowhere, why is it assumed that the storming of the Pentagon was not largely the raging and breaking of children, many of them intensely in love with their country?

POBLY BOHMEAK

Dallas

Sir: Patriotism is alive and well at Con Thien.

KENNETH F. STRICKLAND
Captain, U.S.A.F.

Hampton, Va.

Seniors of the Center

Sir: Three cheers for the voices of sanity: Citizens Committee for Peace with Freedom in Viet Nam [Nov. 3]. The riffraff have held center stage long enough and their performances grow more sickeningly disgusting with every added publication. It is heartening indeed that some of our forthright and knowledgeable

leaders have taken the initiative in speaking for the vast majority.

BEATRICE PUNG

St. Johns, Mich.

Sir: You state, "If the silent center in the U.S. can find an effective voice, through the new Citizens Committee . . ." For "silent center" read "senior citizen" apropos of the ages of the founders: Dean Acheson, 74; Omas Bradley, 74; James F. Byrnes, 82; Lucius Clay, 70; James Bryant Conant, 74; Paul Douglas, 75; Dwight Eisenhower, 77; Harry Truman, 83, etc.

EVERETT THIELE

Baltimore

Sir: Objective thinking is harder work and a lot less soul-satisfying than passionate indignation. I think President Johnson's public image no more endearing than anybody else does, but I'm increasingly convinced that few men in our history have been more unjustly vilified. Having no idea what I would do in his place, I will continue to squelch whatever whimsical criticisms, unweighted by mental effort, get voiced to me. This is not to say that I think Johnson has usually been right; only that he stands fair to be martyred by a generation of critics who have not tried or troubled to understand his horrible position.

JUDITH MOFFETT

Fulbright Lektor in American Studies
The University at Lund
Sweden

Sir: The words of Singapore's Prime Minister Lee remind us that most Americans see Viet Nam from far away [Oct. 27]. We who live in Southeast Asia have a different perspective. I have now lived 18 months in Malaysia. Few people here doubt that Communism is a real threat everywhere in Southeast Asia. I do not view Communism as a bogey. I say that if the Communists want to hold the hot potatoes of the developing countries, let them; if a thankless job has to be done, let your enemy do it. But African and other Asian nations send delegations here to see what makes Malaysia tick. If democracy has a show window in the East, this (with Singapore) is it. Do we want to throw these countries to the wolves? Confronted with a choice of evils, the wise man chooses the lesser; that's what we have to do in Viet Nam. But let's not forget, as we make our choice, that the lives of the most successful democracies in Southeast Asia hang on our decision.

PAUL PEACH

Professor

Faculty of Engineering
University of Malaya
Kuala Lumpur

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On the Nose

Sir: I have read that the right of a man to swing his fist stops just short of the other fellow's nose. I just saw where the nose of the American taxpayer has been violated to the tune of \$1,078,500 by the recent Pentagon pants raid [Nov. 3]. In addition, as the war is prolonged by this show of dissent to the policy of checking the spread of Communism, more American boys must lose their lives. Why? Perhaps Dr. Spock can fly to Hanoi and bring peace in our time.

DR. N. B. GRANTHAM

Smithfield, N.C.

Sir: What banner of rationality and what pretense of right justifies and permits such aimless waste? We must demand distinction between freedoms and their abuse. Clamorous dissenters, along with the silent majority of us, would do well to meditate upon the ominous words of the historian of Rome (Livy): "Then let him observe how when discipline wavered, morality first tottered and then began the headlong plunge, until it has reached the present state of affairs when we can tolerate neither our vices nor their remedies."

CARLOS M. BARANANO

Detroit

Sir: I quote from France: "Part of the problem seems to be that Americans, on all levels, equate license and liberty" and "It becomes increasingly distasteful to acknowledge, as the leader of the free world, a nation where the intelligentsia, including representatives of the church and the guardians of justice, advocate disregard for the respect of law and order without which no civilized life is possible." The writer is 22 and a student at the Sorbonne.

(MRS.) A. M. VARDAMIA

Bronxville, N.Y.

The Baloney & the Grinder

Sir: Many thanks for your generous cover story on William F. Buckley Jr. [Nov. 3]. It is appropriate that the man most responsible for engendering the current conservative revival should be so feted. As a college student I can testify to Mr. Buckley's enormous influence on campus. For those of us who are conservatives his example is especially cogent: so cogent in fact as to inspire a respect, adulation, and affection for him that is oftentimes scandalously near idolatry.

Buckley has shown us that ideological welfare can indeed be fun. In fact, I must concede in part TIME's point that victory and power are not all that desirable. For

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Young conservatives, as well as for Bill Buckley, adversity is a rather blessed state

JAMES C. ROBERTS

Oxford, Ohio

Sir: William Buckley is the most deserving candidate for the title of Mr. Marie Antoinette.

FRED CHEETH

Mt. Tabor, N.J.

Sir: Conscientious conservatives and literate liberals rejoice.

DAVID F. REA

Manhattan

Sir: The art of perverting the truth was not invented by Buckley but by the cynical school of Sophists thousands of years ago. Any fool can learn the rules, and if followed by a parrot, he could appear as a wise old bird to the child-brained.

ALFRED FARRE

Casa Grande, Ariz.

Sir: The large number of liberals that surround William Buckley is not surprising. It merely demonstrates that an articulate, logical representation of conservative positions will often confound liberals. They befriend Buckley in the way that the vanquished befriend the conqueror.

GREGORY G. SCHMIDT

Urbana, Ill.

Sir: He is a supercilious mountebank operating as a false-front intellectual, and wholly dependent for effect upon his unquestioned virtuosity as a gesticulator with hands, face and words.

ARNOLD B. LARSON

Manhattan Beach, Calif.

Sir: It is a shame that the Republican Party refuses to recognize a man who possesses personality and conviction. Perhaps after the G.O.P. blows its chances in 1968 with a ho-hum compromise candidate, someone in the party hierarchy will see the light. It would be a pleasure to see Mr. Buckley take on Bobby Kennedy in 1972; then there would be no way for the baloney to reject the grinder.

RICHARD KRASKA

Providence

The Hair of the Sheep

Sir: As a sheepman of sorts, I must comment on your suggestion that Bobby Kennedy may resemble a sheep [Oct. 27]. Sheep breeders have known for some time that open-faced sheep are more productive than those with wool over their eyes. Indeed, Bobby might be more useful if he could see more clearly.

KEITH INSKEEP

Morgantown, W. Va.

Première Postponed

Sir: TIME's splendid story on Stanislaw Skrowaczewski, music director of the Minneapolis Symphony [Nov. 10], was received by the maestro's associates and admirers with both delight and sorrow. On Friday, Nov. 3, just before the orchestra's second Minneapolis performance of Klyaszto Penderecki's *Passion*, Mr. Skrowaczewski developed a detached retina of the right eye. In spite of the resulting visual difficulty, he directed a stunning performance of this complex orchestral and choral work. The performance received a standing, shouting ovation. Two days lat-

er, the maestro underwent surgery that was successful but that will require several weeks' recuperation. The Minneapolis Symphony's New York premiere of the Penderecki work, scheduled for Nov. 21 in Carnegie Hall, has therefore been postponed indefinitely. Eventually, we still hope to bring Mr. Skrowaczewski, the orchestra, soloists and choruses to Carnegie Hall as described in TIME's story and to introduce an extraordinary masterpiece to New York concertgoers.

RICHARD M. CISKE

Manager

Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra
Minneapolis

Spinning in His Graves

Sir: Uncharitable TIME has abbreviated, mocked at and slightly misquoted the Shah-Graves literal English rendering of a mystical passage from Sufi Sheikh Ghulam Ali Khayyam al Ghayq's *Rubaiyat* manuscript preserved by the Afghan Shah family since A.D. 1153 [Nov. 3]. In 1856 (not 1889) this passage was "transmogrified" (this own word) by dilettante, freethinking, unromantic Edward Fitzgerald. He raised the Sheikh's minimal bread requirements from half a loaf to a loaf; misrepresented his gourd of wine as a bottle of booze rather than a sacramental drink; planted a tree in the wide desert as a picnic site (to assist the rhymes *now* and *then*, with *bough*); and substituted a singing *houri* for a meditative fellow adept. But TIME is right: bad poetry, like bad money, is apt to drive out the good.

ROBERT GRAVES

Manhattan



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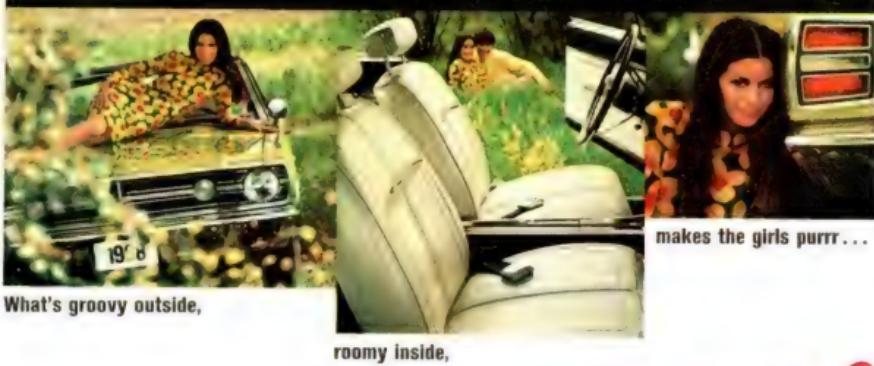
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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

November 17, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 20

THE NATION

ELECTIONS

The Real Black Power

[See Cover]

"Hey! We got ourselves a mayor!" cried a white college student from New York. "We did it! We did it!" exulted a middle-aged Negro man. "Amen, amen," murmured an elderly Negro woman, tears starting from her eyes. It was 3:02 a.m. at a downtown hotel, and Cleveland, the nation's tenth biggest city, had just chosen as its mayor Carl Burton Stokes, great-grandson of a slave, over Seth Taft, grandson of a President.

With his swearing-in this week in the city council chamber, sinewy, stagehandsome Stokes becomes the first Negro elected to head any major U.S. city. He brings to the job not only political experience and ability but also grace, poignancy and energy neatly packaged in a 6-ft., 175-lb. frame. In all, he is quite a change from the routine succession of organization men he succeeds. "This is not a Carl Stokes victory," he said when the results were in, "not a vote for a man but a vote for a program, for a visionary dream of what our city can become." He added softly: "I can say to you that never before have I ever known the full meaning of the words God Bless America."

Against Backlash & Bigotry, Cleveland was not alone in making last week's voting a historic off-year election. Gary, Ind., a northern bastion of the Ku Klux Klan 40 years ago, also elected a Negro, Richard Hatcher, 34, as the mayor. As in Cleveland, white voters supplied the crucial margin. In Boston, a coalition of white and Negro voters chose moderate Mayoral Candidate Kevin Hagan White over Louise Day Hicks, who had become a totem of opposition to school integration.

Martin Luther King called the three elections a "one-two-three punch against backlash and bigotry." Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke, who made his own racial breakthrough last year, said that "It showed the American Negro what he can achieve through lawful means." And AFL-CIO President George Meany pronounced that "American voters have rejected racism as a political issue."

Judgments such as Meany's may be euphoric. In all three cities, thousands of white Democrats crossed party lines to

vote against Stokes and Hatcher while Mrs. Hicks got nearly half of Boston's white ballots. "The great mass of white voters in Gary and Cleveland," observed Psephologist Richard Scammon, "voted white, not Republican or Democratic." And CORE's Floyd McKissick, discussing Cleveland and Gary, pointed out: "A black man is still black and the parties do not support black candidates

Edward Brooke, who as public personages seem so nearly white that the Negro workingman is hard put to identify with them.

Stokes and Hatcher were both born in the slums. Both reared in grinding poverty. While they embody the Negro's quest for social recognition and economic advancement, they ran and were elected on their ability to rep-

ROBERT WILSON / LIFE STAFF



FRAN TAFT GIVING ROSES TO SHIRLEY STOKES ON ELECTION NIGHT
A lot voted their prejudices, but more voted something else.

with the same vim, vigor and vitality that they do white candidates."

Granted such caveats, the elections nonetheless mark a new point of departure in American politics. They answer at least in part the growing demands of moderate Negro leaders like the Urban League's Whitney Young to "give us some victories" to offset the revolutionary preachings of black extremists. Even more important, the success of Stokes and Hatcher underscores an important new stage in the Negro's political evolution. Neither of the new mayors fits the traditional mold of the ghetto politician, seeking and getting solely Negro support and campaigning principally on racial issues in the style of Adam Clayton Powell. Nor are they products of the Negro middle class such as H&W Secretary Robert Weaver and

resent the entire community. They have shown a sophistication and professionalism rarely seen in Negro campaigns. Further, as big-city mayors, they break the tradition whereby most Negro politicians have been forced to settle for legislative or judicial office. Running a city is one of the most demanding jobs in American politics, and one that more intimately affects the day-to-day lives of the voters than any other office.

"Cool for Carl." While a few extremists dismissed the elections as "tokenism," black militants purposefully helped Stokes and Hatcher by avoiding violence in their cities this past summer. In Cleveland the byword was "Cool it for Carl." The more moderate majority of Negroes, who all too often in the past have been too apathetic, fearful or despairing to use the ballot as



WHITE & HICKS AFTER BALLOTTING
Proving the efficacy of the coalition.

an effective weapon, this time showed rare cohesion and voted their interests. If bloc voting wins no seal of approval in civics texts, it has been the device by which every ethnic group in American history has exerted and earned its political muscle.

Negroes, in some cases with white help, also showed new strength in lesser contests. In the racially mixed Richmond district, Dr. William Ferguson Reid became the first Negro elected to the Virginia legislature since 1891. Charles City County, Va., elected a Negro sheriff, James M. Bradby, and a county clerk, Iona Adkins. Bradby defeated a white incumbent of 43 years' standing. In New Orleans, Attorney Ernest Morial won a seat in Louisiana's state legislature. In Mississippi, Holmes County's Robert Clarke was elected, thus integrating the state legislature, while six other Negroes won posts as county supervisors, justices of the peace and constables.

Boston Negroes, who constitute only 13% of the population, had the triple satisfaction of defeating Mrs. Hicks and her loyal anti-integration ally, School Committee man William O'Connor, while helping to elect Thomas Atkins to the city council. Atkins, 28, who has a master's degree from Harvard in Near Eastern studies and is former executive secretary of Boston's N.A.A.C.P. chapter, will be the first Negro on the council in 16 years.

Louise's Blunder. The mayoral rivals, Louise Hicks, 48, and Massachusetts Secretary of State Kevin White, 37, are both Irish Democrats, and for most of the campaign the issue though muted, was racial. Mrs. Hicks had established herself as the protector of Boston's lower-middle-class whites against

forced school integration and black assertiveness in general. While Williams-educated White is no racial radical, he was clearly sympathetic to the ghetto's troubles.

Louise Hicks posed a formidable challenge. Although an amateurish and unattractive campaigner, she had rolled up 69% and 64% of the vote in her last two elections to the school committee; in 1965 she got the biggest citywide vote of any candidate for any office. This year she led a field of ten in the mayoral primary.

White, hardly a dynamic campaigner himself, seemed to be running behind until Louise blundered four weeks ago by promising to increase the salaries of policemen and firemen without raising taxes. The money, she said, would come from Washington. White pointed out that the pay raise would add \$26 per \$1,000 of assessed value to the tax rate, and thereby captured votes in tax-conscious Irish neighborhoods that had previously gone overwhelmingly for Mrs. Hicks.

In her own South Boston, she had to settle for about 60%, down nearly ten points from her previous showings. In Irish precincts with higher income and education levels, her share of the vote dropped to near 50%. Yankee, Negro and Jewish neighborhoods went decisively for White. Negroes ignored the promptings of black militants to boycott the mayoral election and vote only for Atkins. Though the percentage of eligibles voting was the largest ever for a Boston municipal election, White's plurality of 12,552 out of 192,860 votes cast was one of the smallest in the city's history.

Harvard Social Psychologist Thomas Pettigrew summed it up by saying: "A

lot of people voted their prejudices, but more people voted something else." White, more assertive as a victor than as a campaigner, declared: "No man or woman is going to tear this city apart with hate or bigotry or false promises." Mrs. Hicks, more gracious in defeat than in combat, appeared with White on election night to congratulate him and wish him well.

Franks & a Pint. Gary enjoyed no such amity. The city of 178,000 on Lake Michigan has two major industries, steel and Democratic politics, whose byproducts are wide-open vice and only slightly less tangible corruption. The population is mostly blue-collar. The majority of whites remain close in custom and outlook to their foreign origins and suspicious of the Negroes, who make up 55% of the population; many of them have arrived from the South since World War II. The city boasts 54 foreign-language groups, and in the 1964 presidential primary, the white vote went overwhelmingly to George Wallace.

Thus the Democratic bosses were understandably less than elated by the advent of a mayoral candidate who was both Negro and reform-minded, who deplored gambling, prostitution and crooked politics. Hatcher's presence jarred the Democrats so badly that in their primary last May, Mayor Martin Katz was challenged not only by the Negro but by a white segregationist as well. With the white vote split, City Council President Hatcher was able to win the nomination.

Many Gary Negroes had traditionally cooperated with the organization, which responded with the philosophy of "Give 'em some franks and a pint of whisky" in exchange for votes. Hatcher was all too clearly a different sort. But even after the primary, as he tells it, Lake County Democratic Chairman John Krupa came to Hatcher with the ritualistic demand that he pledge subservience to the machine and allow it to name his police chief, controller and fire chief after election. "Too many people have worked too hard in this," replied Hatcher. "I'm not going to abdicate my responsibilities or sell them out."

Professional Hazards. No one had worked harder or gone farther than Richard Gordon Hatcher himself. Born in a Michigan City waterfront jungle called "The Patch," he was the twelfth of 13 children. His father, a factory worker, was usually laid off half the year. "We had," understates Hatcher, "a very difficult time of it." Instead of surrendering to slum life, Hatcher went to Indiana University by dint of a church stipend, a small track scholarship and his willingness to wait on tables. After earning his bachelor's degree, he went to Indiana's Valparaiso University Law School, where he attended class from 8:30 to 3:30 and worked in a hospital from 4 to midnight. After graduation he moved to Gary and began the practice of law.

was soon in politics—first as a deputy county prosecutor and then, starting in 1963, as a member of the city council. He was soon baptized in the hazards of his profession. His enemies attempted to hook him on a drunk-driving charge; the trap might have worked except that Baptist Hatcher is well known to be a lifelong teetotaler.

By the time Hatcher won the nomination for mayor, a crude frame-up would have been too obvious. Krupa tried the ideological tack. He labeled Hatcher a Black Power extremist and, as the smear spread, it widened to Communist. Krupa demanded that Hatcher repudiate Stokely Carmichael, Rap Brown, Joan Baez, Marlon Brando and sundry other so-called "pinkos" as proof of his patriotism. "I will never repudiate Marlon Brando," deadpanned Hatcher—though the subtlety was probably lost on most Garyites. For the rest, Hatcher would only say that he deplored "civil violence of any kind."

The organization was unappeased, and its calumny persuaded lifelong Democrats to vote for the white Republican candidate, John Radigan, a furniture dealer. The Democrats issued voters careful instructions on how to split their tickets.

Not-Too-Secret Ingredient. Taking no chances, the Krupa machine unblushingly set out to steal the election (*tree box*). The skullduggery was so blatant that it rebounded in Hatcher's favor, bringing cash and services from citizens far from Lake County.

The final, not-too-secret ingredient of success was the white vote. Though Negroes represented a majority of the population, whites held a slight edge in voter registration, and at least a few Negroes were certain to vote under organization orders. Hatcher's campaign aides recruited 2,000 precinct workers—including 400 white residents and college students—and he himself stumped vigorously in white neighborhoods. He never attacked Radigan but he cast doubt on his ability to deal with the "entities"—the powers that have made Gary the unlovely place it is.

Gold Doorknobs. Hatcher promised to reorganize the police department, drive out the gamblers and prostitutes, improve housing conditions. He said he would knock heads with U.S. Steel, which founded Gary in 1906 as a company town. The corporation's facilities, Hatcher charged, are understaffed by nearly two-thirds—12% of value instead of the required 33%. "If we could just raise it to 20%," Hatcher said, "why, you could build schools with gold doorknobs. You could tear down all the slums." The strategy worked, but with little to spare. The highest election-day turnout in Gary's history produced a slender victory of 39,330 to 37,941, a plurality of less than 2%. Hatcher held 95% of the Negro vote and attracted an estimated 12% of the white electorate. Pledging a "multiracial government," Hatcher takes office in January, and if he makes

good his threats to expel racketeers, cleanse the party machine and face down U.S. Steel, he should be in for a lively four-year term.

Sharing with Rats. In Cleveland, the excitement started for Carl Stokes even before his two-year term began. The tension of election night gave way to apprehension as the county elections board discovered sizable errors in the initial count, then whittled his lead practically to the vanishing point. It was in keeping with the roller-coaster life that Cleveland's new mayor had led for most of his 40 years.

Stokes was born in the Cleveland slum called Central. His handsome father, a laundry worker, died when Carl was a year old, leaving his son no legacy but looks. For the next eleven years, Carl, his older brother Louis and their mother shared one bed and one bedroom with the rats. While Mrs. Stokes, now 65, worked as a maid by day, their grandmother reared the boys. But Mother Stokes managed to get across one important message: "Study, so you'll be somebody."

Carl and Louis studied, though Carl, at least, suffered some ambivalence. He would smuggle books home from the library under his clothes. "Reading was against the mores," he explains. "I couldn't let the other boys know." And in the Depression-era slums, he thought more about Joe Louis than Booker T. Washington. "All of us looked on boxing as a way of life," he says. "You had to fight." At 17 he dropped out of high school and soon found himself in the Army. His military career in Europe as the war was ending was more athletic than heroic. He continued to box, won the table-tennis championship of the European theater. He came home

with corporal's stripes and a renewed determination to go back to his books.

Pistol Whipping. Carl completed high school, enrolled under the G.I. bill as a psychology major at West Virginia State, but after a year went back home to Western Reserve University. He was still undecided as to a career—psychology and the ministry were possibilities—when in 1948 he became chauffeur to a political organizer in Frank Lausche's gubernatorial campaign. After Lausche won, Stokes was offered a state job and chose to be a liquor inspector. He was a tough one. In his first case, a lone foray against an unlicensed saloon, the tough barkeep and customers laughed in his scrawny face the then weighed only 150 lbs.). Stokes pistol-whipped the bartender into submission. Later, in a shoot-out with some bootleggers, one of Stokes's colleagues was wounded while Stokes gunned down two men. Before long he had the second highest record of arrests among 85 inspectors.

By this time he had decided on law as a career. He went first to the University of Minnesota, where he earned a B.S. in law and the university's billiards championship, while working as a dining-car waiter; then to the Cleveland-Marshall Law School at night, where he obtained an LL.B. while serving as a court probation officer during the day. He had married while he was a liquor inspector, but the marriage ended in divorce in 1956. In 1958 he married Shirley Edwards, an attractive Lisk University graduate in library science. They have a boy and a girl, Carl Jr., 9, and Cordi, 6.

On the day he passed the Ohio bar examination in 1957, Stokes resigned his court job and went into law practice



HATCHER (BEFORE MICROPHONES) ACCEPTING VICTORY
Not about to fake the pledge.

with his brother. A year later Mayor Anthony Celebrezze appointed him an assistant prosecutor under City Law Director Ralph Locher. The next step, in 1962, was election to the state legislature, where he quickly established himself as a prolific, catholic lawmaker. He helped draft legislation establishing a state department of urban affairs, wrote a new mental-health services act, helped enact stiffer traffic regulations, promoted a gun-control bill, worked for tougher air-pollution controls, and was the only Democrat to sponsor a bill giving the Governor power to send the National Guard into a city before a riot situation gets out of hand.

Mistake-on-the-Lake. His record suggests a bizarre combination of New Dealish liberalism and honest-cop abrasiveness. While Richard Hatcher says his personal hero is John Kennedy, Carl Stokes mentions crusty old Harold

Ickes, Interior Secretary under F.D.R. One of Stokes's favorite books is *Who Governs?* by Robert Dahl, which describes the political assimilation of European immigrants in New Haven. Although Dahl was not primarily concerned with Negroes, Stokes associates the Negroes' evolution with that of other minority groups. "If the ethnic pulled himself up a bit with the help of the rope," wrote Dahl, "he could often gain a toehold in the system; the higher he climbed, the higher he could reach for another pull upward. He was not greatly interested in leveling the mountain itself."

Certainly Stokes, with his expensively tailored, double-breasted pin-stripe suits, monogrammed (CBS) shirts and Antonio y Cleopatra cigars, is no leveler. His children go to private schools. And now that he is king of Cleveland's mountain, he can be expected to work

from the top to excise the civic decay that has retarded Cleveland's progress.

After a proud and prosperous history going back to 1796, Cleveland in recent years has suffered from a malaise born of *lubris* and small minds. It has a sound, diversified economy and a renowned cultural establishment that theoretically should draw strength from its enclaves of ingrown, Old World-oriented ethnic communities—63 of them in all. Yet it remains a frustrated and fragmented society. Negroes, who were still being recruited from the South by the city's industry as recently as 1958, form the most recent wave of immigration. Three hundred thousand strong, they account for 38% of the population of some 800,000, which makes them the largest single distinguishable group of Clevelanders.

Industry, much of it nestled in the very heart of town along the river, has not been able to supply enough employment to bring prosperity to the ghetto. Neither city nor state government has been able to meet the slums' other needs. The poor often call their town Mistake-on-the-Lake.

Though it has designated nearly twice as much land (6,060 acres) for urban renewal as Philadelphia, the runner-up, Cleveland probably has the worst fulfillment record of any major city. Blocks have been bulldozed for grandiose, half-forgotten schemes, while their residents, mostly Negro, have been left to find new homes for themselves. The U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development earlier this year took the almost unheard of step of withdrawing \$10 million in previously allocated renewal funds. Negro slums like Hough are as bad as any in the country, and seem ready to explode, as Hough in fact did in the summer of 1966, on any hot night.

Man with the Spark. And things have been getting worse, not better. In a statistical profile of the Negro published by the Federal Government last month, Hough mirrored the national picture: while some Negroes are absorbed into the middle class, the hard core poor grow ever poorer and more numerous. Between 1960 and 1965 in Hough, median family income decreased from \$4,732 to \$3,966. The percentage of families headed by women increased from 23% to 32%.

Recent mayors, though honest and reasonably competent, have lacked the spunk to meet the city's mounting problems even part way. During Locher's regime, says Thomas Vail, publisher of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "Some of the most powerful people in Cleveland were going to city hall and saying 'Let's get going. What can we do to help?' But nobody could get anywhere with Locher." In Vail's phrase, "that little extra spark" was missing.

Carl Stokes saw himself as the man with the spark two years ago when he ran as an independent candidate against Locher, his former boss. He came within 2,143 votes of winning, and did not

THE FRAUD THAT FAILED

In a last-ditch attempt to defeat Gary's Mayoral Candidate Richard Hatcher, the local Democratic machine set out to steal the vote in vintage Tammany Hall style. And the machine under Boss John Krupa. Hatcher's archfoe was just the outfit to do it. As secretary of the board of election commissioners and the board of canvassers, Krupa dropped from the registration lists the names of 5,286 voters, mostly Negroes. At the same time, hundreds of fictitious registrations were added so that paid impostors could cast ballots against Hatcher. Since his winning margin last week was only 1,389 votes, the scheme undoubtedly would have worked.

Fortunately, Hatcher was one step ahead of the machine. He fired off a telegram to Attorney General Ramsey Clark urging that the Justice Department intervene; then, a week before the election, he charged in Federal Court that Krupa and others were violating the Voting Rights Act of 1965. His charges drew nationwide attention and brought demands for federal action from both of Indiana's Democratic Senators, Vance Hartke and Birch Bayh.

Ghosts. Within two days, all the names purged from the registration lists were quietly restored. Nonetheless, Clark dispatched 22 FBI agents to Gary. They began photographing records in Lake County's Crown Point courthouse, and made a name-by-name check of new voters in white neighborhoods. Soon they found enough evidence of registration irregularities for a Government suit charging discrimination.

Day before the election, a panel of three federal judges heard the combined suits of Hatcher and the Government. Gary resident FBI Agent Donald Lantz testified that in-

vestigators had already discovered 1,090 "ghost" voters registered in 33 precincts. The most damaging testimony to the anti-Hatcher forces, however, came from a veteran Democratic precinct committeewoman who first confessed to LIFE Correspondent Bob Bradford, and then told her story to the FBI.

Greying, matronly Marian Tokarski, 35, a party official for twelve years, testified at the trial that she had been instructed by Democratic workers to register fictitious voters in her all-white precinct in Glen Park. In all, testified Mrs. Tokarski, she added 51 fraudulent names to the registration rolls.

Peaceful & Fair. "They told me that we would have to cheat because the other side was cheating," Mrs. Tokarski said out of court. "They had me believing that Hatcher was a Communist. But what I was doing began to bother me. I just couldn't live with it."

Only 13 hours before Gary's polls opened, the panel of judges issued a six-part injunction to foil the fraud. More than 1,000 false names were ordered removed from the voters' lists, and officials were sternly warned to obey election laws. With rumors of violence spreading in some white neighborhoods, Gary's entire 268-man police force was put on a twelve-hour shift, and Democratic Governor Roger D. Branigin ordered 300 state troopers and 5,000 National Guardsmen to be ready to move into the city on 30 minutes' notice. As it turned out, incumbent Gary Mayor A. Martin Katz noted, "This was the most peaceful election in Gary's history."

Thanks to Hatcher's alertness and the Federal Government's prompt action, it was also probably one of the fairest in recent times.

let up between elections. This year, Stokes, with the influential support of the Plain Dealer, challenged Locher in the primary. He waged a gentlemanly campaign and mentioned race only to say that his own should not be an issue.

His strategy, identical to Hatcher's in Gary, was to organize the Negro vote solidly and chip away at the white electorate. It worked: his plurality over Locher was a comfortable 18,736, even though the Cuyahoga County Democratic chairman, Albert Porter, had allowed letters to go out calling Stokes a "racist Republican."

Tea & Rap. Nonetheless, Stokes emerged from the primary as the clear favorite in the general election. He was an experienced, chipper, charismatic campaigner who could beguile white suburban clubwomen at tea and rap with soul brothers in Hough. He was a Democrat in a town that had not elected a Republican mayor in the past 26 years. And his opponent was Seth Taft, 44, who bore the multiple burdens of a stiff presence, the wrong party label plus nephewship to the "Mr. Republican" who co-authored the Taft-Hartley Act, longtime anathema to organized labor.

Taft turned out to be a liberal, and a dogged, gutsy campaigner to boot. He saw "human relations" as the city's number one problem and poured out a spate of specific ideas while Stokes tended to generalize. "We don't need more plans in this city," Stokes declared at one point. "What we need is action." Actually, he was already on record with his own specifics. To an all-white meeting of policemen, Stokes declared his intention of firing Police Chief Richard Wagner as his first order of business. To a Negro club he promised: "We're going to enforce the law so that it hurts. I don't want any riots in my town." He came up with a plan to economize by selling an obsolescent municipal power plant and a little-used park. At risk of alienating Negro friends, he came out against a civilian review board to investigate allegations of police brutality.

Though Taft had scrupulously avoided the race issue—despite Stokes's needling about his upper-crust background—some of the Republican's aides openly injected color into the campaign. Perhaps in response to this pressure, Stokes a month before election day blurted during a debate that if Taft won it would be purely because of bigotry on the part of Clevelanders.

Detail for Detail. That hint of arrogance hurt Stokes. His campaign manager, Dr. Kenneth Clement, was to rue later: "A lot of people who did not like the idea of a Negro mayor were waiting for an excuse to vote against him." It was not merely an error but a near calamity. In the early opinion polls Stokes had led Taft by 30 points and more. Now he was running scared. He dropped his supercilious needling and swung into substantive issues. To an-



STOKES WITH SHIRLEY & CHILDREN
Beiguing combination of liberal and cop.

swer his opponent's charge that he had been a poor legislator, Stokes produced a testimonial that read: "The reports I hear of your performance in Columbus are excellent, and I congratulate you on your job." The letter was dated last June 8 and signed by Seth Taft.

Stokes began to match Taft detail for detail. He promised to combat the crime rate (up 14% last year) by increasing the police patrol-car force one-third, expand the airport with already available land, eliminate a particular traffic bottleneck on Baltic Road ("the Baltic Blockade"), which, conjectured Stokes, costs a 20-year commuter 100 days off his life. He announced plans for an inaugural ball to raise money for clothing for children of relief families. Even with a skillful advertising campaign, a large and capable biracial campaign staff and a regiment of 2,000 door knockers, Stokes's lead was down to 0.28% a few days before election.

Election day dawned bleak and snowy, with the snow seemingly heavier on the eastern, or Negro side of town. The wind soon equalized that, and then it became apparent that the vote would be heavy—and there was every indication that a big turnout would mean a Taft victory. The pattern of Gary was duplicated as Stokes held fast to his Negro support—he got 96%—and attracted an estimated 19% of the white vote he had received only 15% in the primary). Even so, it was close: Stokes's plurality was just 1,644 or 0.6%, out of a total vote of 256,992.

Air of Excitement. After a cordial election-night meeting with Taft, in which the loser proclaimed Cleveland "the least bigoted city in America" and Mrs. Taft gave Shirley Stokes a bouquet of long-stemmed roses, the mayor-elect named a new police chief, Inspector Michael ("Sledgehammer Mike") Blackwell; a safety director, Joseph Manamom; and a police prosecutor,

James Carnes. All three are white. One of the first orders to the police department was to discard the riot helmets that had symbolized hostility to the ghetto dwellers.

Like the fund-raising inaugural ball scheduled for next week, the helmet directive was more gesture than substance, but it was the kind of gesture that had been sadly missing around city hall. A more pragmatic innovation is Stokes's plan to fully integrate police precinct squads regardless of the neighborhoods they serve. He tried to hire Edward Logue to head Cleveland's urban-renewal program, but Logue declined to leave Boston, instead will serve Stokes on a consulting basis. Meanwhile, Stokes is talent-hunting for a full-time urban-renewal director and other top officials; and he is drawing plans to produce more jobs. He is already talking about how long it will take to fulfill his share of the contract to "do Cleveland proud," as he asked the voters to do. In his expansive way, he figures ten years.

If Stokes lives up to his potential, he will be in demand for higher office long before 1977. Cleveland, in the interim, will be his testing ground. "It hasn't been an exciting town," says Tom Vail, "but it's about to become one. There's an air of something about to happen."

What has already happened, of course, is that two big American cities have elected Negro mayors while a third rejected racism as an overriding issue. Both Negro candidates received vigorous support and vital votes from white liberals even though both owe their victories primarily to a unified Negro vote. After three summers of violence in the cities, this in itself is a reassuring portent. It will be up to Mayors Stokes and Hatcher to demonstrate that the only constructive—and indeed, tolerable—force in American politics is ballot power.

THE CITIES

Big Labor, Big Assist

The Democrats, who received less than fervent cooperation from Big Labor in the 1966 elections, owed last week's big-city victories in some degree to the union vote. Whatever the reasons—unprecedented wage levels, blue-collar support for the war, or resentment of Republican cutbacks in spending for the cities—labor voted with a cohesion unsurpassed since the Kennedy-Nixon election of 1960. Key fronts:

Baltimore: Double Exposure

Baltimore's mayoral race ended not in a photo finish but a double exposure. Democrat Thomas D'Alesandro III, 38, a five-year president of the city council, succeeded to the mayor's office that his

city. Called Proposition P, it asked: "Shall it be the policy of the people of San Francisco that there be an immediate cease-fire and withdrawal of U.S. troops from Viet Nam so that the Vietnamese people can settle their own problems?" The proposition was defeated by a vote of 136,516 (63%) to 78,806 (37%)—and a new Gallup poll shows that, nationwide, Americans are split on the issue by roughly the same ratio. Still, the fact that more than a third of the voters supported a more or less instant-withdrawal position suggests that a more carefully phrased or more moderate de-escalating proposition might have carried.

Though efforts were made in several cities this year to get Viet Nam on the ballot, only in San Francisco and Cambridge, Mass., were they successful. The controversial proposition was sup-

ported by a vote of 136,516 (63%) to 78,806 (37%)—and a new Gallup poll shows that, nationwide, Americans are split on the issue by roughly the same ratio. Still, the fact that more than a third of the voters supported a more or less instant-withdrawal position suggests that a more carefully phrased or more moderate de-escalating proposition might have carried.

Republican Candidate Arlen Specter, 37, district attorney and sometime liberal Democrat, ran a cautious campaign. Heading Pollster E. John Bucci, who gave him a 2-to-1 edge at the outset of the campaign, he fought a defensive battle to keep Tate from eroding that margin. Specter, who is Jewish, refused to take a stand on a bill that would divert \$26 million in state cigarette taxes to Catholic schools, and Tate—incessantly proclaiming his card-carrying membership in the city's 400,000-strong Catholic voting bloc—blew sanctified smoke rings around him.

Organized labor provided the crusher. Armed with some \$200,000 from the A.F.I.-C.I.O., the mayor's machine turned out the workingman's vote in automated order. Workers thus repaid Tate's past deference to Philadelphia's big maritime unions the recently rejected a bill to expand docking facilities to Camden, N.J., and Chester, Pa.) and his approval of a \$40 million wage-and-retirement bill. Tate won, 350,040 to 339,148.



TATE & WIFE ANNE AFTER RE-ELECTION
Machine for an automated vote.

father, Tommy D'Alesandro Jr., had occupied from 1947 to 1959. In a city where Democrats outnumber Republicans by 5 to 1, young D'Alesandro defeated G.O.P. Moderate Arthur W. Sherwood, 138,938 to 28,528.

Actually, the election was more like a ritual slaughter. Outgoing Mayor Theodore McKeldin, a former Maryland Governor and another moderate Republican, made a last-minute decision last spring not to seek re-election—likely because he saw he would lose. Lawyer Sherwood stepped into the breach, then quarreled with McKeldin during the campaign. Backed by the Baltimore Council of A.F.I.-C.I.O. Unions, D'Alesandro rolled easily into his father's office and, behind him, the Democrats won every elective municipal post:

San Francisco: No to P

San Franciscans seemed most concerned with an issue without a candidate or any direct bearing on their

ported by jalopy cavalcades featuring psychedelic paint jobs and antiwar posters, in newspaper and radio ads and at numerous Proposition P parties.

Among its opponents: Attorney-Businessman Joseph Alioto, 51, a self-made millionaire, who handily won the city's mayoral race with 109,982 votes over Attorney-Restaurant Owner Harold Dobbs (94,089). A moderate Democrat and political newcomer who had the support of both Big Labor and retiring Mayor Jack Shelley, Alioto promised that his first action would be to reduce the tax burden on homeowners.

Philadelphia: The Crusher

A lackluster machine politician before the 1967 campaign began, Philadelphia's Mayor James Tate had had both luck and organized labor on his side

The Cambridge vote will not be counted until after Nov. 28, when all absentee ballots are due.

THE STATES

Local Concerns

Jumping the gun by a year, Republican candidates from Kentucky to New Jersey proclaimed that the pivotal issue in last week's statewide elections would be President Johnson's waning popularity. As it turned out, the voters were concerned with local questions—notably taxes, education and racial controversies—more than Administration policies, domestic or foreign.

Kentucky: Nunn Better

One of the few bright touches in Kentucky's humdrum gubernatorial race was provided by an irreverent underground slogan: "Halt an Oaf Is Better than Nunn." Republican Candidate Louie B. Nunn, 43, a back-country lawyer who in years past managed the successful senatorial campaigns of John Sherman Cooper and Thruson Morton, countered with his own vaguely punny slogan: "Tired of War? Vote Nunn." Kentuckians chose Nunn. Defeating Democrat Henry Ward, 58, a former highway commissioner hand-

picked by retiring Governor Edward Breathitt, Nunn became the first Republican Governor elected in Kentucky since 1943.

The long-entrenched Democrats suffered from tired blood and intramural peevishness, and Candidate Ward campaigned on a broken record of me-tooism, echoing Nunn's opposition to a statewide open-housing law and new taxes. Neither contender openly courted Kentucky's segregationists, but both gleaned more votes from that quarter than Conservative Candidate Christian Glanz Jr., who was seeking 2% of the total vote in order to qualify his party for the 1968 presidential ballot and thereby qualify Alabama's George Wallace for a third-party spot. Nunn received 449,788 votes, Ward 423,189—and Glanz a scant 5,169, barely half of 1%. Thus Kentucky's vote in effect was for moderation.

Mississippi: Back to One Party

In Mississippi, Republican Rubel Phillips, 42, an erstwhile segregationist who this year appealed for an end to racial racism, lost to Democrat John Bell Williams, 48, by a vote of 293,188 to 126,753. Williams, a strident dissident who bolted the Democratic Party in 1964 to support Barry Goldwater and thereby lost his seniority in the House of Representatives, cashed in on Phillips' plea to voters to give up the fight against desegregation in order to elevate Mississippi economically. Phillips' radical suggestion tarred other Republicans: only one of 60 G.O.P. candidates was victorious, and the Republicans lost the two house and one state senate seats they had captured in 1963. Lamented one Mississippi Republican: "They just set us back another 15 years."

Louisiana: Moderation's Dividend

Louisiana's Governors traditionally alienate their constituents in a single term. But voters were sufficiently pleased by John J. McKeithen's style as a racial moderate to grant him a second straight four-year term—permissible for the first time this century since passage last year of a McKeithen-backed state constitutional amendment allowing a Governor to succeed himself. When results of the Nov. 4 Democratic primary were tallied last week, McKeithen, who once belabored an opponent for courting Negro votes, had buried segregationist Congressman John R. Rarick beneath an avalanche of 836,304 votes; Rarick got only 179,846. McKeithen, an able administrator who is unopposed in a general election next Feb. 6, received widespread Negro support, and more than 250 Negroes sought office in the primary. Most fared poorly, but New Orleans Lawyer Ernest N. Morial won outright to become Louisiana's first Negro state legislator since Reconstruction, and two others won places on a Dec. 16 runoff ballot against white candidates.

New Jersey: Big Swing

New Jersey often swings with the nation. This year, voting for an expanded and reapportioned legislature, Republicans demolished Democratic Governor Richard J. Hughes's control of both chambers, sweeping 31 of the senate's 40 seats and 58 of the assembly's 80. Hughes, 58, who has raised taxes, improved welfare and pushed integration in his five years as Governor (his second term ends in 1970) was no doubt hurt by last summer's riots. His reaction: "Sometimes leadership bears the burdens of retaliation."

New York: Rocky's Triumph

New Yorkers overwhelmingly approved the biggest bond issue ever proposed anywhere—\$2.5 billion to revitalize the state's highways, airports, commuter railroads and city subways. The outcome was a major political vic-

POLITICS

Into the Silks

With the off-year elections ended and the jockeying for 1968 started in earnest, George Romney was wasting no time slipping into his silks. This week some 600 Republicans from across the country will crowd Detroit's river-front Veterans' Memorial Building to hear what is being billed as a major announcement by Michigan's Governor. It was hardly probable he would go to such lengths to declare that he does not intend to seek the G.O.P. presidential nomination.

"Apple Pie!" In what was probably his final tour as a non-candidate, Romney last week addressed 1,300 Republicans in St. Paul, then flew to neighboring Wisconsin for a day of speechmaking. He impressed a breakfast meeting in La Crosse, particularly when



NUNN MAKING VICTORY SPEECH WITH DAUGHTER JENNIE LOU
Moderation in all things.

tory for Nelson Rockefeller, who had stumped the state on behalf of the transportation issue as vigorously as if he were campaigning on his own behalf.

At the same time, New Yorkers slapped down a new constitution to replace the state's outmoded 1894 charter and its tangle of 162 amendments. The proposed charter, drawn by a Democratic-dominated constitutional convention, lost by 3,361,000 votes to 1,308,000, largely because it incorporated repeal of a prohibition on state aid to church-run private schools. The Roman Catholic hierarchy vigorously backed the constitution, whose advocates spent more than \$500,000 on hard-sell advertising that succeeded only in opening half-healed religious wounds. Governor Rockefeller, who split with other Republicans leaders to give tepid endorsement to the charter, actually came out with a net gain. Presidential speaking, his stand will probably help his image among Catholic voters.

he blasted the Democrats for having saddled the nation with "the New Deal, the Fair Deal, and now, L.B.J.'s Ordeal." The reception was chillier at the University of Wisconsin, where blue-jeaned students greeted him with catcalls. When Romney declared, "There's nothing more basic in America than belief in our Creator," one student jeered: "Apple pie!" Angered, Romney retorted: "That's right! And the trouble in America starts with the decline of personal principles and beliefs."

Returning to Michigan aboard his chartered plane—appropriately, a de Havilland Dove—the Governor went straight to the William Beaumont Hospital in Royal Oak to pick up his wife Lenore, who had suffered a broken arm and dislocated shoulder two days earlier when she slipped in the shower at the Romneys' Bloomfield Hills home. For reasons that go beyond personal affection, Romney's aides are hoping she mends swiftly. Lenore is a considerable asset on the stump, provides a warmly

feminine counterpart to her husband's granite-jawed, combative style, and helps calm him when the going gets rough.

Other Trails. On the West Coast, California's Governor Ronald Reagan turned an invitation to the U.S.-Oregon State football game into an excuse for two days of non-campaigning in the Pacific Northwest. He showed up in Seattle for a G.O.P. fund-raising lunch, attended a party dinner in Portland that evening, rode horseback in the Veterans' Day Parade in Albany, Ore., the following day. Reagan, of course, still bills himself as a non-candidate, but his proclamations of late have ring increasingly hollow.

Also on the stump was Alabama's former Governor George Wallace, who began a week-long, six-city tour of Ohio in the hope of getting the 433,100 signatures he needs to have his name placed on the ballot there as an independent presidential candidate. The feat is probably beyond Wallace's band of eager amateurs, but he was drawing sizable audiences, as he had the week before on the West Coast. If nothing else, the natty gnat promises to be a disruptive influence in 1968.

Worthwhile Prize. For the Republican candidates, announced and otherwise, the 1968 nomination looks more and more like an exceedingly worthwhile prize. Except for a few private polls that were apparently commissioned by Democratic officials and carefully structured to show Johnson in the best possible light, public-opinion sampling was going heavily against the President. A Gallup survey showed that 50% of the electorate disapproves of the way Johnson is doing his job. Another Gallup sampling, commissioned by NBC

News, showed that when it comes to the Viet Nam war and the racial crisis, more voters would like to have them handled by Senator Robert Kennedy than by Johnson or, for that matter, any of the Republican contenders.

A Louis Harris Poll showed six Republicans leading Johnson. In order, they are Nelson Rockefeller, Romney, Richard Nixon, Reagan, John Lindsay and Charles Percy. Still another Gallup poll, released this week, shows that for the first time in a decade, the G.O.P. is outrunning the Democrats—52% to 48%—as the party the voters consider best qualified to deal with the nation's most pressing problems.

Limited Candidate

In 1964, Hubert Humphrey was not the only Minnesotan Lyndon Johnson was seriously considering as his running mate. The junior Senator, Eugene McCarthy, was also. Johnson observed fondly, "the kind of man who will go to the well with you." Humphrey, of course, won No. 2 place at the well, but Johnson's regard for McCarthy and vice versa—was apparent. Last week, with little residue of that regard left on either side, McCarthy began his own campaign for the presidency as the Democratic peace candidate.

Speaking on campuses in four states—at Minnesota's Macalester College (where Humphrey once taught), Harvard, and the universities of Michigan and Chicago—McCarthy reiterated his own oft-voiced objections to the war and his prescription for its end: gradual withdrawal. Beyond that, he repeated his major complaint that the U.S. is overextended around the world and must recognize "the limits of power," a phrase he used as the title for his latest book.

Cultivated, quick-witted and possessed of the saturnine good looks of a Ray Milland, McCarthy would seem to be the ideal candidate for those who oppose the war. Yet there is little indication that he is, and, judging from his reception last week, there is little indication that he will be. In his initial exposures as a presidential hopeful, Gene McCarthy seemed too sophisticated and too much a man of formula; this speech were largely extracted verbatim from his book) to ignite his audiences. The crowds last week received him cordially but without excitement.

In 19 years in Congress—ten in the House and nine in the Senate—McCarthy has placed his stamp on very little legislation. To some of his colleagues, his sardonic humor is cynicism; his casualness, indifference. Though McCarthy has scant chance of winning the nomination himself, he might, by attracting a sizable antiwar and anti-Johnson vote in the primaries, focus attention on Johnson's weakness and open the way for another candidate—his friend and colleague Robert Kennedy, for example.

It is easy for Democrats these days to recall Kefauver's embarrassing 1952



MCCARTHY AT DETROIT PRESS CONFERENCE

Long way from the well.

victory over President Harry Truman in the New Hampshire primary. With that painfully in mind, the White House is not laughing off Gene McCarthy's campaign.

THE CONGRESS

Grudging Progress

Wearily, Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield announced that the first session of the 90th Congress would recess for four days for Thanksgiving. "Do you think," piped up Delaware's John Williams, "that we'll be able to get Christmas off?" "And in what year?" inquired Maine's Edmund Muskie.

Already more than ten months old, the session slogged on toward a probable mid-December adjournment. Though it will not beat the longevity record of the wartime Congress that sat for a full year in 1940-41, the current session will be remembered for its monumental nonproductivity. Still, after months of disgruntled stalemate, the members last week did grudgingly enact some of Lyndon Johnson's bruised and battered legislative program.

Delusion & Fraud. A compromise \$2.7 billion foreign-aid bill, authorizing around \$500 million less than the President had originally requested, finally emerged from the recalcitrant, economy-minded House. It very nearly died in the process. Iowa's truculent H. R. Gross came within five votes of reelecting the bill once again to a Senate-House conference with the stipulation that the U.S. cut off aid to Poland as long as that country continues to trade with North Viet Nam. By some adroit parliamentary legerdemain, House leaders delayed a final tally until they could persuade a crucial handful of members to defect to their side.

Another major Administration measure, the \$2.06 billion antipoverty bill,



ROMNEY HELPING WIFE LEAVE HOSPITAL
For reasons beyond affection.

also faces a House hatchet job. Such Republican critics as Ohio's William Ayres and New York's Charles Goodell want to lop some \$600 million off the \$800 million off the authorization, which will probably come to a vote this week. Angry, Sargent Shriver threatened to quit as head of the Office of Economic Opportunity if Congress will not give him the funds to do his job. "It would be a delusion to the poor," he said. "I don't think it would be advisable to continue a fraud."

Congressional inaction on a gallimaufray of appropriations has already begun to strangle some OEO and other programs. Last week poverty projects in six U.S. communities had been shut down for lack of federal funds, while programs in 15 other cities were being manned by volunteers after federal funds had been exhausted.

Moribund Measures. Congress did manage to shove through at the last minute a stopgap financing bill to forestall payless paydays for the District of Columbia government and five other agencies that were technically without funds because their appropriations had not been approved. In addition, the Senate Finance Committee cleared a bill to raise social security payments 15% across the board, bringing a little closer to action the benefit increases that the President pledged a year ago.

But a sheaf of Johnson's key measures are moribund for this year at least—highway beautification, gun controls, aid to elementary and secondary education and, most significantly, the President's proposal for a 10% income tax surcharge.

THE WAR

Rancors Aweigh

The echoes were rancorously reminiscent of 1948, when another Democratic President began to fight back. Last week, abandoning his customary quest for consensus, Lyndon Johnson lashed out at his critics: "The struggle for progress and reform in America has never been easy," he told labor leaders in Manhattan. "On the one hand is the old coalition of standpatters and naysayers. They never wanted to do anything, but this year they say they can't do it because of Viet Nam. Well, that's pure bunk. And far off at the other end of the spectrum, there are those who say, 'What America has built is rotten. Let's tear it apart.' I say they're both wrong. I say we can meet our commitments at home and abroad—and I believe we will."

During a 5,100-mile tour of military bases from Georgia to California and back to Virginia, the President repeatedly returned to his theme—using Veteran's Day as his cue. "For these Americans," he said of the troops at Fort Benning, "Viet Nam is no academic question. It is not a topic for cocktail parties, office arguments or debate from some distant sidelines. Their lives are tied by flesh and blood to Viet Nam.

Talk does not come cheap for them." Calling for unity, he predicted that "peace will come more quickly when the enemy of freedom finds no crack in our courage—no split in our resolve—and no encouragement to prolong his war in the shortness of our tongues."

Ask the G.I. The President's new militancy—fueled perhaps by Democratic successes in last week's big-city elections—was aimed at both the inactive 90th Congress and the hyperactive antiwar dissenters. Other Administration voices were equally combative. Home from Southeast Asia, Hubert Humphrey was confronted by Senator J. William Fulbright during a White House briefing at which each legislator present was allowed one question. Fulbright's was: "Just who is our enemy there?" Retorted the Vice President: "You don't have to ask the G.I. whose leg has been cut off who the enemy is."

Secretary of State Dean Rusk also fielded a perennial Fulbright question. Appearing before the Arkansas Senator's Foreign Relations Committee at a 3½-hour closed session, Rusk was asked to explain why he continued to refuse to appear this year before the committee in a public session on Viet Nam. Rusk said he would think it over. Much more to his liking was a representation from Indiana University, where he had been heckled unmercifully last month by antiwar demonstrators. A contingent from Bloomington presented Rusk with notebooks containing an apology signed by 14,000 of the campus' 27,000 students.

Oceanic End. Meanwhile, the debate over Viet Nam, though hardly running out of steam, seemed to be running out of ideas. Last week General Lauris Norstad, former NATO commander who now runs the Owens-Corning Fiberglas

Corp., had a proposal for handling the myriad end-the-war proposals. "It is not my purpose to play the game of 'if I were President,'" Norstad told a Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce audience, "or to present a specific plan. The ideas are there, they have been presented. I urge that they be molded into a clear, positive, direct plan of action."

In Norstad's view, the U.S. should "give serious consideration" to such possible moves as an unconditional bombing suspension and a unilateral cease-fire if those actions could bring Hanoi to the negotiating table. Moreover, he reasoned, a firm program for peace in Viet Nam would "unite the people of the United States in a sense of national purpose" and "stop the erosion of our credibility." Once those goals were attained, he said, "we should have convinced Hanoi that it is more profitable to come to the conference table than to delay." That might be a bit too much to hope for, but, as others have argued, a demonstration of Washington's willingness to try reasonable concessions to end the war—even without Hanoi's cooperation—would at least dispel dissent at home and restore American prestige abroad.

Lyndon Johnson had a dousing notion of his own. Cruising off San Diego aboard the nuclear carrier U.S.S. *Enterprise* at week's end, he proposed an oceanic end to the war. Addressing Hanoi—as well as the voters at home—he declared: "You force us to fight, but you have only to say the word for our quarrel to be buried beneath the waves." The President suggested that "a neutral ship on a neutral sea would be as good a meeting place as any" for the U.S. and North Viet Nam to begin negotiations—"so long as one did not insist that the other walk on water and work a miracle alone."



L.B.J., McNAMARA & SHIPMATES ON 'ENTERPRISE'
New militancy toward both ends of the spectrum.

DEFENSE

The Flying Volks

The traditional boast of new warplanes—as of new automobiles—is that they are even faster, fancier and lovelier than their predecessors. No such claim can be made for the Navy's newest jet bomber, the A-7A Corsair II. Its touted virtues, in fact, include slowness, cheapness and unfashionably simple gadgetry.

With a top speed of under 600 m.p.h. (1,800 m.p.h. for the F-111), the stubby, single-seat craft cannot even fly all-weather combat missions. What the Corsair does have, however, is almost twice the range (4,000 miles) and twice the bomb capacity (20,000 lbs.) of any light attack jet that is currently in the U.S. arsenal.

"It's a good solid weapons system that we think will serve us well in Viet Nam," says Vice Admiral Thomas Connolly. "In a conventional war, there are always targets, like gun emplacements on a hillside, that can't be hit by radar. The only way to hit them is by eyeballing them first." Since most of the Navy's and Air Force's operational jets were designed primarily for quick hit-and-run attacks in a nuclear war, they have neither the fuel capacity to loiter long over targets nor the armor plating to withstand ground fire.

Combat-Bound. As the first plane developed for close support of ground troops since World War II, the Corsair has both. It can loiter for more than four hours over a target and withstand hits by small-caliber ground fire on any of its vital parts. Just as important is the fact that—like a Volkswagen—it requires relatively little maintenance and can be outfitted with a new engine in less than an hour. Its normal armament includes two 20-mm. machine guns, plus any combination of the 200 varieties of bombs and missiles in the Navy's air arsenal. In addition, it has an advanced computer system that delivers its projectiles with pinpoint accuracy.

First conceived by the Navy in 1962, the plane went into development in 1964 because of its unique serviceability in Viet Nam. Ling-Temco-Vought, maker of the gull-winged propeller-driven Corsair fighter of World War II, produced the first craft in 18 months, has since delivered more than 125 Corsair IIs to the Navy, which has ordered 1,500 (estimated cost per craft: \$1.4 million, v. \$9.75 million for the F-111B). The Air Force has ordered approximately 500. The Corsair II will replace the Navy's A-4E Skyhawk and the Air Force's F-100 Super Sabre.

Though the Corsair II is not expected to edge out the two older planes before the early 1970s, the first of the new jets will soon see combat. When the carrier U.S.S. *Ranger* left Alameda, Calif., last week for Viet Nam waters, she had aboard a squadron of the deadly new beetles.

DEMOCRATS

Chairman of the Board

He was short and bushy-browed and looked like a roguish Kewpie doll. Franklin Roosevelt called him "Mr. Common Sense." John L. Lewis tagged him a "poker-playing, whisky-drinking, labor-baiting, evil old man." To most Americans he was best known as "Cactus Jack."

Out of the arid—and cactiferous—wastes of southern Texas, where even today the cowboys say you can see farther, and see less, than anywhere else on earth, John Nance Garner carved a hefty fiefdom along the Rio Grande and parlayed his brand of conservative populism (with due regard for the in-

as much as the public. They called him as taciturn as Coolidge, and he boasted that he had gone eight years in Congress without making a speech. They called him a miser and—though a multimillionaire—he employed his wife as full-time secretary and cook. He doted on hunting, fishing, poker and pungent Mexican cigars, loved his sour-mash bourbon and glorified convivial nipping as "striking a blow for liberty." Many a blow was struck with congressional leaders of both parties and with his protégés, Sam Rayburn and Wilbur Mills. In those backroom meetings of what he called the "Board of Education," Garner usually got his way, and Rayburn continued them as Speaker. Above all, Cactus Jack kept his word, which he characteristically called "staying hitched."

Garner was no mere usher for the New Deal. He was its midwife, using his years of Capitol Hill experience to ram much of F.D.R.'s program through Congress in the famous "first 100 days." Just as fellow Texans Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson would do later, Garner operated behind the scenes. Through the first two F.D.R. terms he stayed hitched to Roosevelt, whom he called "Cap'n." A lifelong foe of Eastern banking interests, he had been a major force in forging a graduated income tax, guaranteeing bank deposits, and baiting big business. Garner worked loyally for Roosevelt's bill to pack the Supreme Court, but considered it a tactical error: when it failed, the Cap'n pulled away from his first mate.

Failure & Regret. The break became public in 1940, when Roosevelt began to flirt with a third term. Garner un-hitched himself, offered his own name in opposition, was crushed, swore in Henry Wallace as Vice President and retired to Uvalde, vowing never again to cross the Potomac.

He never did. Settling down to husband his fortune, he raised chickens, sat in his front-porch rocker shelling pecans and rubbernecking at the tourists who came to rubberneck at him. Plain-spoken to the last, he always regretted having given up his Speaker's role for the vice-presidency, which he said "wasn't worth a pitcher of warm spit."

Garner wanted to live to be 92 so that he could say he had spent half his life in government and the other half "in peace." He made that goal with almost seven years to spare before he died last week of a coronary occlusion, 64 years to the week from his first appearance in Congress, Uvalde, which was planning Cactus Jack's 99th birthday celebration, sorrowfully buried him in the Garner family plot.



GARNER FISHING IN NUECES RIVER (1938)

Many a blow for the "Cap'n."

terests of cattle, oil and Democratic regularity) into 46 years of power. His political personality was quintessentially Texan: grass-roots, plain-spoken, coyote-cumming, and he set a style of congressional clout that made him perhaps the most influential Vice President in U.S. history.

Staying Hitched. Born in 1868 in a mud-chinked cabin near Blossom Prairie, Garner took to politics like a bird dog after quail. In 15 terms in the U.S. House of Representatives, he rose to Speaker; then in 1932 he made a bid for the presidency. With potent support from William Randolph Hearst, Garner held the Texas and California delegations until the fourth ballot, then threw his votes to F.D.R., in a deal that made him the ticket's No. 2 man.

Through the years in which Cactus Jack's legend grew, he enjoyed the tales

AND 50 YEARS OF CAPITALISM

THE banners in Red Square, the speeches in Bucharest and Belgrade, the dutiful delegations, the flowers and the fanfare—all heralded the achievements of a half-century of Communism. What has happened to U.S. capitalism in the same period?

Compare an imaginary middle-class Mr. U.S. in 1917 with his counterpart today. After breakfast cooked on a cast-iron stove, Mr. U.S. of 1917 wrapped himself against the early autumn chill, went out to his open Model T, hand-cranked the engine into ear-splitting action, and headed for the office at the blazing 15 m.p.h. demanded by the bumpy, unpaved road. Back at the house, his wife kneaded the dough for the day's bread, then took soap and dishcloth to wash the Mason jars in which she was about to preserve apple butter. When she hurried out to get provisions, it meant going to the grocer, the butcher, the druggist, and the hardware store to get all the items on her list. By the time she got home, it was far too late to stop by for a chat with her neighbor Gladys, five blocks away; nor could she phone to explain, for in those days there was only one telephone for every ten people, and someone was always using the party line. Besides, she had to face the laundry stacked beside the hand-powered washing machine. That evening, Mr. U.S. got home to find his wife so exhausted that she fell asleep after supper while listening to the tenor of John McCormick scratching out of the Victrola that stood in the light of the flickering gas lamps in the living room.

Today, Mr. U.S. finishes his breakfast of frozen orange juice and diet-bread toast, pops a vitamin pill into his mouth, steps into his fastback Barracuda, punches the tape deck button for swing or symphony, and heads for the freeway. The six-lane concrete strip lets him proceed at 65 m.p.h. toward his office in town—except when there are so many other cars going the same way that he can listen to all of Beethoven's *Ninth*. By the time he gets to the office, his wife has already called—from the pink, push-button Princess extension in the kitchen—to ask him to stop by the shopping center on the way home and pick up the washing she is going to leave during the day at the Laundromat there. She and Mabel next door are going to a theater matinee in the Mustang, but she will be back in plenty of time to take the lamb chops out of the freezer and fix dinner. And they will get the dishes into the automatic washer before 7:30 so they can watch *The King and I* in color.

Pay & Productivity

That U.S. life has changed dramatically for the better in the past half-century is a commonplace. But some of the statistics that emerge when 1917 is compared with 1967 present a startling contrast. In the period before World War I, the garment industry was emerging from the era of the seven-day week and the \$5 weekly paycheck. Today, Mu-zak competes with the whirr of machines, and the average worker gets \$2.60 an hour for a 35-hour week. The improvement is reflected throughout industry. Before World War I, the average American factory worker earned the equivalent in today's dollars of \$26 a week, while his current yield is, on average, about \$115. Put another way, the worker in the earlier period had to work one hour and 35 minutes to buy a dozen eggs; for the same eggs now he spends twelve minutes on the job. A man's suit, which cost him 75 hours of labor then, calls for fewer than 20 hours now.

One key to this unprecedented prosperity is the astonishing productivity—the output of goods and services per man-hour—that has trebled since 1917, far outstripping the performance of workers in any other industrial society (in 1960, European workers, for example, roughly reached the level of output attained by the American worker in 1925). In 1917, the U.S. farm worker could feed eight people; today,

he feeds 40. In 1917, when the U.S. population was 103 million, the nation's gross national product was about \$75 billion (in prices adjusted for inflation) compared with about \$800 billion now, for a population of roughly 200 million.

As the nation's wealth has soared, the distribution of that wealth has changed just as strikingly. Before World War I, only 4% of U.S. families earned more than \$10,000 a year; today, 25% do. In those days, three out of every five households had an annual income (in 1965 dollars) of less than \$3,000. Now that number is down to one in every six.

Owing to the rise of service industries alongside production firms, the number of white-collar employees has long since topped the number of blue-collar workers. Well over 60% of all non-farm families own the homes they live in: in 1917, the figure was 40%. Almost 80% of U.S. families now own an automobile, and one in five families has at least two; in 1917 only 5% had a car. Only 1% of U.S. farms was electrified in 1917; today more than 99% of farms and all other homes have Edison's bulb, not to mention Sarnoff's tube.

There were a mere few thousand holders of company stocks in 1917; now there are more than 22 million with a stake in business. Three million hold shares in American Telephone & Telegraph Co. alone, and one-third of General Electric's shareholder-owners got some of their stock through savings-and-bonus plans.

Life and death have achieved a new balance in five decades. An infant born in 1916 had a life expectancy of no more than 52 years. This year's child can expect to surpass three score and ten.

College Degrees & Passports

The material rise is only part of the story. There have been cultural gains as well. With paperbacks in every drugstore, reading has soared. Thirty thousand titles were published last year, a far cry from the limited book list of 1917. Magazine circulation has multiplied tenfold in 50 years: each month, an estimated 1.2 billion copies of 650 magazines flow out to the farthest corners of the country. Education's reach has lengthened immensely. Early in the century, perhaps 4% of young Americans between 18 and 21 were in colleges and universities; now, roughly 45% are. Last year colleges conferred 650,000 degrees, close to 15 times the number handed out annually just before World War I. The academic year of elementary and secondary schools has lengthened by one-third in the past 50 years. Today 90% of teenagers are in high school, against 60% in the pre-World War I days. The increase in travel is equally spectacular. A trip to Florida or California or New York is within the reach of tens of millions who would not have dreamed of it a half-century ago. A trip to Europe is commonplace for many. In 1915, 23,000 passports were issued or renewed by the U.S. State Department; this year the figure is approaching 2,000,000.

Figures can also be painful reminders of the things that U.S. society has not achieved. Who can calculate the square miles of slums that beg renovation or the poverty that remains a blight on the industrial society? No fewer than 30 million Americans make up families that earn less than \$3,000 per year—the figure set by the Government as the poverty level.

Yet just over the horizon, along with a gross national product that seems likely to top a trillion dollars by the early 1970s, is an array of new machines, teaching methods, foods and other tools that will help man cope with such compelling problems. The next 50 years promise to provide even further evidence that the capitalist system is the most productive in human history.

THE WORLD



CELEBRATION ON MOSCOW RIVER AS SEARCHLIGHTS ILLUMINATE LENIN BALLOON (AT TOP RIGHT)
Cold water as well as champagne from the comrades.

RUSSIA

An Edgy Anniversary

The occasion was certainly right for a party, and the trappings were all that anyone would wish: the sweep of Red Square, an entertainment cast of thousands, the backdrop of the Kremlin and, later, the elegant Palace of Congresses as a banquet hall for 2,000 guests. But the hosts seemed downright edgy, as if expecting one of the guests to swing from a chandelier or pour champagne on someone's head. Indeed, some of the partygoers at last week's celebration of the Soviet Union's 50th anniversary figuratively jangled a few chandeliers and threw a goodly amount of cold water, if not champagne, over the proceedings.

Lessons from Tito. Touring a Soviet factory, President Josip Broz Tito shocked the Russians accompanying him by extolling progress in Yugoslavia instead of Russia and boasting about "a new phase" of socialism in his country. Romanian Party Boss Nicolae Ceausescu stayed around in Moscow just long enough to make the point to all who would listen that "Romanians are masters in their own house"—meaning that they like their new independence from Moscow. Fidel Castro had snubbed the Kremlin by sending Public Health Minister Dr. José Ramón Machado in his place; when the peevish Russians would not let Machado speak before the Central Committee like the representatives of other Communist states, he departed for home in a huff two days early.

The Chinese did not come at all, but they were not silent for the occasion. The New China News Agency denounced the Soviet leaders as "something filthy and contemptible—like a dog's dirt," and Defense Minister Lin Piao accused them of bringing about

"an all-round capitalist restoration in the Soviet Union." Then, even as glasses clinked in the Kremlin, both the Chinese and the Albanians called upon the Russians to overthrow the "renegade revisionist clique" in Moscow. With comrades such as these, the Soviet leaders were probably grateful when a cordial message arrived from Lyndon Johnson, offering "heartfelt greetings and best wishes."

Tweeds & Transistors. As for the Russian people, they savored their longest holiday ever from the rigors of socialist labor: four days. They attended dinners in restaurants and homes and shopped for luxuries especially imported for the occasion, including British tweeds, Italian shoes and Japanese transistor radios. In Moscow, they rose early to find a crisp, sunny autumn day for the anniversary, were soon milling in Red Square wearing their holiday best. Everywhere in the parks and squares, Muscovites danced and sang. At night, celebrators floated down the Moscow River in barges, searchlights illuminating a giant balloon bearing a portrait of Lenin in the skies above. About 6,500 couples took advantage of the holiday to get married (the normal nuptial rate for Moscow: 300 a day).

The mammoth parade, which included equipment from the revolution as well as modern armor, was carried live over the 6,000-mile breadth of the Soviet Union via a new IV antenna network and 20 relay stations tied into the communications satellite Molniya 1. Through Red Square pranced hundreds of hardy steeds, their riders dressed like Cossacks and waving long, bayoneted rifles. Behind them came replicas of the dumpy armored cars that Leon Trotsky had ordered built in 1918, a few years before he became a nonperson. Some 18,000 Soviet soldiers in all marched in the parade, one

group carrying on their shoulders children who scattered flowers among the crowds.

Berets & Jackboots. Foreign military attaches perked up when the Russians rolled a large intercontinental missile at least 120 ft. long into the square. The rocket, which was being unveiled for the first time, was said to be fueled by a "highly efficient new rocket propellant"; the Russians identified a smaller missile as capable of firing the Soviets' new orbital bomb. Another surprise in the three-hour pageant was the battalions of smartly stepping marines in black berets, with their trousers tucked into jackboots. Along with paratroopers in red berets who also marched, these troops are part of a mobile strike force that Russia is training to improve its capability for intervening in brush-fire wars around the world.

While they were more animated than usual, the Kremlin's collegial leaders kept the cool that has become their trademark. Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev's predominance within the ruling troika was made evident when, preparing to view the parade, he mounted the stairs of Lenin's tomb a few paces ahead of Premier Aleksei Kosygin and President Nikolai Podgorny. The rhetoric of Brezhnev's speeches rarely rose above the polemical tone of the Soviet press. For all the hoopla, moreover, the Kremlin does not seem to have succeeded in getting much support from the rest of the Communist world for one of its chief aims: a summit conference next spring to denounce the Chinese. Judging from their behavior on the 50th anniversary, the world's Communist leaders are not at the moment in the mood for much togetherness.

▲ And which was dwarfed by the 363-ft-long Saturn 5 rocket fired by the U.S. last week (see SCIENCE).

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Eastern Air Lines	Liquor Service flights
Ozark Air Lines	All flights
Pacific Air Lines	All flights
World Airways	All flights

International Carriers

Air France	Most flights (First Class only)
Avianca	All flights
EI Al Israel Airlines	All flights (First Class only)
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JORDAN

Tone v. Substance

Banking heavily on his friendship with the West and his reputation as a reasonable Arab, Jordan's King Hussein went to the U.S. last week on a delicate mission. Speaking for both himself and his latter-day ally, Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, Hussein sought U.S. support for softening Israel's hardening terms for peace. He went at the job with vigor. Seemingly popping up everywhere, the King dashed from TV stations to speakers' platforms to conferences. He appeared on *Face the Nation*, delivered a major address at Georgetown University, had lunch at Washington's National Press Club, talked with President Johnson, Dean Rusk, Ambassador Goldberg and Walt Rostow. Everywhere he went, he told his listeners that the Arabs had seen the error of their ways. They may have been unrealistic in the past, said Hussein, but they had undergone "a very vast and tremendous change."

The trouble was that Hussein's tone was more convincing than his words. Aside from an early—and never repeated—statement that Nasser might be willing to let Israeli ships use the Suez Canal "under certain conditions," Hussein said little that he had not been saying for months. The Arabs were willing to recognize Israel's right to exist, but not necessarily to recognize Israel. They wanted a "just and lasting peace" but not a formal peace treaty. And before any settlement could even be considered, Israel must withdraw its troops from occupied Arab lands. At one point, the King even seemed to harden the Arab line; before the Arabs accepted Israel as a peaceful neighbor, he told his Georgetown audience, the land would have to be "de-Zionized"—renounce its status as a Jewish state.

To Avert Disaster. There is a good possibility that Hussein was offering considerably more in private than he appeared to be in public. High-placed Arabs in both Egypt and Jordan have been leaking reports that the Arabs are indeed willing to negotiate face to face with Israel, to sign a formal peace treaty and even to concede such land as the Gaza Strip and the Golan Heights. Whatever Hussein brought with him, there was no question of the urgency with which he brought it. The war left Jordan in deep trouble, and Hussein had little time to find a way out before the trouble turns to disaster.

With winter coming on, Jordan is almost frantically concerned about the 200,000 West Bank refugees who are crowded into makeshift tent camps throughout the country. Most of the camps have been moved from the frigid desert plateau that surrounds Amman (where the temperature at night dips as low as 15° F.) to the Jordan River Valley, which is 1,000 ft. below sea level and 30° warmer than the plateau. The valley itself is a treacherous campsite, prone to flash floods and violent sand-

storms; at one camp last month, a sand-storm shredded more than 600 tents to ribbons, leaving 3,000 refugees without shelter. Many of the tents, moreover, are Sears Roebuck's "Ted Williams" models, donated by the U.S. but designed for weekend summer camping.

Food is no problem: thanks to abundant crops and heavy donations from other Arab countries, Jordan now has enough basic foodstuffs to supply all the camps for more than a year. However, not all the refugees live in the camps. In the chaos of their first desperate days of flight, thousands found their own shelter as best they could. Hundreds of them still sleep on the sidewalks of Amman, and hundreds of others live in vacant cellars or shallow holes gouged out of the city's rocky hillsides. "We don't know where many of them are," says Reconstruction and Development Minister Hazem Nusseibeh. "If we don't

says Minister Nusseibeh, "How can we plan intelligently when we don't know how big Jordan will be?" All of Jordan is thus at a standstill, waiting and hoping that some sort of political settlement can be reached with Israel for the return of the West Bank, in whole or in part.

YEMEN

When Friends Fall Out

On his way to Moscow for the 50th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution, Abdallah Sallal, the President of Republican Yemen, stopped off in Cairo to see his erstwhile benefactor, Gamal Abdel Nasser. He could hardly have expected a warm reunion. Nasser had grown tired of propping up the unpopular Sallal, whose refusal to make peace with the Yemeni Royalists had cost him the support of even his own



REFUGEE CAMP IN JORDAN RIVER VALLEY

Whatever the message, it was unquestionably urgent.

make contact soon, many of them will die during the winter."

No Plans. Jordan's economy is in a state of suspended animation. Tourism is dead; without the Old City of Jerusalem and Bethlehem, Jordan is lucky to attract a dozen tourists a week. The loss of the West Bank deprived the nation of a quarter of its farmland, more than half its production of vegetables, olives and fruit, 30% of its wheat, 48% of its industry and nearly half of its 2.1 million people, including many of its wealthiest taxpayers. Unemployment, swelled by the flood of refugees, has soared to 35% and is still climbing; factories, unable to sell their goods, are cutting back production and laying off workers.

The government still has a solid hard currency reserve of \$300 million and has been promised \$112 million a year to rebuild its economy by oil-rich Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and Libya. So far, there are no plans for rebuilding. "There will be no major development of this economy until our territory is returned."

followers. Even so, Sallal was unprepared for the reception he got. In a brief and chilly meeting, Nasser advised him to resign and go into exile.

Sallal refused to take Nasser's advice; moreover, he declined to heed the implicit warning. Instead of returning home to fight for his job, he flew off to Baghdad, hoping to round up support from other Arab Socialist friends. Hardly had his plane left the runway of Cairo Airport, when Nasser fired off a cable to the Yemeni capital at San'a. The cable did not actually tell the Republican army to overthrow Sallal, but it instructed Egyptian troops still in Yemen not to block a coup—just in case the army might be planning one.

Heroic Sniff. With such encouragement, the Yemeni dissidents lost no time. Supported by Republican tribesmen called down to San'a from the hills, they moved four tanks into the city's dusty squares, took over the Presidential Palace and, in a matter-of-fact broadcast over the government radio station, announced that Sallal had been

removed "from all positions of authority." Not a shot was fired; not a single Yemeni stood up to defend Sallal. In Baghdad, Sallal asked for political asylum, sniffing heroically that "every revolutionary must anticipate obstacles and difficult situations."

The army immediately turned over power to a Republican Council of three civilians—ex-Premier Ahmed Mohamed Noman, 65, and former Acting Presidents Abdul Rahman Iryani, 67, and Mohammed Ali Othman, 65. All three had recently returned to Yemen after a year of political imprisonment in Cairo, where Nasser had held them at Sallal's behest for demanding peace talks with the Royalists. Speaking for the triumvirate, Iryani made it clear that the new regime intended to get together with the Royalists. He pardoned more than 3,000 political prisoners, called a conference of all major Republican tribes to discuss ending the five-year civil war, and promised that the conference would be followed by long-sought talks to which Royalist representatives would be invited.

THE WAR

Border Troubles

Before the U.S. buildup in Viet Nam was completed, the basic Communist strategy was hit-and-hide. But hiding is no longer enough; as wide-ranging is Allied surveillance and so swift U.S. response with air strikes, artillery and helifted soldiers that few safe spots remain to the Communists in South Viet Nam. As a result, Hanoi's new commander in the field, Lieut. General Hoang Van Thai, has been forced to adopt a different strategy. U.S. analysts in Saigon have dubbed it the strategy of the periphery. In plain terms, it is hit-and-run for the nearest border—Laos, Cambodia or North Viet Nam—where the lethal arm of U.S. power cannot pursue. The result is likely to be more and more border warfare, from the year-long face-off along the DMZ to recent battles like those for Loc Ninh two weeks ago and for Dak To last week—both of which resulted in major Communist defeats.

Aggressive Patrolling. At Loc Ninh, two enemy regiments that tried to overrun an Allied position and district town only nine miles from the Cambodian border failed disastrously despite their proximity to frontier safety (TIME, Nov. 10). By this week the Loc Ninh body count of North Vietnamese dead had grown to 926; U.S. intelligence estimated that perhaps half that many again had been dragged away for burial by their comrades, and that another 2,000 to 3,000 had been wounded. This high casualty rate (roughly 50%) for the two ill-fated Red regiments, who were ordered to take the town at all costs, made Loc Ninh one of the war's most significant Allied victories.

At Dak To last week, a deadly clutch of running battles took place within 20



HANOI'S GENERAL THAI
Only one place to hide.

miles of the Cambodian border. In the craggy jungles of the western Central Highlands around the town sit North Vietnamese regiments with a total strength of some 17,000 men have been bivouacked for months. Some 20,000 soldiers of the U.S. 4th Division and 173rd Airborne Brigade have been guarding the area, which includes the major U.S. base of Pleiku. This is the time of year when the rainy season comes to an end around Dak To—and the Communists dry off and come out fighting. Their plan had been to drive eastward from the border to seize the town of Dak To, then try to sweep southeastward for a strike against Kon Tum, the provincial capital. They never made it to their first objective. The U.S. forces caught them while they were still moving some 5,000 men into position in the hills above Dak To.

Heavy Price. Aggressive patrolling by two 4th Division companies drew the first fire from the North Vietnamese, and soon battles were raging throughout the hills as units after U.S. unit moved in and made contact through the week. At nightfall the infantrymen would pull back, and air and artillery would go to work. B-52s several times came in to pound enemy positions, particularly along the lines of retreat to the Laotian border, where 150,000 lbs. of explosives were dropped in a single raid. At week's end the fighting was still flaring in spots around Dak To, having already cost the Communists some 500 dead. This time the price was also heavy for some U.S. units, which lost a total of 53 dead.

On the eve of a trip to Washington to report to President Johnson on the war's progress, General William C. Westmoreland said last week that he "is more encouraged than at any time since I arrived here" nearly four years ago. Communist recruiting in the South

is down from some 7,000 new soldiers a month in 1966 to around 3,500 today—and still declining. As a result, Hanoi is being forced to send more North Vietnamese to fill out the ranks of Southern-based units; it now has more than 100,000 men fighting in South Viet Nam, constituting 50% to 60% of the Communists' forces in the field. Supplying them has become steadily more difficult and dangerous, particularly since the Allies have so tightened their control over rice-growing regions that in some areas Communist troops are now, says Westmoreland, "literally on the verge of starvation."

Political Prisoners

The scene was the living room of a Viet Cong representative in Phnompenh, the capital of Cambodia. While reporters, photographers and onlookers milled around, a spectacled man named Nguyen Van Hieu, the representative in Cambodia of the National Liberation Front and a member of its Central Committee, brought off the elaborately staged affair like an experienced master of ceremonies. In a move obviously calculated to encourage dissent against the Viet Nam war in the U.S., the Viet Cong "symbolically" turned over three U.S. prisoners of war to an American antiwar activist, Thomas Hayden. The hope was, said Hieu plausibly, that the three soldiers would "contribute usefully" to the antiwar movement.

The prisoners were Sergeant Daniel Lee Pitzer of Spring Lake, N.C., Sergeant James F. Jackson Jr. of Ticeott, W. Va., and Sergeant Edward R. Johnson of Seaside, Calif. Only Pitzer and Jackson were present at the ceremony, sitting behind a long table next to Hieu; the Viet Cong kept Johnson in the next room, explaining that he was too sick with dysentery to appear. The three had been prisoners in the Mekong Delta, and it had taken them, said Hayden, a month to reach Phnompenh from there, "under strafing, bombing and re-



PITZER & JACKSON WITH HIEU & HAYDEN
With a bit of tutoring beforehand.

connaissance." All three remained in Viet Cong hands after the meeting ended, presumably pending negotiations on getting them out of Cambodia, with which the U.S. has no relations.

Echoes of Korea. Both Pitzer and Jackson made set-piece speeches, obviously memorized, thanking the Viet Cong for releasing them. Jackson, dressed in shorts and sports shirt, said woodily: "The National Liberation Front made the decision to release me in response to the colored Negro American struggle for peace in the U.S." Pitzer said that "I have not been physically tortured or beaten; I wish to thank the Front for their lenient policy." Though neither sergeant hinted at a condemnation or repudiation of the U.S. war effort in Viet Nam, the circumstances inevitably raised echoes of Korea and brainwashing. In Saigon, the U.S. promptly released a report of a Viet Cong defector who said that he had tortured the sergeants in captivity on U.S. responsibility for the war.

It all sounded more like a straight indoctrination job than the physical and chemical pressuring usually associated with brainwashing—and whether it was really successful remains to be seen when the three Americans actually get home. In the event that the tutoring took and the three face court-martial or prosecution, they will have some backing. Hayden said that he represented a special committee of 21, including Martin Luther King, Dr. Benjamin Spock, Joan Baez and other antiwar militants, that was set up to give the men legal aid for any defense. He also claimed that the release of the men was a result of the meeting of American leftists and Viet Cong representatives in Bratislava, Czechoslovakia, last September. The sergeants' sometime tutor, however, had another version: the Viet Cong had planned to release the men as early as last December, he said, but had not done so because the prisoners "weren't ready yet."



INDONESIA

The Blossoming of Pak Harto

Indonesia's students helped put Acting President Suharto into power, and since then have eagerly kept an eye on his government. Relations have been fairly smooth; the students have even taken to calling him "Pak Harto"—Father Harto. Last week, however, several thousand students marched on the President's office for the first time since Suharto took over, bristling with anger about the rising price of rice. Suharto, who has always been considered a shy and reticent man, went out to meet them, listened briefly to their complaints and then told them off much as he would have any of his own six children.

"I am responsible for everything," he told them. "I can assure you we are all doing our level best, but running this country is like running a big family that is short of money. Be patient. Never move just because of your passions. If you do so, I will act against you. If shouting alone would bring down the price of rice, I would join you. I would even shout ten times louder, until my voice became hoarse. But the thing we have to do is work hard." Suharto's performance won over the students, who cheered him, joined him in chanting national slogans and then peacefully dispersed.

Deft Touch of Power. The street scene was the most dramatic display yet of Suharto's blossoming as a strong-willed, articulate leader. Last month he showed a deft touch at power politics with a Cabinet reshuffle that put the leading military directly under his control and effectively dissolved the old ruling triumvirate in which he had shared power with Foreign Minister Adam Malik and the Sultan of Jogjakarta. Now Suharto is burnishing his style as well as his tactics.

The general has doffed his bemedaled uniform for casual mufti in order to soften his military image, has abandoned droning prepared speeches for off-the-cuff talks and has even begun to enjoy the political stump. Recently, he articulately plugged Indonesia's "New Order" on a visit to the island of Sulawesi, where he wowed the natives not only by giving pithy explanations of what his government is trying to do but by donning a sarong and the peaked local headdress. Later this month, he goes off to Bali on a similar speechmaking tour.

Suharto's restrained private tastes also please his countrymen. While former President Sukarno continues to live in a palace at Bogor even in exile, Suharto lives modestly in the same suburban Djakarta cottage that he occupied when he was an obscure army officer. He plays an occasional round of golf, spends a day at the seaside or mountains and takes bicycle rides near his home, during which he sometimes scolds neighbors who do not keep their property tidy. Suharto's wife, Titi (Su-



SUHARTO ANNOUNCING CABINET SHIFTS
Burnishing style as well as tactics.

karne had seven wives in all) often appears beside her husband in public, dutifully entertains diplomats' wives and has exhibited a matronly determination of her own by stripping Merdeka Palace of Sukarno's collection of nude paintings.

Proliferating Portrait. By showing a firmer hand, Suharto is gradually becoming strong enough to cope with problems as numerous as Indonesia's 3,000 islands. Corruption remains a blot on Indonesian life, but Suharto is considering a housecleaning to try to root it out. Indonesia's politicians are often restive, but he has managed to keep them in line while also blocking any resurgence of the outlawed Communist party. Though he has broken with Peking, Suharto adheres to a neutralist, if slightly pro-Western, foreign policy, showing a sympathetic understanding of American objectives in Viet Nam while still retaining diplomatic ties with North Viet Nam.

Though inflation still plagues Indonesia, Suharto is working hard to restore the climate for foreign investment, to draft a five-year plan and to win additional aid from Indonesia's nine major non-Communist creditors, who will meet in Amsterdam next week to decide how far they will go along with Suharto. One little example of Suharto's personal impact is the recent proliferation of his portrait throughout Indonesia. About the only place Sukarno's face still shows is on the old rupiah bills that his free-spending ways helped make almost worthless.

Suharto discussed Viet Nam with visiting Vice President Hubert Humphrey in Djakarta last week. Contrary to initial reports, he did not offer to mediate the war, nor did Humphrey ask him to do so.



DE GAULLE WITH STAFF AT PIERRELATTE PLANT
A papa proud of his baby's sting.

FRANCE

Maturing Force

France's nuclear *force de frappe* is the pride of Charles de Gaulle's old age, and he dotes upon it as part of his ultimate legacy to France. Last week De Gaulle journeyed south to Provence to see for himself how his offspring is growing. He watched a mock alert by Mirage bombers that can carry A-bombs, donned a white coat to tour a nuclear testing center at Cadarache and toasted workers with champagne at the huge Pierrelatte plant where uranium is enriched for use in a planned French H-bomb. The *force* will never approach in destructive capability the weaponry of the big powers—some of its critics still refer to it as the *force de farce*—but De Gaulle has none the less given the French a nuclear sting capable of destroying major cities and millions of people. And unlike the Chinese, the French have the means to deliver that sting to targets.

The *force* now consists of 62 twin-engine Mirage IV bombers and a growing stockpile of conventional atom bombs of up to 150 kilotons each. The Mach 2.2 Mirage carries a single bomb, and from such bases as Istres in Southern France can be over Russian cities in a half-hour. France has also successfully tested a medium-range missile called *sol-sol-ballistique stratégique*, and plans to have 50 of them by 1970. In Haute-Provence, workers are building underground silos from which the missiles will be launched. This year France launched *Le Redoutable*, the first of three submarines modeled after the U.S. Polaris-firing fleet and capable of carrying 16 missiles shot from underwater; before the end of the year, it hopes to test-fire one of the sea-to-land missiles to be stocked on these submarines. Next year, France plans to test its first H-bomb at its new range off Tahiti. If

successful, this research will give France warheads of megatomic power.

Strutting on the Stage. The French government, not pleased by the aggressive sound of *force de frappe*, prefers to call its creation a *force de dissuasion*. The theory behind the *force* is that not even a nuclear power would want to destroy France at the possible cost of the retaliatory death of even a few million of its own people. This view is disputed by critics of the policy, of course, who say that few if any Mirages would make it through Russia's thick air defenses to their targets—and that the Russians know this. They point out, too, that the Mirages must stop to refuel in mid-air in order to make the trip, and are thus vulnerable to attack. As for France's planned missile arsenal, they claim that the anti-ballistic missile system Russia is working on will eventually be good enough to nullify the French rockets.

Actually, the *force* is more a political weapon than a strategic one. Whatever its limitations, it apparently gives De Gaulle the confidence he needs to strut on the world stage like the leader of a major power. It also obviates any reliance on the U.S., which he feels cannot be trusted to retaliate against the Soviet Union with nuclear weapons should the latter attack France. "We are worth more than that!" De Gaulle said a few years ago about what was, for him, a degrading dependence upon the U.S. The *force* furthers France's prestige, makes other countries more attentive to her voice in world councils, and, supposedly, enhances the pride of the French themselves. Said De Gaulle at Pierrelatte last week: "It is successes such as this that make it possible to judge the worth of a people."

Hurt Pride. The trouble is that the *force* is hurting French pride in many other ways. It has already cost \$8 billion that France can ill afford, and it is

still costing more than \$2 billion a year. Its costs amount to about 10% of the national budget in a country whose housing is among the worst in Western Europe, whose ancient schools are a national scandal and whose roads are woefully inadequate. Most important, the country faces stiff economic competition abroad, especially from West Germany and the U.S., and could better channel its money into making more computers and the other equipment necessary to run a modern economy. "While we are preparing for a military war, which doubtless will never happen," says Jean-Jacques Servan-Shreiber, general director of the weekly magazine *L'Express*, "we are losing the industrial war." Nonetheless, the French Assembly, which has had many a battle over appropriations for the *force*, has given up fighting De Gaulle over it. Last week, while Papa de Gaulle viewed his growing baby, it passed a new *force de frappe* budget with hardly a murmur of dissent.

ASIA

A Very Special Tourist

In the three days that Jacqueline Kennedy spent strolling through the ruins of the 600 temples at Angkor, the noblest remnants of Asia's past, she could almost be the private citizen she wished to be: the ordinary tourist looking, touching and marveling. It was a brief respite, however, on her tour of Cambodia Prince Norodom Sihanouk's Khmer Kingdom (*see color opposite*). Flying from Phnompenh to the port city of Sihanoukville last week to dedicate a street named for John F. Kennedy, Jackie soon had to cope with her host's propensity for using her presence as a publicity platform to the world.

On a flag-festooned platform at the head of Avenue J. F. Kennedy, the Prince praised the late President without saying, as he had intended to, that if J.F.K. had lived the U.S. would not have been involved in the war in Viet Nam on today's scale. Jackie had seen an advance copy of the speech and persuaded Sihanouk to leave the offensive paragraph out. In her reply, she said that "President Kennedy would have wished to visit Cambodia. He would have been attracted by the vitality of the Khmer people." Then she and the Prince rode down the avenue in a Lincoln convertible to Sihanouk's villa on the beach at the end of the street, where she and her party of four—Britain's Lord Harlech, New York Lawyer Michael Forrestal, Washington Journalist Charles Bartlett and his wife—joined Sihanouk's wife and daughter in a sumptuous luncheon.

Apologetic Points. Next day it was back to Phnompenh for an audience with the Prince's mother, Queen Sisowath Kossomak. It took place in the Royal Throne Room, a fairy-tale chamber of nine-tiered parasols that shield a great gold throne beneath ceilings depicting ancient Asian tales incongruously set

A KENNEDY TOURS THE KHMER KINGDOM

"Does one feed them the bananas with the skin?" asked Jackie, before offering bananas to Prince Sihanouk's elephants in the Royal Palace at Phnompenh. Answer: Yes. Cambodians consider white elephants sacred.



Convoied by a covey of photographers, Jackie tours the late 12th century temple of Bayon at Angkor, guided by Curator-Archaeologist Bernard Groslier. Behind her, in sport shirt, is Lord Harlech.





The black Lincoln convertible gave Jackie visible pause, but she smiles as the motorcade, with Prince Sihanouk riding beside her, moves down newly named Avenue J. F. Kennedy in Sihanoukville.



At a gala dinner in Chamcar Mon Palace on the Mekong River, Jackie and the prince speak in animated French, afterward watched the Cambodian Royal Ballet perform.

against French classical landscapes. After an exchange of gifts, Jackie was escorted outside under a purple parasol to feed the royal elephants, whose grasping trunks she approached gingerly.

As she left Cambodia for Thailand, Jackie was visibly tired, as well she might be. Sihanouk was not only a demanding tour guide but also a difficult—and at times embarrassing—host. While Jackie was in Angkor, he had called a press conference to lecture the captive visiting newsmen on his pet peeve: references to "tiny" Cambodia in the foreign press. He said that "America did not come to Asia to help yellow people; it came to exploit Asia as a neo-colonialist power." Later, he took time out from escorting Jackie to receive the new Czech Ambassador to Cambodia and condemn "the criminal American aggression against Viet Nam that menaces our country"—while his Foreign Affairs Ministry issued one of its frequent denunciations of America's "barbarous bombings" of civilians. Once he took Jackie's limousine past a display of a shot-down American plane, having justified himself in advance with an apology to newsmen: "Please excuse me. You Americans have killed many people." And everywhere he blithely referred to his love for President Kennedy, although it was his official government radio that, not long after the assassination, thanked "divine protection" for causing the "complete destruction of Cambodia's enemies."

A Little Walk. By contrast, Jackie's three days in Thailand were quiet and reasonably private, partly because, afflicted with a touch of the malaise that tourists frequently experience in Asia, she canceled several public appearances. She did manage some serious shopping, buying a 15th century bronze hand of Buddha, two gilt wooden hands (17th century), three porcelain cosmetic jars from the ruined ancient capital of Ayutthaya, and three solid silver bracelets made by Thailand's Mep hill tribesmen.

The high point of her Thai sojourn, an occasion that brought together two of the world's best-dressed women, was a royal dinner for 180 given by King Bhumibol and Queen Sirikit. Jackie wore a long white evening gown elaborately studded in gold, the beautiful queen a traditional gown of Thai embroidery silk in yellow with a matching *saibai* or stole. After dinner, the King and Queen suggested that they take a little walk. Knowing that Jackie particularly wanted to see the temple of the Emerald Buddha, the King had ordered the whole palace and temple grounds illuminated. Lights shone on the golden spires and the gilded heads of the king cobras on the fierce 25-ft.-high demons who guard the temple, on the white monkey king warrior and the life-size golden statue of Manohra, half human and half bird. Entranced by her walk, Jackie called the temple "the most beautiful thing I have ever seen." Then she flew off for a brief stopover in Rome before returning to the U.S.

URUGUAY Too Much of a Good Thing

Unlike neighboring Brazil and Argentina, tiny Uruguay is a fat and tolerant country where almost anyone can enjoy the good life. Its 2,700,000 people are among Latin America's best fed, best dressed, best paid, best educated and most pampered. Fully one in every four workers is employed by the government, which gives them 44 holidays a year and retirement at full pay as early as 55. Theaters in cosmopolitan Montevideo offer such lively fare as Peter Shaffer's *Black Comedy* and Strindberg's *Miss Julie*, in the city's quiet little tearooms, a cup of coffee brings free pastries, potato salad, sausages, octopus, pickled flower and caramel pies. At the pleasant seaside resort of Punta del Este, thousands of

ping their mattresses over and taking their hoarded supply of dollars to the banks to switch them for pesos.

With his devaluation, Gestido finally did what the International Monetary Fund has been urging him to do for months. In the past, Gestido's economic policy stressed self-help over foreign loans, since help from abroad almost always demands austerity measures. Then last March, he made his first shift in policy and appealed to the IMF for help, austerity or not. "The road of isolationism and internal effort," he said in a televised speech, "is too long, painful and perhaps sterile in today's world." Five of Gestido's eleven Cabinet ministers quickly resigned, and when insults began flying, Gestido even challenged his former Finance Minister to a duel—though it was later called off.

Noisy Demonstrators. Uruguay's labor unions reacted so strongly to Gestido's austerity program, going on a series of strikes, that Gestido declared a modified state of siege, prohibiting all calls to strike. Dominated by Communists and encouraged by the huge Soviet embassy in Montevideo—Russia's biggest in Latin America—the 250,000-member National Confederation of Workers last week threatened more strikes. As a starter, 145,000 students, teachers and administrative school personnel went on strike, and 18,000 persons poured into downtown Montevideo for a noisy, anti-government demonstration. If matters get out of hand, Gestido stands ready to declare another temporary state of emergency.

BRITAIN

Virtues of Sobriety

When British police last month began making curbside inspections with a "Breathalyser" that measures the alcohol imbibed by a motorist, cries of indignation rang out across the country. Last week the early results of the war on drinking drivers were in, and they were something to lift a glass to—at home. Accident rates on the road have fallen almost everywhere since B-day, in some places as much as 50%, and indications are that the official figures to be released early in December will bear out Transport Minister Barbara Castle's claim that the law will save at least 250 lives in its first year.

Of course, the pubs have paid a price. Hundreds of them reported a sharp drop in business, running in some cases to as much as 30% to 40%. Brewers reported an overall decline in sales of only 4% to 6%, indicating that much of the pubs' losses went to home consumption of alcohol. At Minister Castle's local pub, the Blue Flag at Cadmore End, Buckinghamshire, Publican Ron Hall announced: "I haven't stopped her coming in, but you could say that we're not the best of friends any more." Instead of easing off, British police intent to increase the number of checks, reaching the strictest level during the Christmas-holiday period.



PRESIDENT GESTIDO
Realism for a change.

high-living tourists spread money around like so many beach blankets. In fact, Uruguay's main problem is that it has too much of a good thing.

Flipping Mofresses. Because of massive welfare spending and strike-happy labor unions that demand ever higher wages, Uruguay constantly skirts the edge of bankruptcy. This year, partly as a result of unusually poor production of wool and beef, its two biggest foreign-exchange earners, the country has gone into hock abroad to the tune of \$438 million, and gold reserves have tumbled to \$146 million. Since January, the cost of living has leaped 92%.

Last week Uruguay's economic troubles reached such a sad state that President Oscar Gestido declared his fourth devaluation of the peso since taking office last March. This time he used strong medicine: he cut the exchange rate to 102½, for the first time setting it at a realistic level in hopes of expanding trade and restoring confidence in the peso. Sure enough, Uruguayans began flip-

PEOPLE

"You've heard the expression run for your life," cried Secretary of the Interior **Stewart Udall**, 47. "Well, let's run." With that, the Secretary shuffled off on a two-mile lop along the Potomac, followed in limping-like procession by 40 other fitness kooks. Object was to publicize the health-giving joys of jogging. "It's the best form of exercise there is," said Udall, who has established four "jogging trails" in Washington parks. The only drawback, as jogging Devotee Judy Schwartz, 28, noted, "is that people think you are nuts."

Broken legs are no laughing matter for ladies in their 70s, and **Dame Margaret Rutherford**, 75, hasn't chortled once. The grand old actress fractured a thigh when she tripped on a rug in her hotel room in Rome, and had to be flown to London for an emergency operation. Dame Margaret is mad as a wasp about the whole thing, said Husband Stringer Davis. "She had been swimming every day near Rome, and is furious that the fall has put an end to that for the time being."

RONNIE GIVES GOP FROM LEKA, SON OF ZOG, the headline might have run—and every word would have been true. California's Governor **Ronald Reagan**, 56, has been friendly for years with **Prince Leka**, 28, the throneless son of Albania's late King Zog, who was deposed in 1939. After a visit to Sacramento last spring, Leka wrote from Paris that he would be sending "a small token of appreciation," namely a 15-month-old, 700-lb. elephant. The beast's name: Gertie, which Nancy Reagan thought lacked a certain chic, and is why the Sacramento zoo came to acquire an elephant named Crop.

"It's my favorite city on earth," crooned **Richard Burton** after settling into a midtown Manhattan hotel. One of his favorite people on earth was there too—meaning in this case not **Elizabeth Taylor**, 35, though she stood smilingly at hand, but Burton's ten-year-old daughter Kate, elder of his two children by ex-wife Sybil. In honor of the several momentous occasions occurring simultaneously—it was Burton's 42nd birthday, as well as his first trip to U.S. shores in two years—young Kate pulled out all the hostessy stops, taking her father and stepmother to a matinee performance of *Mame* and, after a dinner break, shepherding them to *I Do! I Do!* in the evening.

Not all the Beautiful People made the opening-night party for a Broadway gothblar called *The 90 Day Mistress*, but there was a pretty good assortment of Not-Too-Homelys: Tony Perkins, Joan Fontaine, Charlotte Ford Niarchos, Tallulah Bankhead, Gore Vidal and Joan Bennett, all of them crushed into a Manhattan nightclub no larger than an orgone box. Best job of capturing the jaded eye was turned in by **Angela Lansbury**, 42, Broadway's ever-eccentric *Mame*, who was clad in an all but invisible microskirt. Angela's big news was that she had just turned down a movie role as a lesbian. "Corny as it sounds," said she, flashing a stretch of thigh, "I don't want to destroy the image I've created as *Mame*."

Endearing as it is to know that the mightiest minds have their silly side, the imagination still boggles at the thought that **Albert Einstein** wrote doggerel verse. In 58 letters to his physician and friend Dr. Gustav Bucky, who died in 1963, the physicist sometimes indulged his wry, self-deprecating wit—as when he noted that he had the "Pauli effect," after fellow Physicist Wolfgang Pauli, who was said to be

able to cause malfunctions in household appliances just by going near them. The poesy is the real stopper, though. Suffering from chronic stomach pains, Einstein labored and brought forth:

*Alas, I cannot come to town;
Skepticism has got me down.
Just at the moment I began
To think your drugs could cure a man.*

France's *Medaille de Mérite Agricole* usually goes to innovators of hybrid corn, contour-plowing theorists and other worthy agriculturists, but the Gauls have finally got around to someone who knows how to put it all together. In Cambridge, Mass., the French consul-general pinned the green ribbon and bronze star on *Superchef Julia Child*, 55, TV's leading *cuisinier* and author of *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*. The unexpected award called for a party, naturally, and Julia rounded up half a dozen friends to celebrate with champagne and hors d'oeuvres. Ah, the hors d'oeuvres. "Well," said Julia, "I did make some hot little cheese puffs—but I also got some cream cheese and watercress rolls from the caterer because there just wasn't time."

He might not have been the first great orchestra conductor Bombay had ever seen, but he surely was the first ever seen worshiping at the city's Wadijali Parsi Fire Temple. Ceremonially dressed in *duffli*, *pungree* and *sudarali*, Los Angeles Philharmonic Conductor **Zubin Mehta**, 31, celebrated his first trip home in 14 years by accompanying his mother to the Jashan thanksgiving ceremony of the Parsis, a Zoroastrian sect that fled Persia for India a millennium ago. The homecoming was made all the more rousing by the fact that Mehta happened to have his 107-man orchestra with him, winding up a 14-city State Department tour with concerts in New Delhi and Bombay. "This is a landmark of our cultural tradition," glowed the Times of India.



UDALL & JOGGERS
One for the road.

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THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

New York Rebirth

Before the World Journal Tribune folded last spring, its Sunday magazine, *New York*, acquired a reputation for breezy comment on the city, from its fleeting mod-pop fancies to its durable ethnic folkways. Unlike other publications that have come and gone, *New York* was missed enough to make it want to come back. Last week the magazine threw a midday party to announce its reappearance as an independent publication in March.

Editor Clay Felker, 39, bought the *New York* name from the defunct W.J.T. last June. He has spent the intervening months rounding up private investors. Led by Wall Street Invest-

Mafia Watcher Peter Maas. Harold Clurman will review plays for the revived magazine. Judith Crist, movies. George Hirsch, who came from *TIME-LIFE International*, is publisher.

For audience and ads, Felker will be competing with *The New Yorker*, which has just started promotional advertising in the *New York Times* for the first time in 14 years. But *The New Yorker*, although livelier of late, devotes little space to city affairs. The city is simply too vast, its interests too varied, to be covered properly in a single publication. So the riches are amply available; all *New York* has to do is mine them.

PUBLISHING

Peace Games

It seems that back in 1963 a special study group was formed by a shadowy U.S. Government agency to determine "the nature of the problems that would confront the U.S. if and when a condition of 'permanent peace' should arrive." It seems that the 15-man group, including sociologists, scientists and a professional war planner, began meeting at a place called Iron Mountain, N.Y. It seems that after three years and dozens of meetings, the group produced a report declaring that peace is undesirable and that war is not only here to stay but is vastly unappreciated. And it seems that the report was suppressed until one of its members became so upset that he released it to Freelance Writer Leonard C. Lewin for publication as a book and condensation in the December *Equire*.

Or so it seems. At casual glance, the report is organized in proper bureaucratic fashion, and is written in proper sociological jargon. War is not simply an extension of diplomacy, it says, but a society's "principal political stabilizer." It functions as a "generational stabilizer" as well, enabling "the physically deteriorating older generation to maintain its control of the younger, destroying it if necessary." Because war supplies all these benefits, it is not to be abandoned casually. There must be a "believable life-and-death threat" as a substitute.

Time to Pollute. The report suggests a few. For example, "a series of giant space-research programs with largely unsustainable goals." Or an "Unarmed Forces" might be created out of the existing military establishment, a "giant Peace Corps engaged in social welfare activities on a global scale." Another possible war surrogate is "gross pollution of the environment. The poisoning of the air, and of the principal sources of food and water supply, is already

* Where a nuclear-proof vault has been built into a mountainside 125 miles north of New York City to store records of the U.S. Government, RCA, IBM, Time Inc., General Electric and other major corporations.

well advanced, and at first glance would seem promising in this respect. But the pollution problem has been so widely publicized in recent years that it seems highly improbable that a program of deliberate environmental poisoning could be implemented in a politically acceptable manner.

If all else fails, the study group suggests the adoption of "blood games," something along the lines of the Spanish Inquisition or the witch trials. Or "reintroduction of slavery in some form consistent with modern technology and political processes. As a practical matter, conversion of the code of military discipline to a euphemized form of enslavement would entail surprisingly little revision; the logical first step would be the adoption of some form of universal military service."

It takes about 20 pages to realize that *Report from Iron Mountain* is a



BRESLIN, FELKER, WOLFE, HIRSCH
Ample riches in the city.

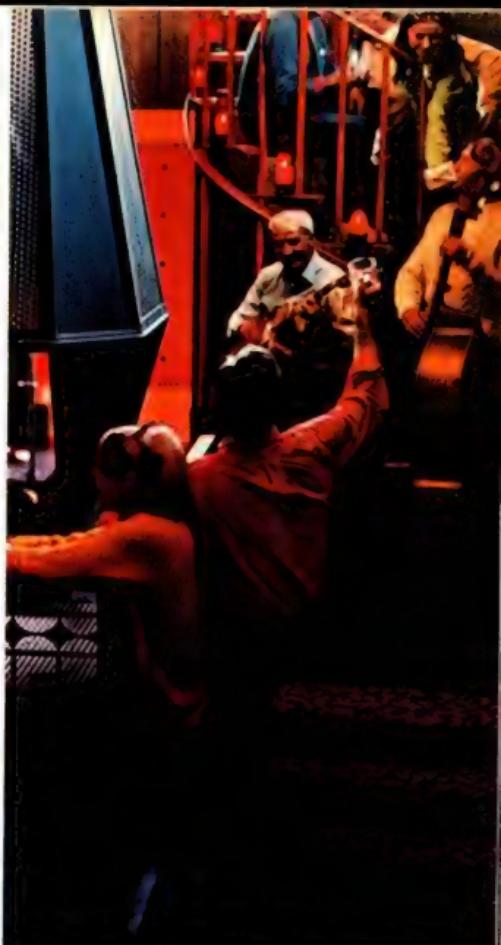
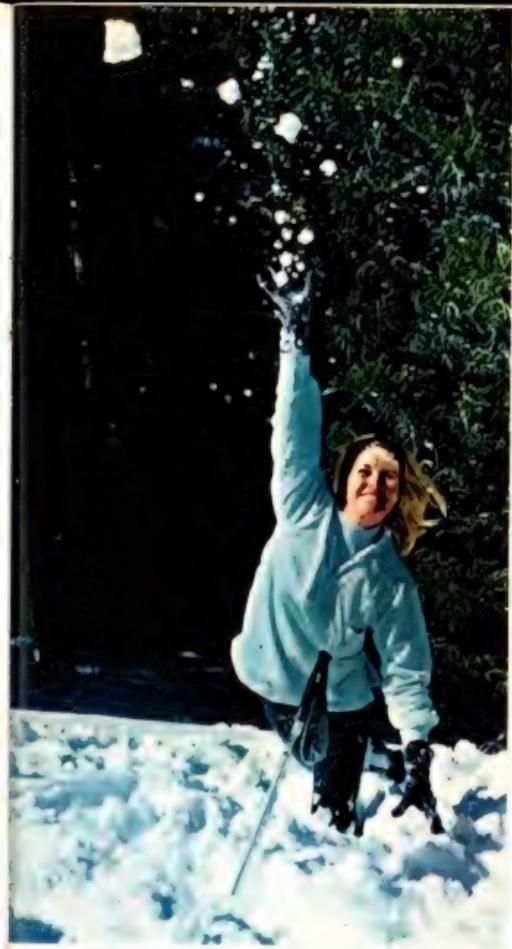
ment Banker Armand G. Erpf, they have enabled the magazine to "complete its initial financing," says Felker. He thinks it will take about \$2,000,000 to get *New York* started, modestly pins its initial circulation hopes at something over 100,000, counts on picking up some of the all-important Fifth Avenue retail advertising. Priced at 40¢ a copy, *New York* will appear every Thursday. At the beginning, the sales are expected to be 75% newsstand; the rest will be subscription.

At the party last week, all the old gang puffed up four flights to the East Side editorial walk-up. Dressing as distinctively as they write, Columnist Jimmy Breslin appeared with open collar and untied tie. Writer Tom Wolfe in a white suit over a blue paisley shirt. Pop Critic Dick Goldstein with a Beatles haircut, hoots and an "Indo-Russian embroidered jacket." They were joined by two new staffers, Lady-Writer-About-Town Gloria Steinem and

LEWIN
Don't give up the whip.

skillful hoax. Who wrote it? Likely candidates were canvassed. Richard Goodwin and Economist Kenneth E. Boulding both denied authorship. An even likelier candidate, John Kenneth Galbraith, hedged. Meanwhile, he wrote a tongue-in-cheek review of *Iron Mountain* for *Book World* under a pseudonym, as is his wont.

The evidence began to point to Lewin himself, who, after all, contributes political satire to *The New Yorker* and anthologizes it as well. Since he bears a longstanding grudge against think tanks and their war games, he may have decided to counterattack with some peace games. As he said in a TV interview on New York City's Channel 13, he hopes the book will jog the country into a "more candid discussion of the possibilities of the elimination of war." The book implies that there are conspiracies afoot in the Government to perpetuate war. Lewin is indulging in a little conspiracy for peace.



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Johnnie Walker Red
(The Smooth Scotch)

THE THEATER

BALLET

Lady Bountiful's Bounty

For a country with little history of balletomania, the U.S. has made amends in grand fashion since 1945. In the post-war years, the U.S. has brought forth first-rate dance companies in breath-taking abundance—and the latest to appear belongs near the top of the list. Currently in its first Manhattan engagement after three years of barnstorming, the Harkness Ballet has generated among audiences a brand of excitement that brings back memories of the early days of the New York City Ballet.

Founded and sponsored by Oil Heiress Rebekah Harkness, a longtime ballet buff, the company offers ensemble work of high sheen, which is now expected on the American scene, along with dynamic soloistic virtuosity, which is not. Of the 18 works in its repertoire only one (a restaging by Director Brian Macdonald of *The Firebird*) ranks as a classic stand-by. The other 17 range from abstract studies in pure motion to dance translations of contemporary headlines. In *Stuart Hodes' Abyss*, a pair of fragile lovers are attacked by three hoodlums; Rudi van Dantzig's *Monument for a Dead Boy* poignantly traces an adolescent's struggles against parental misunderstanding at home and the temptations of life outside, with an ambiguous outcome suggesting either death or maturity; in *Sebastian*, John Butler's sinuous, sensuous dance patterns turn a 17th century tale of black magic into palpable, modernistic horror; Macdonald's own abstract *Time Out of Mind* points in its brutal, angular movement to a parallel between the pace of modern life and the barbaric rituals of ancient times.

Up to the Demands. To Canadian Choreographer Macdonald, 39, who came to Harkness last February after two years as artistic director of the Royal Swedish Ballet, such subject matter is thoroughly proper to dance. "Ballet today is exciting not just because of the dancers," he says, "but because it isn't afraid to leap onstage with a statement on any subject." Bearing out his thesis, Macdonald is now at work on a ballet dealing with violence and ritual killing as an ingrained social phenomenon now and in the past.

Fortunately for its director, the youthful (average age: 22) Harkness troupe is fully up to such dramatic demands. Some of its brightest stars are Americans—Lawrence Rhodes of Detroit, who brings to *Dead Boy* and *Time Out of Mind* an overwhelming sense of racking passion under superb muscular control, and New Yorker Brunilda Ruiz, an agile, high-leaping prima ballerina. The company's foreign-born dancers, ranging in origin from Iceland to Japan, have been carefully selected for their adaptability to an "American" style. That style, explains Macdonald, is the best in the world for new ballet. "Americans are relatively weak in classical training," he says; "but they make up for it in other ways. They move closer to the floor, use it, bite into it. Europeans tend to hold themselves high and can't do the same movements."

Workshop for Experiment. Much of the company's inventive outlook is directly traceable to its patroness, St. Louis-born Rebekah Harkness, 52, launched the troupe in 1964 with \$2,000,000 from a foundation set up with the Standard Oil legacy of her first husband, William Hale Harkness,

who died in 1954. Mrs. Harkness, who by family request retired as a dancer at 19, has long made her summer home at Watch Hill, R.I., a workshop for ballet experiments. Until 1964, its showpiece was Robert Joffrey's troupe (TIME, Oct. 6), which she cut adrift when her new company was formed.

Before the French Revolution it was the accepted responsibility of well-heeled aristocrats to pick up the tab for the creative arts, enabling them to flourish without financial cares. As ballet's reigning Lady Bountiful, Rebekah Harkness is a throwback—in the best sense—to those gallant times.

REPERTORY

Go West, Young Playwright

One antidote to Broadway's bruising hit-or-flop economy is the regional theaters' desire to nurture new plays and playwrights. Up to now they have been pretty timid about it. The tendency is to cater to the subscribers' varied tastes by dividing a season between classics, proven Broadway hits of recent vintage, and such fashionable avant-gardists as Jones, Beckett, Pinter and the ubiquitous Brecht. More ambitious than most, Los Angeles' Mark Taper Forum is genuinely trying to offer original plays. One such experiment, Oliver Halle's *Who's Happy Now?*, opened last week to generally happy notices by local reviewers.

Ménage à Quatre. An autobiographical mood-and-memory piece, the play's setting is a cheerless gin mill somewhat reminiscent of the bar in Saroyan's *The Time of Your Life*. The narrator hero (Warren Berliner) recalls how from earliest childhood he had been brought to the bar night after night by his mother (Betty Garrett), who is driven by a masochistic thirst to watch her butch husband (Warren Oates) while



RHODES & PARTNER IN "DEAD BOY"



MRS. HARKNESS



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HAILEY IN LOS ANGELES

It could be the quickest way East.

away the evenings with a wantress floozy (Peggy Pope). In her firmly devoted way, the mother believes that the boy should get to know and understand his carousing father. It is a futile hope; in a drunken stupor, the father tries to kill the boy with a meat cleaver. Yet beneath the coarseness and brutality, each member of this oddly pitiable, oddly humorous *menage a quatre* is reaching out for love.

The meat cleaver of sudden death on Broadway hit Oliver Hailey in 1966 when his play, *First One Asleep, Whistle*, a lumpy porridge of marriage and adultery, closed on its opening night. Hailey, 35, does not believe he could have survived the blow to his playwriting morale except that he had already completed *Who's Happy Now?* over which he had brooded for ten years. His father had been a butcher, who frequently moved the family from one small Texas town to another—"those Panhandle towns where the main street goes on and on and on, and there's nothing much behind it, like a movie set." Hailey acknowledges that the play "was anchored in my childhood, but it was too grim. I always saw it sad. Always turning that knife. Nobody wants to go to a theater to cry about my family. I had to get far enough away from it to see it funny before I could write it."

More than one New York producer is dickerling to bring the Hailey play to Broadway. In the future, the quickest way for a young playwright to come East may be to go West.

ON BROADWAY

Hippie Daddy

Peter Ustinov often gives the impression that he can write a play with one hand tied behind his back. Unfortunately, half of *Halfway Up the Tree* seems to have been written with the tethered hand. Never so bad as to make its intermissions seem like blessed reprieves,

Tree is never so good as to make its acts seem like comic rewards.

Ustinov has chosen to view hippiedom as the social dawn of a New Jerusalem. A very putka Sahib general (played with quaint and artful foxiness by Anthony Quayle) comes home from liquidating the white man's bumbling in Malaysia, only to find that his son and daughter have become neo-primitive natives of swinging England. His daughter (Margaret Linn) is complacently pregnant—by whom, she cannot be sure. His bearded guitar-laden son (Sam Waterston) looks "like a leftover from the Last Supper," and his so-called mistress is a breastless, hipless, bass-voiced androgynous. Ultimately, the general goes his filial foes one better at anarchic nonconformity by growing a beard himself, living in a tree and mastering the guitar. The quality of the humor is as strained as the plot. Ustinov seems to have aped Bernard Shaw without the wit, Neil Simon without the wisecrack.

OFF BROADWAY

Infectious Humanity

Drama is far less emergent in Africa than the new nations themselves. The special gift of Nigeria's Wole Soyinka, the continent's foremost black playwright, is to speak to Africans about Africa in the concrete context of today but with a keen residual sense of the past. He is emancipated without being alienated. Blending mock humor with flare-lit passion, he is both a satirist and a mythopoet.

The last two aspects of his talent are most in evidence in *The Trials of Brother Jero* and *The Strong Breed*, though the two one-acters rank among his lesser plays. *Brother Jero* is a broad spoof of a religious humbug, a con man of prophecy who lives by milking his worshippers, or "customers," as he calls them in moments of absent-minded lucidity. He preys on their hopes, fears and vices, his own trial and joy being in-veterate womanizing.

One hilarious paroxysm of physical prostration and rhetorical incantation involves Brother Jero's efforts to keep a member of his flock from beating his wife. If he permitted the man to do so, the prophet confides to the audience, the wife beater would be so inwardly satisfied that he might never return for more of Brother Jero's ministrations. The title role is played with unerring finesse by Harold Scott, who is sly, playful, sanctimonious or lecherous, as the occasion demands.

The Strong Breed delves into the

⁸ Who was jailed by the Nigerian government in Lagos on Aug. 17, on charges that he had aided leaders of the secessionist province of Biafra in their civil war. He had just been named head of Black Africa's only university drama school at the University of Ibadan, which is the capital of the country's Western region. Soyinka said that he was conveying with the Biafrans to urge a cease-fire.

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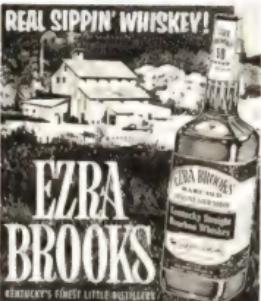
dark and obscure realm of tribal taboos, exorcism and witchcraft flicker along the edges of the action, but the convoluted flashbacks of a meandering plot never indicate exactly how and why. The core of the play concerns a teacher-stranger (Scott) who is out of sympathy with the annual tradition of a sacrificial human scapegoat known as a "carrier," but who lacks sufficient nerve and emancipation to fight the ancient tribal custom.

Soyinka, 33, has no complexes of self-consciousness about being an African. While fond and proud of his Nigerian heritage, he has small use for such conceits as "negritude." "Does a tiger feel his tigritude?" he asks. A member of the cultured and sophisticated Yoruba tribe, he was educated at the University of Ibadan and the University of Leeds in England. He has worked for London's Royal Court Theater as playwright, actor and producer, and taught English literature at the University of Lagos.

This he is steeped in two cultures. His novel, *The Interpreters*, relies on stream-of-consciousness techniques and other Iroquoian devices; yet the symbolism and spirit of the book are unwaveringly African. His play, *The Road*, which won first prize in the first and only Dakar Festival of Negro Arts, is infused with patterns and dialogue reminiscent of Beckett and Pinter, but the message is uniquely African. A kind of African *Waiting for Godot*, it concerns a group of drivers, thugs, passengers and autoparts scavengers in a broken-down truck who are dominated by an ex-minister awaiting a revelation. The revelation is that the road itself is a god: "The great dusty snake in whose life all their lives are contained, in whose coils death lurks at every bend."

Despite his current political troubles, Soyinka is both a cultural and a popular hero in Nigeria. When he drinks palm wine at his favorite juju bars, people improvise songs to him. His plays share that infectious humanity.

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MEDICINE

AWARDS

Lasker Lens

Besides bringing winners \$10,000 in cash and more prestige than any other U.S. medical citation, the Albert Lasker awards have proved to be a reliable lens for focusing international recognition. In the 21 years since millionaire Adman Lasker founded the annual prize, no fewer than 17 recipients have gone on to receive Nobel awards. The Lasker laurels also honor practical achievement, as well as theoretical research. Of the 1967 winners announced last week in Manhattan, for example, one has virtually eliminated the threat of a killing disease in several Asian nations in the past dozen years; the other has developed key refinements in effective drug therapy.

A prize for clinical research went to Dr. Robert A. Phillips, 61, director of Pakistan-SEATO Cholera Research Laboratory at Dacca, East Pakistan, whose treatment for cholera victims (TIME, Oct. 5, 1959) has cut their death rate from 60% in 1955 to less than 1% today. Cholera, an intestinal infection spread in food and water contaminated by human waste, does not respond to drug treatment alone, kills mainly by dehydration. The key to recovery is in replacement of fluids and salts that the patient can lose at the rate of ten gallons a day through diarrhea.

Iowa-born Dr. Phillips, director of a Naval medical research unit in Taipei before joining SEATO two years ago, simplified a Rockefeller Institute technique for measuring a victim's need for fluids and salts, a process that until then had usually required sophisticated hospital equipment. Working mainly in East Pakistan, Thailand and the Philippines, he developed a new method of intravenous feeding with sodium bicarbonate and other salt solutions. This replacement allowed victims of cholera to outlast the disease until recovery could occur. Because it is cheap and so simple that trained laymen can use it, the Phillips treatment has worked a mass miracle in Southeast Asia.

Formal Entry. As winner of the basic-research award, jurors chose Dr. Bernard B. Brodie, 58, chief of the chemical pharmacology laboratory at the National Heart Institute in Bethesda, Md., whose work has had the effect of upgrading the usefulness of animals as test patients for new drugs. Because different animal species utilize drugs at vastly unequal rates, scientists could apply experimental lab animal results to human patients only in limited ways. But Brodie found that if dosages were gauged to produce comparable levels in the blood plasma, there was less variation in the effects.

Equipped with bloodstream measurements as a common drug denominator, scientists can now take a more meaningful look at medicines discarded as in-



PHILLIPS

Strength to outlast the disease.

effectual. A drug for relief of rheumatoid arthritis called phenylbutazone, for example, once filed away on the basis of trial doses unreftined by Brodie's findings, today has been recognized as effective for humans—even though equated doses have little result in rats.

The citation in public service went to Florida's Democratic Representative Claude Pepper, 67, a congressional partisan of medical legislation for 30 years. It was Pepper, then a Senator, who co-sponsored legislation in 1937 that created the National Cancer Institute, the first of the National Institutes of Health, funded with a then grand budget of \$400,000 a year. The institutes, now eight in number, and the Bureau of Mental Health are provided with a combined yearly budget of \$1.5 billion.



BRODIE

Gauge to test the strength.

DISEASE

Bacteria Around the Cape

Indian bones sell well in Europe. Ground up, packed in bags and shipped by sea, they are an ingredient in products from Belgian glue to the yellow gelatin that French gourmets fancy with their *pâté*. Little matter that lately bone exporters have reportedly been fleshing out their shipments of animal bones with human skeletal remains fished from the Ganges downstream from the funeral ghats at Benares.

What matters more is that for the past five months, European dock workers have found bone-ship holds swarming with scorpions, beetles and spiders three inches across. And what matters a great deal more is that over the years, some of the longshoremen who had agreed to handle the 220-lb. sacks of bones have been falling gravely ill.

At Dunkirk, Port Authority Physician Rudolph Desage sent 15 men who had been scratched by jagged bone fragments to the hospital. Three of them developed dark pustules that are usually symptomatic of anthrax, an infectious disease transmitted by animal remains. Treated with antibiotics, all recovered except Paul DuBois, 30, who died in August. Desage blames this outbreak, and another in Marseille that hospitalized 22, on the closing of the Suez Canal. The extra three weeks freighters take to sail around the Cape of Good Hope, says Desage, plus two equatorial crossings, are "ideal" conditions for the development of anthrax bacteria. Dock workers have now become so leary of unloading bone shipments that only one port in all of Western Europe—Antwerp—remains open to them.

DOCTORS

Miracle in Charcoal Alley

Even in an affluent middle-class suburb, the modern, modular, \$1,500,000 medical building would stand out. Along its cool white corridors hangs a collection of paintings that range from photographic realism to violent impressionism. But many of the paintings, done by artists living in the neighborhood the medical building serves, are tinged with bitterness against white authority and the Government. For the building is the new Watts Health Center, smack in the middle of "Charcoal Alley," scene of the fiery Negro riots of 1965.

That the building exists at all is less a miracle than Watts's riotous history in the two intervening years. Perhaps even more of a miracle is Dr. Elsie Giorgi, the dark-haired, 56-year-old dynamo who conceived the center and fought it through—despite threats of violence—to fruition.

Bronx to Park Avenue. The tenth child of an Italian immigrant family in The Bronx, N.Y., Dr. Giorgi (pronounced Geory) decided in grammar school that she wanted to become a doctor. Penniless when she finished pre-

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DR. GIORGI & LOCAL ARTISTS AT WATTS HEALTH CENTER
Much more than a matchstick away from nothing.

med courses at New York City's Hunter College in the depths of the Depression, she toiled twelve years as a white-collar worker in a trucking company, saving \$12,000 while helping the firm increase sixfold in size. Then, after four years at Columbia's College of Physicians and Surgeons, she spent ten years as intern, resident and ultimately chief of clinics at the Cornell Division of New York City's Bellevue Hospital Center, and built up a flourishing Park Avenue practice.

"I wasn't comfortable with it," she says. "Eighty-five percent of the people had nothing wrong with them physically. They were simply troubled." In 1961 Dr. Giorgi moved to Los Angeles for a year's residency in psychiatry at Los Angeles' Cedars-Sinai Medical Center, in turn taking over the center's clinic and establishing its comprehensive home-care program—and a movie-star-studded practice of her own. In July 1965, she volunteered to examine Watts children who were beginning the Office of Economic Opportunity's Head Start program, and was appalled.

"The ratio of doctors to patients in Watts was 1 to 2,900," she said. "The infant-mortality rate was almost double the overall U.S. rate. Sixty-eight percent of the children I examined had something wrong with them. Ninety percent had never seen a dentist."

"Your Clinic Will Burn." Furious, Dr. Giorgi stormed into the OEO's offices in Washington with a plan for a medical center outlined on a piece of note paper. OEO bought the idea, and within a year, through the University of Southern California's medical school, had funded the new Watts Health Center. Built on land leased from Los Angeles for \$1 a year, the center was opened last month. At the dedication ceremony, a young firebrand of Watts's

Black Power movement introduced Dr. Giorgi to the crowd. As she mounted the podium, the young man threw his arms around her, kissed her, then whispered, grinning. "I hope you didn't mind, Doctor, but I know there are TV cameras here and I wanted them to see that in Mississippi."

Not quite so welcoming were threats of violence Dr. Giorgi was subjected to through anonymous telephone calls. "You're just a matchstick away from nothing," warned one Watts doctor. "Your clinic will burn yet." But patiently building confidence and trust, she won the community over. The Health Center that emerged embodies Dr. Giorgi's progressive medical philosophy. "We must put the physician back into his community, using all the paramedical services—especially the social worker."

Reaching into Homes. At the Watts Health Center, unlike most clinics, the first person a patient sees is a doctor. He is given a medical examination by another physician who can call in a specialist in almost any field of modern medicine. The doctor becomes the patient's personal physician, controlling treatment regardless of the number or stature of staff members and specialists brought in on the case. "If the patient is simply troubled," says Dr. Giorgi, "the physician sees him a few times, then begins sending him to the social health team—to the nurse, social worker, or whomever he relates to best."

This care extends to the patient's entire family. Health agents, who are actually Watts laymen trained and briefed at the center, visit the homes of their neighbors, explaining the Health Center's operation and following through on its recommendations. They teach sanitation and nutrition, report on the needs of individual families. Sometimes the patients who initially come to the

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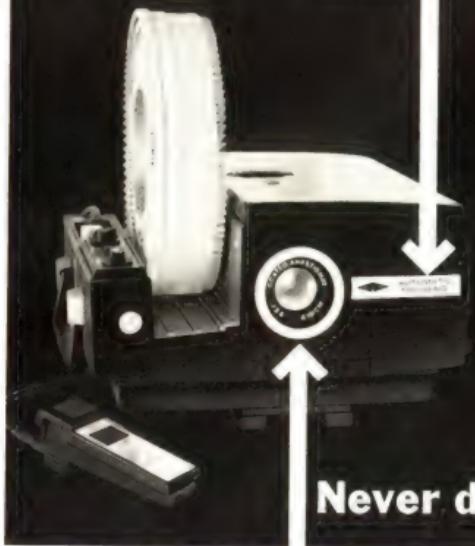
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clinic need less medical attention than the ones who stay at home.

OEO is now paying all medical care costs of the center, estimated at \$90 per patient per year. Ultimately, the center plans to serve 32,000 Watts patients free of charge—with a probable annual operating budget of \$3,900,000, including dental and preventative medicine and training programs. When complete it will provide a staff of 334, including 20 full-time physicians, 40 part-time specialists, a psychiatrist, a psychologist and twelve dentists, plus administrators, lab technicians, dental assistants and hygienists. Forty-one similar OEO-supported health centers are now being built across the country. Dr. George is now "training together" with a Negro physician who will run the center when she "phases herself out." When she leaves, there is little doubt that the community, circumspect and distrustful with most whites, will be swept by a deep personal loss. "If she goes," said one Negro social worker at the clinic, "she can never really be replaced."

HEMATOLOGY

Controlling Rh Mismatch

Each year, at least 200,000 U.S. men with blood classified as Rh-positive marry women whose blood is Rh-negative. The mismatch poses no threat to the first child, but with the second there is an almost certain chance of miscarriage, stillbirth or brain damage. The only remedy with promise has been a transfusion, replacing the child's entire blood supply in the womb.

Medical researchers have now found a surer and simpler way to protect the second child by inoculating the mother during a crucial three-day period following the birth of her first child. Heretofore, the problem has been that during childbirth, the bloodstream of the Rh-negative mother is invaded by hundreds of thousands of the red blood cells of the child, each carrying the factor that makes it Rh-positive. During the next few weeks, her system reacts to the foreign cells by developing active antibodies that can then attack the blood of all subsequent children.

As devised by Dr. Vincent J. Freda and Dr. John G. Gorman of Columbia University, working with Dr. William Pollack of Ortho Research Foundation, the new technique is to vaccinate the mother immediately after the birth of her first Rh-positive child with a blood fraction containing other people's anti-Rh antibodies. These stifle development of a lifelong "active" immunity and instead provide her system with a short-lived "passive" immunity, and her system is far less likely to develop virulent antibodies. So far, reports Ortho, of 825 women treated with the fraction, only one became sensitized to the extent that a future baby would be endangered. Many have given birth to Rh-positive babies who showed no effects of the incompatibility.

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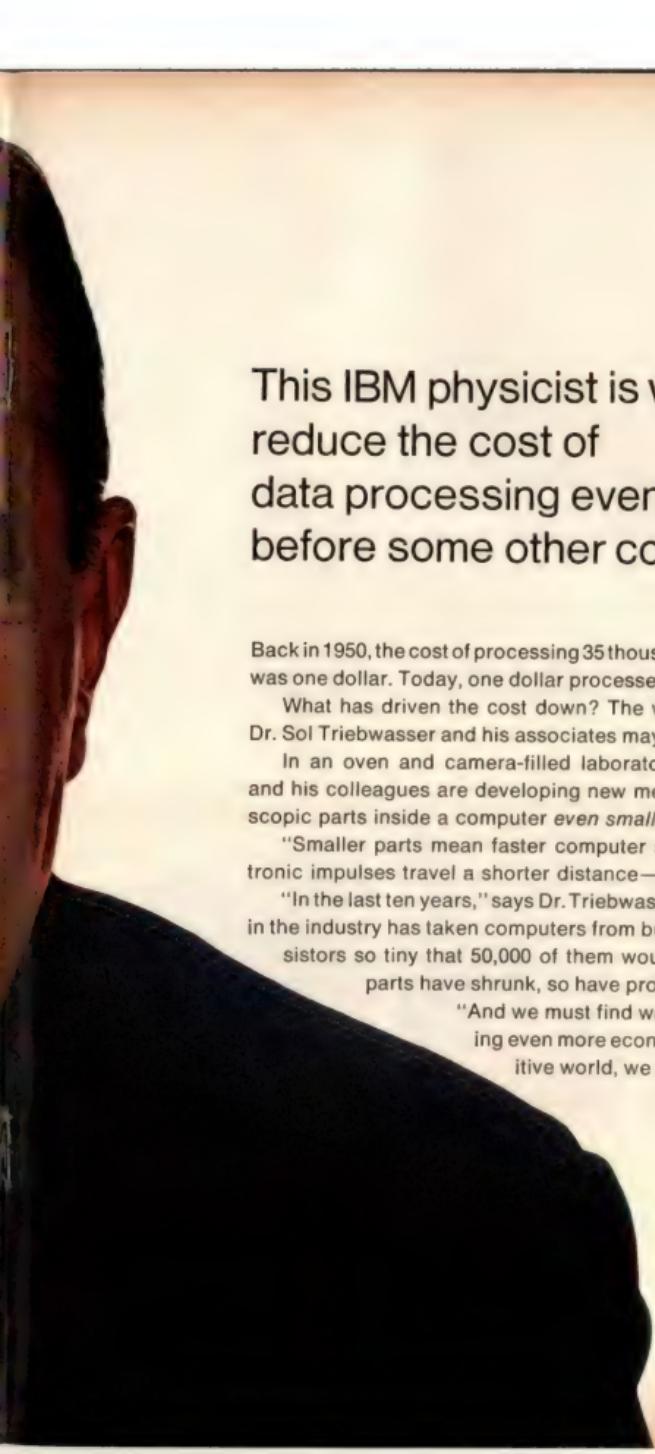


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SOPRANOS

Adventure on the High C

Vincenzo Bellini's 1831 opera *Norma* is one of the Matterhorns of the repertory for sopranos. Many of the world's finest singers have come to grief on its melodic precipices because they lacked the bel canto technique, emotional projection, and soaringly powerful voice that the title role requires. The 19th century Soprano Lilli Lehmann said it was easier to sing three Brunnhildes than one *Norma*, and the great French Prima Donna Pauline Viardot was so obsessed with the difficulties of the part that the last word she spoke on her deathbed was "Norma." Maria Callas has scaled the role, though rarely without lapses along the way, and often with a sense of straining bravely beyond her vocal limits.

Yet last week in Manhattan's Carnegie Hall, 24-year-old Greek Soprano Elena Suliotsi went about rehearsing a concert version of *Norma* with the American Opera Society as if she had never heard any of this. Her attitude: "What is there to be afraid of?" She soon found out. When the lights went up for the intermission, the audience discovered in its midst not only a daunting array of singers from the past but also the diva of divas, Callas, enthroned in a corner box. Immediately the entire house turned in claqué-like obeisance to Callas: galvanized by her magnetic presence, they applauded and cheered as she blew kisses and tossed them the roses that lined the tier. Then she went backstage to greet her compatriot with "Brava! Brava! Brava!" But now she

had created a supercharged atmosphere that was as much of a challenge to Suliotsi as the opera itself.

Till then, Suliotsi's performance had been uneven: ravishing in some spots, somewhat ravaging in others. As the second act got under way, her vocal lines became tangled with Soprano Nancy Fatum's in a tricky cabaletta, *Si, tuo all'org, estremo*; she reached for a high C, missed, and hid her face behind her arm in chagrin. A sour chorus of boos accompanied her exit. Suddenly, in the middle of the act, the lights went up again and the orchestra fled offstage, leaving the audience murmuring in confusion. Suliotsi had asked for an unscheduled intermission in order to pull herself together—and let the audience cool down a bit. It must have worked. She returned—eyes flashing, pacing the stage like a tiger—and finished the act with a fiery, rattle-ringing performance.

Her recovery showed that Suliotsi has the temperament of a true diva. She has the vocal equipment too: power, range, a rich, natural voice and a keen instinct for drama—but at this stage of her career it is marred by an occasional lack of control, exaggerated effects, and some forcing at both extremes of her range. Also, she may be gambling with her voice's future by singing taxing roles at such an early age. Still, such all-or-nothing assaults on the heights are in the spirit of Callas' own career, and the older soprano may have been acknowledging the kinship when she tried to quiet the boos at Carnegie Hall by shouting the Greek word for "good": "Kallá! Kallá! Kallá!"

COMPOSERS

In an Icy Forest

"I keep hearing a great river of sound flowing around me," says Japanese Composer Toru Takemitsu, "like machines grinding away or air whooshing out of a ventilation duct, or voices of people talking with each other. As a composer, I merely dip my hands into this river and ascertain the meaning of whatever sounds I've fished from it."

His catches have been fashioned into jazz pieces and film scores (*Woman in the Dunes*), but it is his avant-garde compositions that have made Takemitsu, at 37, Japan's leading exponent of a new, totally modern yet distinctly native musical style. He scored *R I N G*, a plaintive, murmuring piece for flute, lute and guitar, not with notes but with a diagram of a circle containing directional signals for time, dynamics and pitch. In *Corona for Steinway*, he achieved waspish as well as grating effects by directing the instrumentalists to improvise on the ba-



TAKEMITSU (ARMS EXTENDED):
Fishing sounds from the river.

sis of colored plastic disks superimposed on their parts (yellow for soft, blue for loud, etc.).

Last week Takemitsu's latest piece, which had been commissioned by the New York Philharmonic, received its world premiere in Manhattan under the assured baton of Seiji Ozawa. Confirming Ozawa's observation that Takemitsu "paints in watercolors," *November Steps* created a 23-minute mood of hushed mystery that was almost visual in its stunning impact. The strings whirred and chattered, spinning out a web of shimmering sonority into which the winds and brass poked tiny pin points, like stars among scudding clouds. Through it all one black-and-grey-robed soloist warbled the mournful, breathy tones of the *shakuhachi*, a bamboo flute, while another tapped the strings of the little *biwa* with a wooden plectrum, suggesting the sharp, dry crunch of dead branches in an icy forest.

It was a typical Takemitsu device to play off a standard Western orchestra against ancient, unusual Japanese instruments. Such traditional borrowings are his way of shaping what he scoops from his river of sound. Yet if the form still seemed elusive to the Philharmonic audience last week, that is apparently the way Takemitsu wants it. Not for him the lucid structure of a Beethoven *Ninth Symphony*. "It's a great architectural monument," he says, "but it's not my kind of music because it draws a distinction between man and nature. My music must represent efforts at becoming unified with nature. The composer's mission is to present sound in the original, unpolished form."

Facing him: Conductor Seiji Ozawa (left), Solfists Kusumi Tsutsumi and Katsuya Yokota.



SULIOTSI AS NORMA
Tigress in the claqué-trap.

TELEVISION

SPECIALS

From the Waterfront

Every once in a while, television interviewers have journalistic sense enough to put a good subject in front of a camera and just get out of the way. It worked so successfully last September with Eric Hoffer: *The Passionate State of Mind* that CBS rescheduled the 60-minute show for this week (Tuesday, 10 p.m.). Though Eric Sevareid is the reporter of record, the program is Hoffer, the shirtsleeved philosopher from the San Francisco waterfront, whose aphorisms and world views have sold 700,000 books (*The True Believer*, *The Temptation of Our Time*) and have produced disciples from

They haven't got it in Russia. If I got in there in the warehouse, let's say, and I saw that the broom had a special nail, I would say, "This is the nail of immortality."

► On Negro leadership: "The leaders of the Negro revolution have no faith in the Negro masses, no concern for them. When I hear Stokely Carmichael, he's always asking, 'Give me the can opener, so I'll open the can of power and eat them.' You waste your energies on demonstrations, on riots. They do not produce one atom of pride. You know the chemistry of pride, Mr. Sevareid? Pride. This is what the Negro needs, see. Viet Nam is going to do to the Negro what Israel has done for the Jews. And if I was a Negro leader, I

—ERIC HOFER



ERIC HOFER ON CBS 5 'THE PASSIONATE STATE OF MIND'

With hymns to ordinary people and the land that enthroned them.

the University of California's Clark Kerr to Dwight Eisenhower.

On TV Hoffer, 65, comes on with a muscular humanism that hymns ordinary people and the land that enthroned them. "The only new thing in history," he says, "is America. It's blasphemous to say that, you know, but it's true." And what is America's contribution? "The deproletarianization of the working man. He ceases to be a proletarian. He thinks he's as good as everybody else." Hoffer knows he is. "You can almost close your eyes," he says, "reach over the sidewalk and make a man President, and he'll turn out to be Truman." That, in Hoffer's eyes, is "terrific, breathtaking."

Other salty notions:

► On the U.S. in Viet Nam: "You do not start a world war when a democracy throws its weight around facing a bully. World wars are started when the democracies are too unprepared, too cowardly, too reasonable, too frightened, too tired, or too humanitarian."

► On the survival ability of modern nations: "If the President had picked me to predict which country [in postwar Europe] would recover first, I would say: 'Bring me the records of maintenance.' The nation with the best maintenance will recover first. Maintenance is something very, very specifically Western.

would pitch a tent on the water edge and grab those Negro veterans as they come back. They are the seed of the future. They are the kind of leaders that the Negro needs."

► On hippies: "It wasn't for the question of drugs. I would be all for the hippies, because it's a healthy reaction against the rat race. And now with automation coming on there, we have to know how to enjoy leisure."

► On John Kennedy: "I had no feel for Kennedy at all. Kennedy was a European. All you have to do is tabulate how many times Kennedy crossed the Atlantic and how many times he crossed the Appalachian Mountains and you know where he belonged."

► On Governor Ronald Reagan: "He's a B-picture hero. He has a mortal hatred against A-pictures. He wants to turn California into a B-picture to be run on a B-picture budget. But California is an A-picture whether Reagan wants it or not. And we're going to shake him off."

► On Lyndon Johnson: "I've lived with Johnsons all my life, see. I know them. He'll do the right thing. Let me go all the way—he'll be the foremost President of the 20th century."

Perhaps CBS ought to schedule an annual evening with Hoffer, just as it used to do with Walter Lippmann.

PROGRAMMING

What's the Score?

Fair play may be the rule on the football field, but in the announcer's booth it is the sponsor who calls the plays. During a recent ABC telecast of a game between Southern Methodist and Texas A. & M., the announcers referred to the S.M.U. team as the "Horses," the "Colts" and the "Ponies"—but never by their accepted nickname, the Mustangs. Reason: one of the show's sponsors was the Chevrolet Camaro, which is in direct competition with the Ford Mustang.

The most widespread abuse, however, is an old sucker play that might be called the double reverse runaround. Each network runs a post-game show that reports final scores of other contests and, like everything else in TV, the advertising revenue for these "wrap-ups" is dependent upon ratings. Thus in the fourth quarter of a televised football game, announcers conveniently neglect to give the scores of other games lest they discourage viewers from staying tuned for the wrap-up.

Equally hard to come by are the scores of games being aired at the same time on another network; the fear is that the rival might have a game more worth watching, and that the viewer, God forbid, would flip the dial. Late in one recent game an ABC announcer cried: "Here's another final in ... It's—oh, I'm sorry, I'm not supposed to give any more scores."

PUBLIC TV

Wait Till Next Week?

Arriving at Manhattan's NBC news studios, leased for the premiere of the Public Broadcast Laboratory (11pm, Nov. 10), Executive Director As Weston last week found a note left by the regular occupants. "The moneymen of Huntley-Brinkley," the message read, "hope you do-gooders do good. Good luck!" PBL will need some luck; it didn't do so good.

For a project that promised "to use television as it has never been used before," the 23-hour program seemed rather familiar. Correspondents skipped breathlessly across the mayoralty-campaign battlegrounds of Gary, Cleveland and Boston, concentrating on the racist atmosphere. The commercial networks had been there before, and about as thoroughly. A raw one-act satire about racial attitudes in the south—*Day of Absence*, by Negro Dramatist Douglas Turner Ward—was allowed to run from here to eternity: 60 minutes.

PBL came most powerfully to life during a "confrontation"—a free-for-all discussion of racial antagonisms in which "someone in that crowd represents you." A group of 100 unrehearsed whites and Negroes gathered in a Chicago studio to blast away at one another. A Negro evangelical

How can insurance solve your money problems when insurance is one of your money problems?

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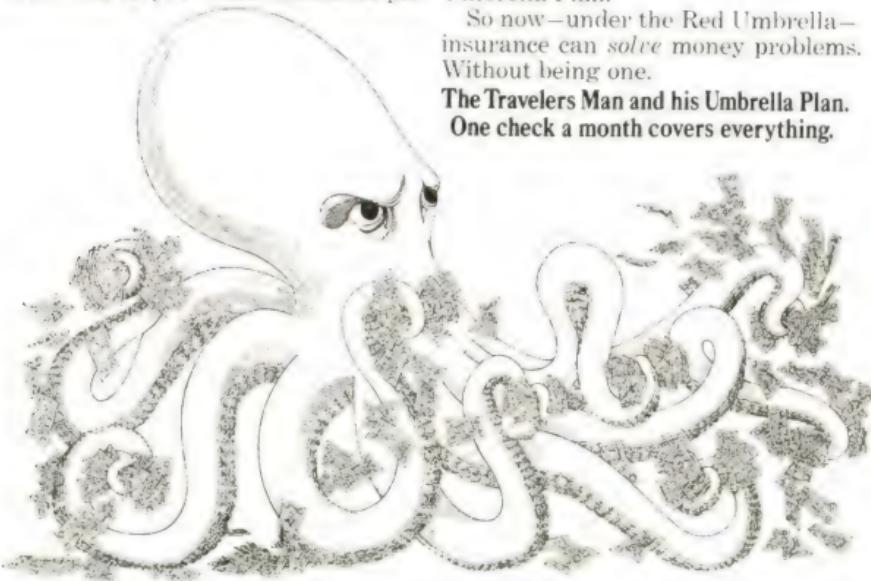
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One check a month covers everything.**





"DAY OF ABSENCE" ON PBS
It didn't do so good.



BLACK REVOLUTIONARY (RIGHT) IN CONFRONTATION
It needs the luck.

preacher reported that "our program is to try to solve the problem with love." "When he says Christian love," snorted Black Revolutionary Russ Meek, "he means Uncle Tomism! You're a disgrace to the race!" A Negro adolescent follower of Meek said: "I'm for violence, because we have pleaded for the last 400 years!" A Negro woman responded: "I've been integrated all I need to be integrated! I've got these freckles and this red hair as a result of the rape that took place on my great-grandmother in Mississippi! I don't need any more integration!"

Notwithstanding its fiery moments, the debate was curiously lopsided: whether by accident or design, there was no white adversary present who could summon the intelligence and articulation to represent a moderate point of view.

Some of the southern stations in PBS's 119-station line-up opted out of the first show in advance, presumably because they were suspicious of the tone it would take. But most of them were expected back by this week. Fred Friendly, who as TV consultant to the Ford Foundation helped get the project started, confessed that he was very disappointed" with the first broadcast. But, he added, quite properly: "Wait till next week—that's the great thing about TV."

COMEDY

Bird of Prey

Fanning out across England, a group of Mao-minded revolutionaries tries to seize control of the communication centers. When one of them invades a radio station, an obliging engineer advises that the first air time available is three weeks from Monday. Another rebel bursts into the House of Commons gallery, but his fiery oration is drowned out by a weary debate taking place on the floor. Finally, Prime Minister Harold Wilson gets wind of the revolution and goes on TV.

"I don't think," he says, "it's going to affect me much, er, personally. It's

me and my colleagues that've got to be with the job of governing the country. Decisions have got to be made, perhaps unpopular, but we shall make them. The more unpopular they are, the more we shall make. At last we know where we are going and can see the end of the road." With that, the scene shifts to a car trundling down a beach and plopping ignominiously into the water.

That spoof recently made a big splash on *A Series of Birds*, the boldest, brashest and most controversial new show on British TV. The star, director, writer and most of the cast are John Bird, 30, whose devastating mimicry of Wilson and other world leaders made him the terror of the telly a few years ago on *That Was the Week That Was*. But unlike *TW3*, which confined its satire to a string of short, disconnected vignettes, Bird's new show preys on a wide range of subjects in one continuous 25-minute sketch.

Violence for Peace. It is not so much what Bird says but who he is when he says it. To polish his metallic-voiced, dandruff-flecked, chipmunk-cheeked impersonation of Harold Wilson, he spends hours studying the Prime Minister's "Brechtian performances" on TV, which he likens to "a political guerrilla fight:

always backing off, always in retreat, but always seeming to attack."

With a quick change of hair style, posture and camera angle, he turns into a fire-breathing Jomo Kenyatta, a smug Queen Victoria or a furling Foreign Secretary George Brown, sputtering: "I'm having to solve the Viet Nam war, and you don't see pictures of me doing that, do you? No! You see pictures of me doing the hokey-pokey?" In a recent takeoff on BBC documentaries, he played a mischievous producer, a brandy-guzzling announcer, an unemployed lathe operator—and the entire British Cabinet. In last week's skit, Bird was a lispng Field Marshal Montgomery who passes up a "Violence for Peace" demonstration to go to Viet Nam and take lessons from a U.S. officer who trained at the "Massachusetts Institute of Guerrilla Warfare" and who wears a counterinsurgency kimono designed by Pucci.

Automatic Shutoff. A graduate of Cambridge, Bird sharpened his claws in *The Establishment*, a satirical revue, and this year played character roles in three films. Off-camera, the short, puffy satirist is a disheveled and slightly laconic chap who retreats into the ranks of the anonymous. "He doesn't exist," says one of his few close friends, "except in his characters." He lives a secluded life in suburban Chiswick with his wife Anne, the daughter of former U.S. Ambassador to Ireland Grant Stockdale, reads highbrow literary criticism and, he says, sits pondering for hours over his electric typewriter that automatically shuts off whenever he hits on an idea.

If the copy that does get through Bird's typewriter lacks a strong point of view, it is because he has no burning cause except to burn causes. The head-on ideological attacks of *The Establishment* and *TW3*, he explains, "became impossible for me because I just didn't know, really, what I thought about so many things, or I thought too many contradictory things. This new show is by no means perfect, but it gives me the opportunity of being more incoherent."



JOHN PLAYING BROWN

Plus a Pucci counterinsurgency kimono.



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existing reserves and offers industry a limitless supply of inexpensive natural Gas. It will be completed by fall, 1968.

The Great Lakes Pipeline is owned jointly by American Natural Gas Company and Trans-Canada Pipelines Limited, and will cost \$212 million. It will be the biggest in the Midwest, and complete a pipeline network tapping Texas, Oklahoma, Louisiana and Canadian Gas fields. It will make natural Gas available, for the first time, to the eastern half of Michigan's Upper Peninsula and northern Wisconsin areas as well.

Governor George Romney of Michigan hails the new line: "Construction of the Middle West's biggest pipeline has begun in Michigan. Our state's supply of natural Gas will be raised by 21 billion cubic feet annually. It's another good reason why Michigan is such a natural for industrial growth."



square mile of fresh water, there's more than a square mile of available land. Michigan people are highly skilled—16% more productive than the national average. Transportation facilities are unexcelled. Governor Romney says: "The Michigan motto suggests that, 'If you seek a pleasant peninsula, look about you.' We have



two pleasant peninsulas offering great opportunities for your next plant site. Please accept my personal invitation to come look us over."



business opportunities.



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Yet, with all this room for industrial growth, Wisconsin already ranks among the first dozen states in manufacturing. In fact, almost 40% of the income produced in Wisconsin comes from this source. And

for the industrialist seeking both the physical and human resources he needs to grow.

Citing Wisconsin's state slogan, Governor Knowles says: "Plant yourself in Wisconsin, and you'll say, with dozens of other blue-chip settlers: 'We like it here!'"

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Lakes Superior and Michigan bound Wisconsin and have fresh water so soft that industry can use it as is. Plenty of land to grow on, too—23 million acres of green farmlands.

its industrial labor force is well distributed. Practically every county in the state has a sizable group of residents with manufacturing skills and experience. An inviting prospect



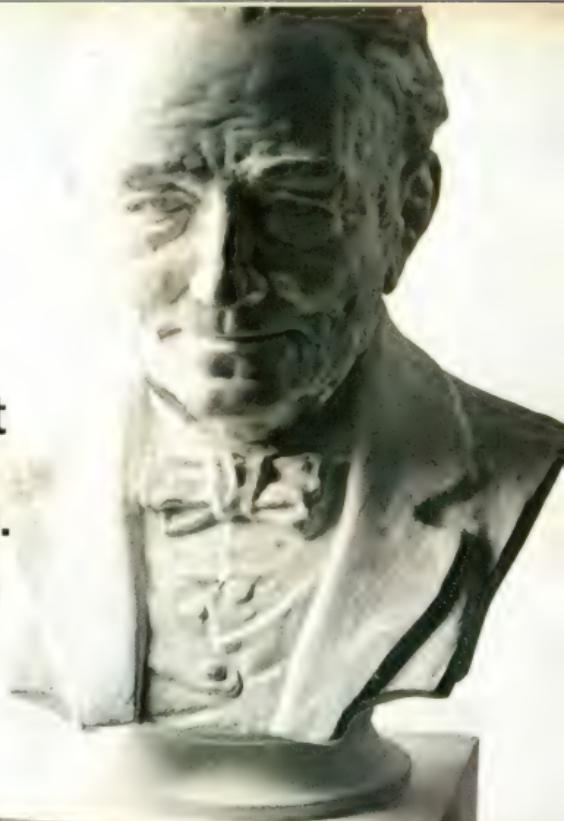
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SPORT

FOOTBALL

The Real Frank

"I've never read any of the books," says Yale Quarterback Brian Dowling, 20. "But from what I understand, Frank Merrivell was quite a guy."

Indeed he was. The kind of guy who would run from punt formation on fourth down and 26—and make 35 yds. Who would average 24 points a game for the Yale basketball team. Who would turn out for tennis, win his first two matches, and quit because his game was "not too good." Who would then suit up for baseball and drive in the winning run in his first game. In other words, Frank Merrivell was a kind of fictional Brian Dowling.

Not since Princeton's Dick Kazmaier won the Heisman Trophy in 1951 has an Ivy League football player so captured the public fancy as has Dowling, a 6-ft. 2-in., 195-lb. junior from Cleveland Heights, Ohio, who turned down 100 scholarship offers to go to Yale—because, as his father put it: "Why go cabin class when you can go first class?" With Brian at quarterback, says a teammate, "You never know what's going to happen—but you know that you're not going to lose."

Five Straight. A broken wrist sidelined Dowling for the first two games this season; Yale lost one to Holy Cross 26-14, barely squeaked past Connecticut 14-6 in the other. Since then, with Brian, the Bulldogs have rattled off five straight lopsided victories—heating Brown (35-0), Columbia (21-7), Cornell (41-7), Dartmouth (56-15), and Pennsylvania (44-22) to stamp themselves as one of the top teams in the East.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW NELSON



YALE'S DOWLING AGAINST DARTMOUTH
Better than the books.



HIGHLAND PARK'S STAR IN ACTION



RELAXING ON THE BENCH

Chip off the old country ballplayer.

Despite tough games still ahead with Princeton (6-1) and Harvard (5-2), Yale now is a solid favorite to win its first Ivy League title in seven years—baring further damage to Dowling. Injuries have been Brian's biggest bummer since he was a junior at St. Ignatius High in Cleveland and broke his collarbone in a football game—the only game St. Ignatius lost during his four years on the team. He missed all but one game at Yale last year because of torn cartilage in his right knee; this season, in addition to the tender knee and bad wrist, he has been playing with a broken nose. None of them have slowed him down much. Against Cornell, he passed for two touchdowns and ran 6 yds. for a third. Against Dartmouth he threw a 69-yd. scoring pass, scampered 30 yds. on a bootleg for a second Yale TD. Last week against Penn, he ran for 35 yds. and completed 13 out of 19 passes for 141 yds. and two TDs.

According to Yale Coach Carmen Cozza, Dowling is "neither a great runner nor a great passer. But he is a born winner. He uses all his ability to the utmost advantage and he has great response to pressure." When he graduates in 1969, Dowling hopes to test that response in the pros—which is something that not even Frank Merrivell had the courage to assay.

Second Generation

When it comes to turning out great college and pro football players, few high schools can match the record of Dallas' Highland Park High—the school that produced Bobby Layne and Doak Walker.

This year Highland Park has a new star: a straw-haired 16-year-old who is practically a one-man ball club. Play-

ing quarterback on offense, he has completed 56% of his passes; on the ground, he has gained 705 yds. in 102 carries. He is his team's top scorer, with 83 points. On defense, he plays safety, has intercepted nine passes. He also punts (for an average of 33 yds.), kicks off, boots extra points and field goals. His performance against Turner High three weeks ago was typical. With Highland Park trailing 27-13 in the fourth quarter, he 1) threw a 12-yd. touchdown pass, 2) passed again for a two-point conversion, 3) ran for another TD, and 4) kicked the extra point. Final score: Highland Park 28, Turner 27.

It was the same story all over again last week, when Highland Park closed out its season by beating Denison High, 21-14. He gained 105 yds. on twelve carries, scored one touchdown, kicked the extra points and intercepted three passes on defense.

A B-student who plans to become an engineer, the youngster currently is being courted by recruiters from no fewer than six colleges: Southern Methodist, Texas, Texas A. & M., Texas Christian, Baylor and Navy. All of which makes his father—who was once a pretty fair country ballplayer himself—immensely proud. The boy's name: Kyle Rote Jr.

BASEBALL

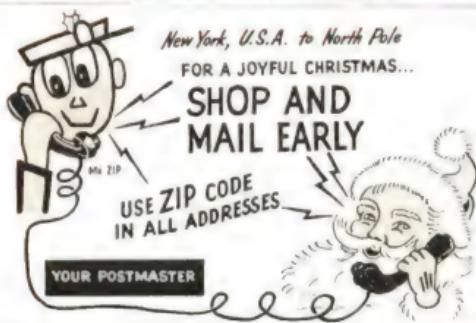
Proof of the Pluses

In eight seasons with the San Francisco Giants, Orlando Cepeda batted .308, belted 223 homers, drove in 752 runs—and took more abuse from his managers than any other player in baseball. Bill Rigney called him "a little boy, to whom winning a pennant isn't as important as it ought to be." Alvin Dark complained that Cepeda had "more minuses than pluses." Herman

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Franks said he was "lazy" and "a faker," publicly accused him of malingering when he was crippled by a knee injury that hampered him for two years and finally required surgery. Last year Cepeda demanded to be traded. The Giants obligingly shipped him to the St. Louis Cardinals in exchange for a pitcher who had won only six games and lost 15 the season before.

At first, Cepeda's reception in St. Louis was cool. "The other players were not too sure about me," he says. "From everything they had heard, I was temperamental, bad for a team, a troublemaker, a clubhouse lawyer. I had to prove myself, to myself and to the other players. I had to prove that everything they wrote and said about me in San Francisco was wrong."

This season Cepeda batted .325, clouted 25 homers and drove in 111 runs—tops in the National League. He



CEPEDA AT HOME
Recognition richly deserved.

also appointed himself a sort of team psychiatrist—playing cha-cha records in the clubhouse to dispel the gloom after losses, leading the club in cheers after each St. Louis victory. His enthusiasm was catching—and his bat did the rest. Picked by experts and oddsmakers to finish no better than fifth, the Cardinals ran away with the National League pennant, went on to beat the Boston Red Sox in seven games in the World Series. Last week Cepeda's contribution got the recognition it deserved. He became the first man in history to win unanimous selection as the National League's Most Valuable Player.

HOCKEY

Expect the Unexpected

Somebody with an adding machine has come up with the fascinating fact that there now are exactly 102 major-league professional sports teams in the U.S. The boom in pro sports may be great stuff for the ticket printers, pennant makers and hot-dog vendors, but it is pretty baffling to most ordinary people. Just who are the Anaheim Amigos



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and the Seattle Supersonics? And what are the Los Angeles Kings doing on top of the National Hockey League?

In no other sport has expansion caused such confusion as it has in hockey. Last year there were six teams; this year there are twelve—with new clubs in St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Minnesota and Oakland, as well as Los Angeles. All of the new teams, regardless of geographical location, are lumped together into a West Division, while all the oldsters, including the Chicago Black Hawks, are regarded as East. Regular-season team schedules go from October through March with 74 games, and what will happen when the Stanley Cup play-offs finally begin some time next spring is almost too frightening to contemplate.

Even Non-Canadians. For starters, the first and third teams in each division will play a best-of-seven series against each other. So will the second and fourth teams. The winners will then play a second best-of-seven series, and the survivors of that—if they can still stand up on their skates by then—will meet in still another best-of-seven series of games for the Cup. By then, it will probably be after Labor Day; kids will be back in school and some big-league baseball team will be taking orders for World Series tickets.

"Nobody seems to know quite what to expect—unless it's the unexpected." Montreal Gazette Columnist Dink Garroll wrote last month, when action in the expanded league got under way. Unexpected is certainly the word for what has happened since. The Chicago Black Hawks, who won the N.H.L. race by 17 points last year, have managed only three victories in twelve games this year, rank dead last in the East Division. Next, there is the curious collapse of Roger Crozier, the talented young (25) Detroit Red Wings goalie, who only three seasons ago was the N.H.L.'s Rookie of the Year: last week, after giving up 18 goals in three games, Crozier quit the sport.

Then there is the performance of the new teams. Stocked with castoffs, minor leaguers and even non-Canadians (five Americans, two Britons, one Pole), they were hardly expected to furnish much competition for the old, established clubs; experts estimated that it would take at least five years for the West Division to reach parity with the East. Over the past two weeks, West teams have played twelve games against the East—winning four and tying two. Last week, with an unsung goalie named Wayne Rutledge stopping 37 shots short of the net, the surprising Los Angeles Kings upset the Toronto Maple Leafs 4-1, and thereby tied the Maple Leafs with 17 points for first place in the overall N.H.L. standings.

New pro basketball teams, the Amigos in the American Basketball Association (which is also new), the Supersonics in the "old" National Basketball Association.



Rainbow Room, New York

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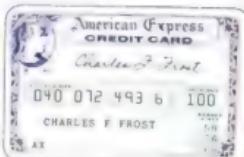
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And usually, they're made by injecting heated Cycolac ABS into a mold.

Or by heating a sheet of Cycolac ABS until it's soft and using a vacuum to pull it over a mold—a process known as thermo-forming.

Then the engineers of Borg-Warner's Marbon Chemical Division got to wondering, what happens if you make big things out of Cycolac? Things that are usually made of steel and wood and other conventional materials?

They decided to find out. They got themselves an automatic thermo-forming machine. It's the largest one in the world. It can handle a sheet of Cycolac ABS ten feet by twenty-five feet.

First, they designed and built seven experimental cars using two big sheets of Cycolac for the bodies. The process worked fine. They turned one of these into a finished racing car and entered it into competition—not to win races, but to test Cycolac under gruelling race-track conditions. (It passed with flying colors. And it also won some races.)

Next, they teamed up with an enterprising camper manufacturer—and turned out what you see on the opposite page.

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They *are* in the business of finding new and better ways of building things out of new and better materials—and passing on what they find to interested manufacturers.

Which is one of the reasons business is so good these days.

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EDUCATION

UNIVERSITIES

Upping the Ante

As science has become ever more complex, teaching it has become ever more costly. Just how expensive was indicated this week by Harvard, which announced a new \$48.7 million fund-raising drive to improve its undergraduate science programs. A major objective is to meet the accelerating demand for knowledge and research facilities from increasingly sophisticated science majors, who represent about one quarter of Harvard's undergraduates. "We're teaching freshmen things I didn't learn until I was a graduate student," says Nobel Physics Professor Edward Purcell. The University also wants to beef up its general-education science courses for what Dean Franklin Ford calls the "scientific illiterates"—meaning the majority of liberal arts majors.

Although some of the money will go for new courses and endowed professorships, most will cover new facilities, including a \$14.5 million science center where students will have access to sophisticated computers and research equipment and lab courses will be delivered by TV. Harvard's science drive is the largest such specialized appeal ever launched by any college, but Ford expects that many more universities will be undertaking similar programs. "We can't say we're missionaries," he says. "But we can claim to be hellbenders."

Teaching science is becoming a financial problem even for schools that specialize in it. Last week M.I.T. announced that it will need a minimum of \$135 million in additional private funds within the next ten years for expansion. Cal Tech has also kicked off a five-year, \$85.4 million campaign, with most of the money expected to go for new buildings and increased operating costs.

Mass Production in Tokyo

In cavernous classroom No. 350 at Tokyo's Nihon University, 800 drowsy students, dressed mostly in the traditional black tunics and black trousers, stared dully at the far-off rostrum. Suddenly, the 8 a.m. mood was shattered by the magnified rumble of a professor clearing his throat into a powerful P.A. system—and a lecture on commercial law was under way. The Japanese call *ni musu puro kyōiku* (mass-production education), the style of academic life in the world's most university-populated city. Within Tokyo are no fewer than 102 universities with nearly 500,000 students, roughly half of the entire nation's college-level enrollment.

Rarely taller or more distinctive than the factories, mah-jongg parlors, bookshops and tile-roofed rooming houses that hem them in, Tokyo's overcrowded university buildings line traffic-trampled streets rather than wooded malls. While top-prestige Tokyo University (15,879



NIHON STUDENTS RELAXING



TOKYO U. CAMPUS

Beyond the narrow gate, the good life and a lamentable loss.

student has a wall to set it off from the city's bustle, even it has no greenery that could properly be called a campus. At many of these schools it is even rarer for a student to talk to a professor than it is at a U.S. multiversity. Nihon has 75,500 students, second only to the Sorbonne as the largest single-campus university in the world—but only 5,400 teachers. Equally understaffed are such colossi as Waseda (39,782 students), Meiji (32,584), Chuo (29,774), Hosei (27,708) and Keio (23,785).

Suicidal Exams. Tokyo's pressure-packed universities are the result of the postwar democratization of Japan and its booming economy. Before World War II, parental status or unusual brilliance was essential to university admission; now, a secondary-school graduate need only pass the entrance examination of the university he selects—but so many select the same few that the rate of rejection is 20 to 1 at some schools and 9 to 1 nationwide. Beginning in kindergarten, much of lower schooling aims at the exams. Preparing for them and taking them is such a traumatic ordeal that thousands of suicides and nervous breakdowns occur every year. Next spring some 510,000 high school graduates will compete not only against one another for 370,000 openings, but also against 200,000 *renin*—students who failed the tests and have been cramming for months to try again.

Most students consider the struggle worthwhile, since a university degree represents guaranteed access to a high-paying job. Anyone who graduates from Tokyo University has easy entry to any of the professions, biggest corporations

or the top rungs of government. Seven of Japan's past ten Prime Ministers had degrees from Tokyo U. Keio students, more affluent than most, have inside tracks to good industrial and business posts. Waseda's tough-minded, politically oriented students tend to get first crack at jobs in journalism, while Hitotsubashi is strong on languages and produces many economists. Also good in language-training are Jesuit-run Sophia and the Protestant-supported International Christian University. Except for a dozen top schools that compare favorably in academic quality with the best in the U.S., most of Tokyo's universities are under-financed, lecture-oriented schools that offer an undistinguished faculty and curriculum.

Whatever a Japanese student's goal, the good life beckons the moment he gets past the narrow entrance-examination gate. Since the accent is on rote memorization of facts, a student can always cram to pass a test and he has to be atrociously uninterested to flunk out. For rural youths, the excitement of living in Tokyo compensates for classroom tedium. Money is rarely a problem. A student can find board and room—the universities have few dorms—for as little as \$30 a month. A curry-and-rice lunch costs 30 cents. He can meet his tuition and fees (about \$40 a year in state-owned Tokyo University, up to \$500 in a private school) by tutoring high school students.

At Tokyo's universities, the pay scale is so low (roughly \$140 to \$250 per month) that most professors care more about their moonlighting ventures in business or publishing than their class duties. Lacking any intellectual contact with the faculty, students frequently pour out their frustrations in polities.

Once admitted to a university, a student theoretically becomes a member of the Zengakuren, the national federa-

* Playing go, an Oriental cross between checkers and chess.

† Originally, wandering, masterless samurai of feudal Japan.

An unfair comparison between

We picked the Chevelle Nomad Custom wagon shown on the left to compare with our Rebel 550 shown on the right because these cars list for about the same price.

Yet the Rebel gives you 91.1 cubic feet of above-floor cargo capacity, compared to the Chevelle's 84.

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The Rebel gives you your choice of a side- or bottom-hinged tailgate. The Chevelle doesn't.

The Rebel gives you a 145 hp six. The Chevelle's standard six has 140 hp. Both wagons give you 200 hp V-8's.

The Rebel offers you individually



The Chevelle Nomad Custom

the Chevelle and the Rebel.

adjustable reclining seats. The Chevelle doesn't.

The Rebel gives you coil spring seats. Like Cadillac. The Chevelle doesn't.

The Rebel gives you a ceramic-armored exhaust system. The Chevelle doesn't.

The Rebel gives you advanced unit construction. The Chevelle doesn't.

The Rebel gives you smooth, recessed door handles. The Chevelle doesn't.

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molded fiberglass ceiling. The Chevelle doesn't.

One more unfair comparison:

The Rebel wagon comes with a roof rack standard. If you want the one the Chevelle offers, it lists for \$44.25. Plus tax.

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tion of student governments. Actually only a few thousand of the Zengakuren's members are convinced radicals, but they nonetheless constitute a cadre of professional riot organizers, who almost annually create a governmental crisis.

Although proud of their country's democratic approach to higher learning, many Japanese scholars lament the loss of the universities' prewar intimacy, when there was close student-professor contact, more emphasis on moral guidance than career-oriented degree-granting. Schools today, complains Tokyo University President Kazuo Okochi, are "producing a lot of young graduates who do not have enough self-consciousness or sense of human values." Like the U.S., Japan has discovered that overcrowding and impersonality are part of the price a nation has to pay for mass higher education.

COLLEGES

Community Service

Many a U.S. university has attempted to end ancient town-gown antagonisms by providing intellectual and cultural services to the community in which it exists. A striking example is the tuition-free Ithaca Neighborhood College founded three months ago by six Cornell University students.

It has a 33-course curriculum, ranging from remedial reading programs to college-level courses in calculus and chemistry. There is also an extensive program of vocational training in subjects including machine design and "beverage management" (how to run a bar), which one housewife is taking because "you can't get a decent cocktail in Ithaca."

The all-volunteer faculty has 25 professors from Cornell including Historian I. Pearce Williams and Philosopher Edwin A. Burtt and neighboring Ithaca College. 40 Cornell graduate students, plus high school and elementary teachers. Rent-free classrooms have been provided by a local junior high school, while Cornell offered lab and library privileges. The college's only expenses are for janitors and a secretary, and its \$5,000 annual budget is covered by contributions from Ithaca residents, among them Cornell President James A. Perkins and Historian Clinton Rossiter, who plans to teach at the school next year.

The college organizers originally thought that they might attract about 20 students. By the time registration closed, 350 had signed up, ranging in age from 15 to 70, about one-third of them Negro. Neighborhood College teachers are impressed by the zeal and intelligence of their students. Historian Williams, who teaches the same course in Western civilization at the college that he gives at Cornell, finds that "the older housewives can write a literate essay—which is more than I can say for most Cornell freshmen."



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SPACE

Moonward Bound

Startled by the noise, a flock of vases flapped across the cloudy sky, momentarily breaking their V-formation. Below, pulsating pressure waves beat against the faces and chests of reporters sitting in an open grandstand. In the launch-control center, as plaster dust from the ceiling fell around him and technicians wildly cheered, Wernher von Braun breathed, "Go, baby, go." And in a portable CBS News studio, Commentator Walter Cronkite pressed his hands against a trembling plate-glass window and, in a voice distorted by excitement and vibration, shouted to a nationwide TV audience: "Oh, my God, our building is shaking . . . part of the roof has come in here!"

On Cape Kennedy's launch pad 39A last week, the cause of all the commotion, America's mighty Saturn 5, spewed brilliant flames and rose majestically on a flight that revitalized the lagging Apollo program and raised hopes that the U.S. may yet land men on the moon before 1970. Generating 7,500,000 lbs. of thrust and one of the loudest sounds ever produced by man,² the first-stage engines lifted the 3,000-ton, 363-foot-high vehicle to an altitude of 38 miles and a speed of 6,100 m.p.h. only 2½ minutes after lift-off. During this stage of the flight, the rocket, taller than the Statue of Liberty, could be seen as far away as Jacksonville, 150 miles distant.

Cutting in after the first stage was jettisoned, the liquid-hydrogen-fueled S-II second stage fired flawlessly, providing 1,000,000 lbs. of thrust and boosting the rocket to an altitude of 115 miles before it, too, was jettisoned. Now it was the turn of the third-stage S-IVB. Firing its engine, it inserted itself, the attached Apollo spacecraft, its service module and the lunar module—a total of 140 tons—into orbit, with an apogee of 119 miles, a perigee of 114 miles. It was an impressive demonstration that, after ten years, the U.S. had finally overtaken and surpassed Russia in brute rocket power. The heaviest loads ever orbited by the Soviets were the 13-ton Protons 1 and 2 in 1965.

Interception Path. During its third orbit, the S-IVB refined its engine, increasing its speed to nearly 23,400 m.p.h. and thrusting farther away from the earth. After the S-IVB was separated and the Apollo ser-

vice-module engine fired briefly, placing Apollo into an orbit with an apogee of 11,200 miles and a perigee of negative 50 miles—meaning that the craft's path would intercept the earth.

As Apollo began to plunge back toward the earth from its peak altitude, its engine again fired, increasing its speed and ensuring that the craft would plunge into the earth's atmosphere at the 25,000-m.p.h. velocity that will be reached by a returning lunar mission. The maneuver was designed to test Apollo's heat shield against temperatures much higher than those encountered by Gemini and Mercury spacecraft, which re-entered the atmosphere from their orbital missions at about 17,000 m.p.h.

Hurtling down over the western Pacific, the Apollo fired its attitude controls to position itself, and then entered the atmosphere blunt end first. Although the heat-shield temperature rose to 5,051 F., the craft survived its plunge and was spotted descending under its three main para-



² Only atmospheric nuclear blasts and two natural events—the Krakatoa volcano eruption of 1883 and the Great Siberian Meteorite in 1908—have produced stronger air waves, according to Lamont Geological Observatory.

chutes by the recovery carrier *Bennion*. Eight hours and 37 minutes after lift-off, the blackened, 12,000-lb. spacecraft—all that remained of the 3,000-ton monster that left Cape Kennedy that morning—splashed into the Pacific.

Higher Notch. The most enthusiastic advocates of the Saturn and Apollo programs could scarcely believe the perfection of the complex mission, marred only by a sticky valve on the S-IVB. For Rocketeer Von Braun, who called the operation "a textbook launching all the way through," Saturn's flight was a triumphant culmination of his eight years of effort as director of the Marshall Space Flight Center, which supervised the development and production of the immense rocket.

Even as space scientists were crowning over Saturn, another U.S. spacecraft achieved success in a mission designed to support the Apollo program. Settling gently on the moon in the fourth U.S. lunar soft landing, Surveyor 6 began transmitting pictures of the rugged Sinus Medii area, one of the four possible landing sites for the Apollo astronauts.

Although several Saturn-Apollo

missions remain to be flown before astronauts actually embark for the moon, last week's near-perfect flight was a giant step in that direction. If the S-IVB engine had fired for 19 additional seconds in earth orbit, a manned Apollo could have reached escape velocity and been on its way to the moon. At a distance of 10,350 miles Apollo astronauts would have separated their command ship from the S-IVB, turned it 180° in space, and docked nose-to-nose with the lunar module. After jettisoning the S-IVB and making a mid-course correction about 35,000 miles out, the joined Apollo and lunar module would be on their way, and man would be less than 70 hours away from setting down on the moon.

SEISMOLOGY

Shaken Earth

As they viewed their shattered homes and the gaping fissures in their streets on Good Friday 1964, Alaskans suspected that they had survived one of the most violent earthquakes in history. Now, after three years of soundings and surveys, scientists of the Environmental Sciences Services Administration have compiled dramatic evidence to illustrate just how powerful the Alaska quake really was. In a detailed study, they report that it lowered mountains, raised sea beds, and made an impact halfway around the world.

Mountains on Kodiak Island and on the Kenai Peninsula near Anchorage subsided 7 ft. or more; the Kenai mountains moved laterally as much as 5 ft. In a 480-mile by 127-mile area off the Alaska coast, the ocean floor rose as much as 50 ft., the greatest quake uplift ever recorded. Near Valdez, Alaska, a slice of land 4,000 ft. by 600 ft. fell into the sea.

Some of the temporary effects were equally spectacular. Surging waves generated by the quake reached as high as 220 ft. above sea level near Valdez. Some 2,800 miles from the epicenter, at Hilo, Hawaii, the seismic sea wave caused the ocean to rise 12 ft. And in Antarctica, 8,445 miles away, the tsunami was recorded 22½ hours after Alaska had shaken, having crossed the vast expanse of water at 430 m.p.h.

The shock waves from the earthquake also caused seiches (water oscillations) in rivers, lakes and protected harbors along the U.S. Gulf Coast from Texas to Florida. At New Orleans, a drawbridge tender left the span shake beneath his feet, and a sudden rise of from 1½ to 5 ft. in the level of the Mississippi caused docked vessels to break loose from their moorings. In Atlantic City, N.J., (more than 4,000 miles from the quake), the thorough scientists report, water sloshed over the top of a hotel swimming pool.



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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

A Cardinal for a Leper Colony

"If the Gospel must be proclaimed to all men, it is directed first of all to the poor in spirit." So saying, Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger, 63, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Montreal, last week announced that he will leave his see next month to become "a simple missionary" in a still unspecified leper colony in Africa. Although he retains the personal title of cardinal, Léger will work as a priest under the direction of an African bishop.

One of the church's most consistently reform-minded prelates, urbane, witty Cardinal Léger grew up in the Quebec village of St. Anteet, and was rector of

"silent suffering" in underdeveloped lands and the affluence of "Technocratic, sophisticated civilization." He expressed the hope that "those who may not understand my words may be touched by my decision." Besides, he quipped, "I don't think that being a cardinal is a hindrance to doing good."

CHURCHES

Black Power in the Pulpit

The next target of Black Power is the churches. In a speech to a meeting of white ministers in New York City recently, Floyd McKissick, national director of the Congress of Racial Equality, announced that a major project of Negro militants is to expose "those who prostitute the church." McKissick charged that predominantly white denominations have used comparatively little of their tax-exempt financial resources to aid the Negro, and warned that they must "re-evaluate themselves in terms of Black Power and the needs of black men." CORE plans to publicize what it considers disparities between church preaching and practice on race.

Even more significant than CORE's threat was the formal organization in Dallas this month of the National Committee of Negro Churchmen, composed of 300 members from twelve Protestant denominations. Its chief founder, the Rev. Benjamin F. Payton, president of South Carolina's Baptist Benedict College, concedes that U.S. churches have generally demanded equal justice for Negroes, and that white clergymen have been at the forefront of civil rights demonstrations. Nevertheless, says Payton, "I don't think we have yet the concrete actions that clearly suggest that the churches are moving to remedy the great evil of social injustice."

Without Superiority. As an experiment in "black ecumenism," the committee will attempt to arouse Negro churchmen to a keener awareness of their own responsibilities. It plans to form a nonprofit corporation that will solicit funds from Negro congregations and other sources to finance housing and small businesses in urban ghettos. The committee will also try to help Negroes in predominantly white churches achieve a greater voice in policy. According to Payton, the organization represents "an effort to relate to the Black Power movement without adopting a philosophy of separation or black superiority. Our definition of Black Power is the power to participate."

In some churches, there are already indications that Negro members are no longer content to be seen but not heard. An example is the Unitarian-Universalist Association—traditionally noted for its equality-flavored pronouncements on race. At a meeting of 200 Unitarians in Manhattan last month to discuss racial problems, 31 Negro delegates held

a separate caucus, accusing their church of denying Negroes fair representation in leadership positions.

Even without prodding from militant black clergy, most white church leaders are aware that Christianity could do far more than it already has to assist the Negro. Reflecting the need for further action, the Very Rev. Pedro Arrupe, General of the Society of Jesus, sent a twelve-page letter to American Jesuits, accusing them of failing to do enough for the Negro. "The racial crisis involves, before all else," wrote Arrupe, "a direct challenge to our sincerity in professing a Christian concept of man." Arrupe laid down a series of suggestions for U.S. Jesuits, including the creation of new missions in urban ghettos. He also ordered each superior to draw up a specific plan of action on behalf of Negroes in his province.



LÉGER

Not merely words, but deeds.

the Canadian College in Rome before being elected Archbishop of Montreal in 1950. Pope Pius XII named him a cardinal three years later. At the Second Vatican Council, Léger spoke out in favor of a conciliar statement on religious freedom and for a change in church doctrine that would allow for the possibility of artificial birth control.

He has preached the need for greater Christian responsibility toward the world's poor in countless sermons and pastoral letters. Léger was also an advocate of church renewal at the recent Synod of Bishops in Rome, where he made his final decision to quit his archdiocese. "It was during the discussions on faith and atheism," he explained, "that my future became a question of conscience for me. It became clear that Our Lord was asking me for deed as well as words." On the final day of the Synod, Pope Paul reluctantly approved Léger's request for a transfer.

Léger believes that if Christianity is to mean anything to man today, it must strive to narrow the gulf between the



PAYTON

Not to be seen, but heard.

Learning from Psychiatry

The woman had attempted suicide—traditionally considered by Christians to be one of the most serious sins. But when she consulted Dr. Edward Stein, a professor of pastoral counseling at San Francisco Theological Seminary, he gave her no lecture on God's grace. Instead, in the course of a sympathetic conversation, he discovered that as a child the woman had never been allowed to express anger. Concluding that her attempt at self-murder was basically an expression of long-repressed rage, Stein tried to show her the underlying reasons behind her suicidal urges, and encouraged her to follow the counsel of a professional psychiatrist.

Today, U.S. clergymen openly acknowledge the debt that they owe to the once scorned science of psychiatry. Learning to understand its techniques and benefits is now an essential part of clerical training; in recent years courses dealing with the emotionally disturbed have become standard fixtures in U.S.

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seminaries. This semester, for example, 82 Harvard divinity students are working as apprentice counselors in mental hospitals and other institutions as part of their training. Workshops in pastoral counseling for parish ministers have mushroomed. The Roman Catholic Archdiocese of Detroit holds a weekly seminar for priests conducted by a psychiatrist; more than 500 clergymen now study annually at the famed Menninger psychiatric clinic in Topeka, Kans. In many U.S. cities, churches have established their own mental-health clinics, manned by both psychiatrists and clergymen trained in counseling.

Finding the Choice. Christian moralists readily use the insights of psychiatry in trying to determine what constitutes sin and sinfulness. An example is psychiatric discoveries about the ways in which man's subconscious drives and fears limit his freedom of choice. "We cannot take away the fact that man is capable of sin and has free choice between good and evil," says the Rev. John Lind, assistant pastor of New York City's Roman Catholic Church of the Resurrection-Ascension. "The great theological problem is to determine what our free choices are. With the help of psychology, we are beginning to understand that there are forces at work in a human being that can lessen his culpability."

Sexuality is a specific area of moral concern in which psychiatry has helped religion redefine its concept of sin. In the past, Christian moralists almost unanimously regarded fornication as an unqualified evil. Now, some churchmen are inclined to admit that it may be morally permissible, in those rare situations when it satisfies a true need between two adults who fulfill each other. Says Dr. Edward Craig Hobbs of the Episcopal Church Divinity School of the Pacific: "The whole matter of sexual morality is now subject to a different understanding that comes from psychiatry and ultimately from Freud." The Rev. Richard Dean of the First Baptist Church in Brewster, N.Y., says that a course in pastoral psychology taught him that "anger is not always wrong. It can be a healthy, constructive emotion, as when Christ forced the moneylenders from the Temple."

Exposure to Virtue. Although slowly and reluctantly, a growing number of psychiatrists are coming to see value in religion as a way of helping patients achieve mental well-being. Many psychiatrists now conclude that a patient may be aided by exposure to his doctor's sense of morality and virtue; some analysts are even advising patients, who they believe might be particularly responsive to religious guidance, to go to church. "We don't proselyte," says Dr. Graham B. Blaine Jr., chief of psychiatry for Harvard University health services. "But we are glad to encourage students who do have some continuing or burgeoning faith, to go also to their pastors."

TIME CAPSULE/1944

TIME CAPSULE/1944: THE YEAR'S GREATEST STORIES FROM THE PAGES OF TIME



PROMISE FULFILLED: Five hours after the first wave of Army infantrymen dashed across the shell-pocked beaches, General MacArthur waded ashore. Said Douglas MacArthur, "People of the Philippines, I have returned. By the grace of Almighty God, our forces stand again on Philippine soil." To his Chief of Staff, MacArthur said the same thing in homelier language: "Believe it or not, we're here."



FALA'S BIRTHDAY: The best-known U.S. dog had a birthday last week. Franklin Roosevelt's Fala, his eyes hidden under a mass of black hair, received photographers on the south lawn of the White House, sniffed nonchalantly at a cake with white frosting and four candles. For supper he had an extra bone.



SEIZURE: *Below* and calm, Sewell Lee Avery waited. Day before, he had sent a telegram challenging the authority of the President of the U.S. to seize the Chicago plant of Montgomery Ward & Co. He had not long to wait. Two soldiers from Camp Skokie Valley hoisted him up, carried him past a handful of startled clerks in the lobby, down the main steps.

Newsmen badgered Attorney General Francis Biddle. "How did he react?" Biddle smiled. "He got pretty mad. The blood came to his face and he said to me, 'You New Dealer!'"

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ART

MUSEUMS

Topping Off the Bequest

When Andrew Mellon endowed Washington's National Gallery three decades ago, he provided \$16 million for the building, plus paintings then valued at \$50 million and a sustaining fund of \$5,000,000. He laid down a firm condition: the gallery should not bear his name. In keeping with Mellon's magnanimity, his son and daughter, Paul Mellon and Ailsa Mellon Bruce, last week topped off his bequest with an additional \$20 million.

The money will be used to construct an adjacent building, completed by 1972, which will house a center for Advanced Studies in the Visual Arts as well as exhibition space and the gallery's art-extension service. President Johnson made the announcement at the White House. On hand were Chief Justice Earl Warren, chairman of the National Gallery's trustees, and Gallery Director John Walker. But in the family tradition, neither benefactor was present. Paul Mellon was reported traveling in England; his sister remained incomunicado in Manhattan.

PAINTING

De Kooning's Derring-Do

For most critics, Willem de Kooning at 63 is the foremost living U.S. painter to emerge in the postwar period. But the reclusive white-haired dean of abstract expressionism has not had a Manhattan exhibit of new work in five years, largely because the attendant bustle drives him to the brink of distraction. Thus, when 45 De Kooning oils

and 50 drawings, mostly completed in the past four years, went on view at Manhattan's Knoedler & Co. this week, it was the most eagerly anticipated art gallery exhibit of the season.

For their wait, De Kooning's admirers were generously rewarded. De Kooning's latest work (see color opposite) is a highly sophisticated summation of all the major developments of his previous styles. Still present are the whiplash strokes and splatter that were his trademark in the mid-1940s when the cantankerous immigrant Dutchman, one-time housepainter and WPA artist, was helping to establish abstract expressionism. In the early 1950s, he had devoted himself to a bloodthirsty series of darkly lurid women totems (among them, Marilyn Monroe). No sooner had his women gained acceptance than he switched again, to abstract landscapes, shown as if glimpsed from some speeding auto. In the 1960s he returned to women, this time pink and gaudy (*TIME*, Feb. 26, 1965).

Plum & Apricot. His latest show is also largely women—but, reflecting the fact that De Kooning has become a year-round resident of The Springs, near East Hampton on the tip of Long Island, they are now red-lipped exurban earth goddesses, bitchily toothy yet pudgily placid. These women blend into their surroundings of golden beaches, russet leaves and close-cropped lawns. And they are accompanied by other members of the family circle. De Kooning's Cybele has found a froglike mate, titled *Man*, a leering Cyclopean nude, contorted in some private courting ritual. Their bloated offspring, as seen in *Woman and Child*, is allied to the par-

ents by De Kooning's inimitable soiled-pink flesh tones.

And yet the paintings, for all their bizarre imagery, are alive with color. De Kooning's intricate palette combines lemon, lime, fig, plum, raspberry, apricot and apple-blossom pink. Flooding the canvas is the clear country light that streams through his \$200,000 studio, a structure that has gone through almost as many alterations as one of his paintings.

Ferocious Union. De Kooning no longer needs to worry about money or renown. His latest oils, priced from \$12,000 to \$55,000, will almost certainly be snapped up. Critics and scholars besiege him for interviews. Artists trek to his doorstep. Amsterdam's Stedelijk Museum will mount a full-scale retrospective of his work next September, which will tour London, New York, Chicago and Los Angeles.

De Kooning never need paint another picture. But in fact, he normally paints seven hours a day, seven days a week, sketching on into the evenings in front of his TV after he has bicycled from his studio to his nearby home. "I am ambitious," he explains, "ambitious to be a fantastic artist." And the works on display at Knoedler's are indeed fantastic, in both senses of the word. They marry order and confusion, gaiety and lechery in a ferocious union. Arms, legs, breasts, hats, lips, teeth and an occasional baleful eye may peer from De Kooning's work. But more dazzling than any of these details is the derring-do of a creator, an artist who boldly dares over and over again to capture the essence of chaos.

ARCHITECTURE

Cathedrals as Living Drama

In art criticism, the eyes come first: all the cultural infrastructuring that places an object within its historical context can come later. Fortunately for Henry Kraus, 61, a Knoxville, Tenn., barber's son who studied mathematics in college and made a career out of medical journalism, he first fell in love with medieval cathedrals by feasting his eyes on them while a student at the Sorbonne. Before he ever cracked a book about it, Gothic art had become a secret passion. Now, with time to pursue it, he has written a revolutionary study, rediscovering scores of facts about medieval iconography and making the 12th and 13th centuries come to life with a vividness that is impressing even medieval scholars.

One of the most entertaining discoveries in Kraus's *The Living Theatre of Medieval Art* (Indiana University Press; \$15) concerns the tympanum of the abbey church at Beaulieu-sur-Dordogne, probably the earliest (circa A.D. 1130) monumental portrayal of the Judgment Day. Until Kraus came along, scholars had assumed that seven little men at Christ's feet represented souls of the blessed and the damned rising



EAST HAMPTON STUDIO

Earth goddesses in an orchard of lemons, limes, figs, plums and apricots.



DE KOONING

FAMILYSCAPES

In his newest canvases, Abstract Expressionist Willem de Kooning splashes out from his favorite topic, women, to daub other members of the family circle. "Man" (right) bestrides the Easthampton countryside in bold blues and browns; "Woman and Child" (below) is gay with green and orange.



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from their graves. Kraus, however, noted that they were clothed instead of naked, contrary to customary portrayals of souls, and that all were men (normally, some would be women). While four were either praying or pointing toward Jesus, three seemed to be lifting up their robes.

Pious & Pungent. Kraus thereupon deduced that all seven were in fact living Christians and Jews, each presenting his respective claims to salvation. The Jews were raising their hemis in order to show that they were sons of Abraham, who by his circumcision sealed his people's covenant with the Lord. Kraus's findings, when first published a few years ago in a prestigious



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DETAIL FROM "JUDGMENT" AT BEAULIEU
Seven claimants to salvation.

French art journal, caused a sensation in scholarly circles.

The cornerstone of Kraus's approach is that the cathedral is a series of frozen tableaux of medieval life, depicting not only its highest ideals and aspirations but also the age's pungent humor, conflicts and upheavals. He decisively abolishes the traditional cliché that the medieval church artist was a humble, self-effacing artisan who labored piously for the greater glory of God and his own salvation. Instead, Kraus emphasizes that at least 25,000 artists left recorded names, won high wages and even knighthoods for their work, and notes that workmen occasionally even went on strike when monastery food fell below expectations. To medieval France, religion was at least as important socially and economically as space exploration is for the U.S. today. In fact, it touched off a two-century-long building boom. "The artists themselves," Kraus concludes, "were an intimate, inseparable part of this current. The art they produced was a public art in the deepest sense."

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BUSINESS

THE ECONOMY

Portents of Trouble

Even when business is good, businessmen scan the economic horizon for portents of approaching trouble. And these days, as the dreary deadlock persists between Lyndon Johnson and Congress over taxing and spending, businessmen view the portents as troublesome. Seldom in recent years have they felt more uncomfortably aware that the whole U.S. economy can be crucially affected by a political impasse.

Whether they blame the Congress or the President, corporate executives are increasingly vexed by uncertainties and inaction in Washington. "It's difficult to calculate the inflationary pressures on labor rates and costs of ingredients," complains President William Howlett of Consolidated Foods. "I lay 99% of the responsibility at the doorstep of the Administration," says President Robinson F. Barker of PPG Industries. "Sure, you can keep surtaxing and surtaxing until we're surtaxed to death," says President A. Clark Daugherty of Rockwell Manufacturing Co., "but it won't help unless federal spending is cut." The difficulty about wielding an ax on the budget, noted Chairman Roger Blough of U.S. Steel Corp. last week, is that "nobody has come forward with a list of priorities that would command a consensus." Blough's somewhat idealistic recommendation: political support for "elected officials who vote to cut government spending even if this affects our own pet projects and communities."

The Common Cold. Without question, the stalemate has already cost the President some of his cherished support among business leaders. Last month, when the presidents or chairmen of 100 major companies gathered in Hot Springs, Va., for the semiannual meeting of the prestigious Business Council, the corridors hummed with complaints. Most of the council faulted the President for "lack of leadership" and "playing politics" with congressional demands for spending cuts as a prerequisite to the 10% income tax surcharge he proposed in August.

Despite their misgivings, most businessmen predict rising sales next year. "We are bucking up our forecast by increasing production," says Chairman William Blackie of Caterpillar Tractor Co. "Most businessmen I meet feel we're going to succeed—in spite of Government." Optimism, however, is often tempered with worry over strikes, rising labor costs, and, inevitably, squeezed profit margins.

Such troubles lie beyond the therapeutic reach of a tax increase, which is not, as Chairman Gardner Ackley of the White House Council of Economic Advisers quipped last week, "the complete remedy for every ill including the common cold." But Ackley, from Ross-

trums in Los Angeles and Manhattan, spelled out the Administration's case in somber detail. Without higher taxes, he warned, the nation faces "potentially serious trouble" with "price increases and soaring interest rates." On top of that, Ackley forecast "a deteriorating trade balance and new weakness in housing alongside a possibly unhealthy boom in investment, inventories or even consumer spending on durable goods." A tax surcharge, Ackley insisted, would make the difference between an economy that is "healthy, balanced and noninflationary" and one that is "overexuberant,

be too little money to meet the demands of private borrowers as well. While the Federal Government and the country's bigger corporations will snare what they need, bond experts figure that housing, auto finance, small businesses and state and local governments will be starved for funds. This year, the Federal Reserve Board's policy of monetary ease has pushed enough money into the economy to forestall a pinch, but many argue that rising inflation may soon impel the board to switch policy. "We might see the kind of pressures on interest rates and credit mar-



JOHNSON (FAR RIGHT) WITH BUSINESSMEN AT WHITE HOUSE ON SEPT. 1, 1967
Hardening stalemate, dwindling support.

unbalanced and that generates a monetary and financial crunch."

voracious Demand. With the President's tax bill stalled in Congress, Wall Street is betting on a credit crisis. Already, the mere prospect has helped to depress the stock market (see following story), lift some interest rates to 46-year peaks and cause bond prices to plummet. On top of voracious corporate demand for funds, the federal deficit has forced the Treasury to borrow \$16 billion since midyear (apart from replacement of maturing issues). The Government had to pay 5 1/2% interest for some of that money last month, its highest rate since June, 1921. Last week a 3 1/2% \$1,000 Treasury bond that was first issued in 1955 traded at \$750 (although the Treasury, to be sure, will pay off the full \$1,000 when the bond matures in 1995).

Without a surtax, Washington maintains that it will be forced to borrow as much as \$22 billion in the bond market next year to finance the federal deficit. And economists in and out of the Government agree that there will

be "a straitjacket," says Investment Banker Sidney J. Weinberg of Manhattan's Goldman, Sachs & Co., "that could require direct controls of credit and capital markets, and possibly on wages and prices."

The Straitjacket. Though Treasury and Federal Reserve officials deny that any such straitjacket is seriously being considered, private economists back from Washington briefings nevertheless insist that it is. Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler, they say, has been threatening that the Administration will seek authority for all types of controls if Congress spurns a tax increase.

The crisis may well reach a decisive point early next year. For the longer the deadlock continues, the closer come the 1968 elections and the harder it will be for the President to slash spending or for Congress to raise taxes. The shape of next year's economy is not the only issue at stake. The big question is whether the "new economics"—the Keynesian formula for minimizing business ups and downs through Government tinkering—can survive old-fashioned politics.



SAUL (LEFT) ON AMEX FLOOR
Time to cool the ardor.

WALL STREET

Big Casino

Autumn has wrapped the stock market in a persistent chill. Seven weeks ago on Sept. 25, the Dow-Jones industrial index of 30 blue-chip stocks climbed to a 1967 high of 943.08, climaxing a 27% rebound from its October 1966 low of 744.32. Since then, a triple threat to the U.S. economy—even corporate profits, early signs of a new money squeeze, and the stalemate between the President and Congress over raising taxes—has knocked stock prices for a loop. Though the industrial average rallied 6.19 points last week, to close at 862.81, it has still lost more than half of its 1967 gains.

In the face of that downturn, one of Wall Street's more perplexing puzzles is a new outbreak of speculation. As usual, the American Stock Exchange, home of many low-priced and volatile shares, unwillingly serves as the principal gambling casino. Its trading volume has swelled to record levels. So far this year, 975 million shares of stock have changed hands as against the previous full-year record of 690 million shares set in 1966. Last week the exchange predicted that annual volume will soon pass a billion shares for the first time in its 118-year history.

In the Basement. Delighted as they are by that burgeoning business, Amex officials are frankly concerned by the heavy concentration of activity in low-priced issues, which entice speculators because small gains mean hefty profits. Three weeks ago, when trading volume surged to a record 33,459,514 shares, the ten most active stocks sold for an average price of \$5.69 a share. Seven of them were priced below \$3 a share. Investors were clearly gambling in the bargain basement. Burns Mines Ltd., for example, with zinc properties that have long since been nationalized by the Burmese government, led the active list with a turnover of 3,614,500 shares.

Even though the company's principal asset is an investment portfolio reported to be worth about 8¢ a share, Burma stock rose from 8¢ to \$1.06 a share. Last week Siboney Corp., a money-losing manufacturer of asphalt for highways, led the active list; it gained 75¢, to close at \$3.63 a share. Both companies have professed ignorance of any solid reason for all the activity.

To stem the speculative tide, the American Exchange now spends half of its \$12 million annual budget in an increasingly close watch over trading. Says Amex President Ralph S. Saul: "We must be alert to the problems of fraud and possible manipulations." Having helped to expose a scandal involving alleged price manipulation of several Amex issues earlier this year, Saul has also admonished the exchange's 583 member organizations to cool their customers' ardor. Last month the Amex reinforced that effort with phone calls to 50 big brokerage houses urging "the need for care and caution." Says Exchange Vice President H. Vernon Lee Jr.: "They share our concern. But in spite of all their efforts, they are having trouble persuading customers that there are serious risks involved in buying speculative issues."

Curbing Credit. Resorting to its penultimate weapon against speculative excesses, the Amex so far this year has banned credit purchases of the stock of 84 of its 1,000 listed companies. Such moves not only limit speculators by forcing them to use their own money but also sound a public warning that a stock has been gyrating unduly. At the end of last week, 18 companies still remained on the no-credit list—as against ten on the Big Board.

The Federal Reserve Board also acted last month to curb the flow of "excessive credit" into the market. Specifically, it proposed to extend its 70% margin requirement—the rule requiring investors to put up at least \$70 of their own money for each \$100 of stocks pur-

chased—to such hitherto unregulated sources of credit to speculators as individuals, corporations with idle funds, partnerships and tax-exempt groups. The board also proposed to bring all other types of securities that are convertible into registered stocks under the same regulation. It can put the new rules into effect any time after Nov. 20. As far as the exchanges are concerned, that will be none too soon.

EXECUTIVES

Changes amid Rumors

Restless Entrepreneur Norton Simon has yet to find the all-purpose chief executive for Hunt Foods & Industries. Recently, Simon replaced President Francis Fabian, 52, an operations expert who served him for about two years. Into the gap went William E. McKenna, 48, a smooth-talking senior vice president from Litton Industries with an accounting background and a Harvard Business School degree. Simon makes no bones about the reason for the change: he wants to expand his empire of subsidiaries and affiliates, which already includes McCall Corp., Hunt-Wesson Foods, Inc., Know Glass Inc., Canada Dry Corp. and Crucible Steel Corp. of America. Says he: "Fabian has been largely an operating chief and has been damned good at that. But Hunt is getting more acquisition-minded, so we need a man whose primary orientation is finance."

Among the takeover possibilities that are said to interest Simon is Swift & Co., which recently announced an executive change of its own. President Robert Reneker, 55, becomes sole chief executive on Dec. 1 when Board Chairman Porter M. Jarvis retires, taking his title with him. Reneker made his reputation in sales and is the first man to reach the top spot without a solid grounding in meat operations—which suggests that the company, having branched into such nonfood items as chemicals and insurance, plans further diversification. Admittedly curious about rumors of Simon's interest in his company, Reneker claims that he does not plan to let Swift go the way of other meat packers such as Wilson & Co., which was acquired by Ling-Temco-Vought, and John Morrell, which is expected to become the property of AMK Corp. by year's end. Says Reneker: "If you think I'd like that idea for Swift, you are hearing me wrong."

BRITAIN

Sirs Paul and Peter

In the eight years he spent as chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., Sir Paul Chambers, 63, shook up Britain's largest private company from the front office to the production line. He turned a stodgy, Commonwealth-oriented company into a lean operation with new muscle to flex on world markets. Now Chambers wants out. For all his efforts, I.C.I.'s actual performance



A FRIEND FROM CHATTANOOGA came across this picture of the "White Rabbit" and it reminded us of the early days of Jack Daniel's Distillery.

We recall that back when Mr. Jack was just starting, he had a hard time sending out the whiskey he made. He tried carrying it county to county by wagon, but that took too much of his time. So he opened the "White Rabbit," right in Lynchburg, and sold his product to his neighbors. And that worked fine, until the county went dry. But by then, the railroad had moved in and he was able to ship the whiskey out by rail. While it was open, however, the "White Rabbit" did help make some friends for Mr. Jack's whiskey. Some folks we know have told us they'd like to have a copy of this picture. So we've made up a few extras, in a little bigger size. If you'd like one, write to Mr. Garland Dusenberry, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lynchburg, Tennessee. He'll take care of it.



CHARCOAL
MELLOWED
DROP
BY DROP

remains sluggish. And he puts part of the blame on Labor government policies: he complains that "any fool can save the pound by damming the economy." Opting for a far less demanding job, Chambers will leave I.C.I. next spring to become head of London's Royal Insurance Co.

After protracted, secrecy-shrouded deliberations, the company chose as Chambers' successor Sir Peter Allen, 62, one of four I.C.I. deputy chairmen. Allen promptly promised that he will bring "no abrupt—or even, for that matter, gentle—changes of policy."

Info Europe. None seem called for. Profits may not be as high as management might like, but I.C.I., the world's second largest chemical manufacturer (after Du Pont), has revitalized itself in the face of increasing competition and falling world prices in key chemicals. Under Chambers, an economist, the company brought in a U.S. management-consultant firm to streamline its organization, moved more vigorously into plastics and synthetic fibers, expanded research in such products as weed killers, antimalarial drugs and fertilizers. Chambers also prodded I.C.I.'s eight product divisions and 257 subsidiaries into becoming more aggressive in staking out new markets.

Though he agrees with Harold Wilson on little else, Chambers shares the belief that Britain needs the Common Market, and he has moved to assure I.C.I.'s place in Europe no matter what happens politically. I.C.I. has bought into smaller European chemical firms, constructed plants in The Netherlands and West Germany. To gear itself to foreign competition, it is now in the final phase of a four-year, \$1.7 billion capitalization program. It was partly because of that outlay that pre-tax profits dropped steadily over the past three years, to \$242 million in 1966. Whatever happens, I.C.I. now does more business abroad than at home, and Chambers thinks that it is in an ideal position "to get in at the top of the next boom."

Chairman-Designate Allen will be primed to greet that boom when it ar-



CHAMBERS



ALLEN

Into the Market, no matter what.

rives. A stout, genial chemist with old-school ties (Harrow, Oxford's Trinity College), Allen is a steam-railway buff who has written six books (*Narrow Gauge Railways of Europe, Steam on the Sierra*) on the subject. A former head of I.C.I.'s plastics division and Canadian operations, he is also a cost-conscious businessman who is quick to criticize corporations for "gathering information that is not needed, collecting useless statistics and disseminating unimportant knowledge."

Only a year younger than his predecessor, Allen plans to serve exactly three years as chairman. After all, says he, "anything less would be absurd, and any longer will see me an old-age pensioner." I.C.I.'s profit picture is expected to brighten during those three years. If it does not, Sir Paul's actions may be to blame, but Sir Peter will wind up paying for them.

AUTOS

And Now for G.M.

After 34 hours of round-the-clock bargaining, negotiators for the United Auto Workers and Chrysler Corp. one night last week reached weary agreement on a new contract—less than four hours before the strike deadline. Though Chrysler was hardly happy with the generous settlement it had been forced to accept, Company Negotiators John D. Leary and William E. O'Brien greeted

the accord with relief. The smallest of the Big Three automakers has been enjoying a sales spurt fueled partly by the strike at Ford. Last month was Chrysler's best October ever—and only by averting a strike could it hope to keep its momentum.

Though agreement came in time, many workers had begun to walk off the job five days before the deadline, and their numbers continued to grow even after the settlement was announced. The unauthorized work stoppages finally closed down Chrysler's auto-assembly operations, though company officials hoped to resume production this week. The walkouts were caused by the same sort of unresolved local work issues that kept Ford shut down for two weeks after it agreed on a nationwide contract. Ford finally went back into production only last week.

Chrysler's 95,000 workers seemed likely to ratify their national settlement. Under the terms, the \$4.64 an hour the average worker now gets in wages and benefits would rise over a three-year period by almost a dollar, virtually the same increase agreed on at Ford. Beyond that, U.A.W. Boss Walter Reuther and his aide Douglas Fraser won some extras, notably a Chrysler commitment to raise the wages of its 11,000 Canadian workers over the next 30 months to the same level as those of U.S. workers, who now earn an average \$4.64 an hour more.

Reuther plans to exact similar concessions from Ford and General Motors on the question of U.S.-Canadian parity. He will get his chance at Ford during upcoming negotiations covering its Canadian workers. G.M. is the only one of the Big Three that has yet to come to terms with the union on a national contract. As the richest, it may hold out against some of Reuther's demands—even to the point of risking a strike. But Reuther, cheered by last week's settlement, predicted that "there is a Chrysler in both Ford and G.M.'s futures."



U.A.W.'S FRASER & REUTHER

More feel for everybody's future.



CHRYSLER'S O'BRIEN & LEARY

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ITALY

Fiat in Fourth

Automakers have had a bad year all over Europe—except in Italy. There, auto-industry sales in the first nine months of 1967 were up 17% over last year's record business. Just seven years ago, there was only one car for every 25 Italians; by the end of this year, there will be one for every seven. The exasperating urban traffic jam has become a national horror. Historic piazzas have been turned into huge parking lots. Ancient Roman roads are being lined with more and more service stations. From Milan in the north to Messina in the south, the car is king.

Nowhere was Italy's automotomania more

ee, to 1,500 cc. sedans that now account for 34% of production. And demand for the bigger, more powerful cars is increasing steadily. With fatter paychecks in their pockets, 4,000,000 Italians now take to the new, no-speed-limit autostradas for "il weekend." They want something a little bigger than "Mickey Mouse" to carry luggage, baby carriages and *bambini*.

Others besides Fiat are trying to sell them what they want. Common Market tariff reductions have brought increasing competition from abroad, and now Fiat, for the first time, is about to be challenged by an Italian firm. State-owned Alfa Romeo, which has decided to produce low-priced, medium-sized cars, is building a plant called Alfa Sud near

MONTE CARLO



FIAT 125 AT TURIN AUTO SHOW

Who wants a weekend with Mickey Mouse?

evident last week than at Turin's 49th annual International Motor Show. Huge crowds packed 580 displays from 15 nations, including the Soviet Union. Most popular of all, with its dazzling display of models in attractive shapes and sizes, was Turin's own Fiat, which is having its best year ever. At home, Fiat has cornered 75% of the market. Last summer its annual production moved past the million mark, and it eased ahead of Volkswagen as the leading earner in Europe—thereby becoming the world's fourth largest producer (after G.M., Ford and Chrysler).

Bigger & Faster. Fiat, says Chairman Gianni Agnelli, owes its success to "a policy of production most suitable to the situation." What he means is that when the Italian economy was in low gear, Fiat built small cars—robust, versatile, economic. But since its 1964 slump, the economy has been picking up speed, and now Fiat is too. Its cars are getting bigger and faster. Tiny, 500 cc. to 600 cc. "Mickey Mouse" models are giving way to huskier, 1,000

Naples; it expects to turn out 300,000 cars annually by 1971.

Fiat, which objected to a "fragmentation of the industry," fought hard to stop the government-sponsored Alfa Sud project. But Alfa President Giuseppe Luraghi was the better lobbyist. "By 1981, automobile production in Italy will double to around 2,600,000 cars," said Luraghi. "We intend to participate in that market, and we hope to have at least one-fourth of it."

Showing the Flag. Fiat is looking well beyond Italy. Its marketplace is all of Europe, and Fiat-style cars will soon be seen even in Russia, where the company is helping to build a plant. Besides, Fiat has succeeded in becoming the biggest non-American automaker without seriously tackling the largest of all markets, the U.S., where it now only "shows the flag" with a token 15,000 sales a year. That may change. But for the moment, says Enrico Mimallo, Fiat sales manager: "We are straining our capacity. We don't need the American market."

BANKING

The Parsons Group

Michigan law puts tight controls around the expansion of banks. There is an absolute ban on the bank holding companies that are familiar throughout the rest of the country: no bank can open a branch farther than 25 miles from its home office, or in a town where another bank is already established. The rules are so strict that the recent acquisitions made by a crew of young businessmen known as "the Parsons Group" seem a blatant invitation to the bank examiners. In the past three years, Donald H. Parsons, 37, and his 15 associates, have bought control of seven Michigan banks. Last week the syndicate took over an eighth.

Everything they have done, however, has been cautiously legal. With one basic tactic, Parsons and his partners have escaped the onus of becoming a bank holding company and evaded the restrictions of branch banking. They have simply set up a new and separate partnership to take over each bank. And Michigan has more than its share ready for takeover. In the Depression days of the early '30s many small Michigan banks were bought up by Reconstruction Finance Corporation examiners who had worked over their books and recognized their long-term potential. Those ex-examiners have now reached retirement age, and are ready to sell out. The Parsons group and its partnerships are attractive buyers, partly because they pay a premium on bank stocks, partly because they make a point of leaving local people in control of the banks they take over—at least at first.

Methodical Man. A stocky, serious six-footer who graduated from Yale ('53) and earned both law and business degrees at the University of Michigan, Parsons is such a methodical type that he draws up a written budget of time to be allotted to his wife, his three children and his business. It was only natural that just before leaving school, he drew up a list of cities in which he might like to practice corporate law. Detroit was low on the list because its "environment" was poor. But its law firms were first-rate, and eventually Parsons managed to convince himself that Detroit was his city. He joined a firm there that put him to work on the affairs of its biggest client, the Detroit Bank & Trust Co.

In 1960, when Parsons set out to establish his own law firm in Birmingham, he had already seen enough of Detroit banking to decide that it was too conservative. By drawing on his own inheritance from a grandfather and tapping friends, Parsons got together \$650,000 and mounted a challenge to Detroit bankers within their own 25-mile limit. In a small Birmingham office building, he founded the Birmingham-Bloomfield Bank. It may not have looked like much, but it had Saturday



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PARSONS

Long way on a little tactic.

banking for suburbanites, lower charges on checking accounts, and it paid 3% on savings rather than the general 1%. As a result, the Birmingham-Bloomfield Bank blossomed from \$3,000,000 in assets to \$100 million. Parsons decided to get into the banking business in a bigger way.

No Quarrel. When Atlas Credit Corp., a Philadelphia-based investment company, offered \$77.50 a share to gain control of Detroit's fourth-largest Commonwealth Bank, Parsons cancelled a business trip to Chicago, huddled for 24 hours with his partners. It would have been ambitious enough just to try for a slice of the bank, but the young partners decided that nothing could be quite so satisfying as complete control. They bettered Atlas' offer by fifty cents a share, organized a public relations campaign that stressed the advantages of hometown ownership. Within three days, after tender offers were counted, Parsons was Detroit's fourth largest banker.

Since then, the group has not only formed new partnerships to take over other banks, but it has also reached into other businesses. Group leaders include Thomas H. Wagner, 51, a successful auto-parts manufacturer; Frederick C. Matthaei Jr., 42, son of the founder of American Metal Products Co.; George B. Kilborne, 37, a Yale classmate of Parsons'; and George W. Miller, 43, whom the group tapped to become president of Commonwealth after its takeover. Their acquisitions include banks in Lansing, Royal Oak, Kalamazoo and Coopersville, as well as office buildings in Detroit and Ann Arbor and interests in small business corporations in Detroit and New York. The more they expand, the more irritated Detroit bankers become. But Group Leader Parsons, already a millionaire, says he has no quarrel with anyone. "There is plenty there for everyone," he insists.

FINANCE

Borrowing at the Ballot Box

Willing as they are to go into debt as consumers, as voters Americans tend to pinch pennies. Just a year ago, in an atmosphere of general uneasiness over inflation and rising interest rates, they voted down fully half of the \$2.3 billion in proposed public-bond issues that were on the ballot across the nation. Not this year. Facing a staggering \$3.5 billion in bond proposals at the polls last week—second highest total in U.S. history—voters enthusiastically turned thumbs up.

In all, an overwhelming 90% of the bonds were approved. New York's record \$2.5 billion transportation program breezed through with a strong 3-to-2 margin (see *THE NATION*). Elsewhere, voters were equally generous, even with proposals that had been turned down before. In San Francisco, where a \$95.5 million airport-improvement died at the polls last year, voters went for a similar project that will cost \$98 million this time around.

Why the change of electoral heart? One powerful reason was offered by New York's Governor, Nelson Rockefeller, who had argued for his big bond issue on grounds that the alternative could be a "major tax increase." Many voters, already fretting over the prospect of rising federal taxes, trekked to the nation's polls with the thought that taking on a public debt with bonds would at least put off local tax increases.

Happy Holding in Luxembourg

As befits a tiny country in the Ardennes hills between France and Belgium, the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg has long been a hospitable tourist center of quiet pastoral charms. Recently the hospitality has been extended to a special group of visitors—executives of U.S. and European blue-chip companies who stay just long enough to enjoy a meal at *Au Gourmet* and to attend the annual meeting of their new holding companies. Donnied for the record in a local bank or lawyer's office, such holding companies have hit the European money market for more than \$500 million in long-term dollar loans in the past two years.

Luxembourg law allows a foreign company incorporated there to transfer freely any funds under its control to its parent company, without any public disclosure. Dividends, too, can be paid to bondholders anywhere, free of withholding tax. Setting up a holding company in Luxembourg with easy access to the local stock exchange costs a trifle—less than 1% of the initial capital—and takes only a few days. Even with a 0.16% annual tax on their nominal capital, companies find the deal far better than similar arrangements elsewhere in Western Europe.

Taking Up the Slack. After President Johnson set up his program of voluntary restraints on the flow of U.S.

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investment abroad in 1965, hitting the European capital market through a Luxembourg holding company came into vogue among U.S. companies. Mobil Oil, the first to be enticed, organized Mobil Oil Holdings, S.A., and in June 1965 floated a \$28 million bond issue to finance foreign operations. Uniroyal, Bankers Trust, Du Pont, Alcoa, Honeywell, ITT, and Standard Oil (Indiana), among others, followed Mobil's lead.

The influx of U.S. companies has been tapering off since last year, when American Cyanamid discovered it was simpler to raise money through a Delaware holding company, which does not have to withhold tax if 80% of its business is done outside the U.S. But European firms are more than taking

up the slack. Germany's AEG, Thyssen, Siemens and Hoechst, for example, have moved in to escape the 25% withholding tax at home on interest paid to foreign holders of German bonds. The roster has grown to 32 companies, almost all in the big leagues.

Luxembourg is delighted. About \$10 million in tax revenue has been collected from holding companies so far, and that is insignificant compared to the benefits reaped by Luxembourg's banking community. Local banks often participate in underwriting consortia, manage bond issues and act as paying agents. Says Professor Jean Blondeel, president of Kredietbank Luxembourgoise, which has trebled its staff since the boom got under way: "We are the Switzerland of the Common Market."

MILESTONES

Married. Cornelius Vanderbilt Jr., 69, scion of one of New York's first families, journalistic gadabout, author of 27 books (*Man of the World: My Life on Five Continents*), mostly about himself; and Mrs. Mary Lou Bristol, 41, his sometime secretary; he for the seventh time, she for the second; in Reno.

Died. Gustav C. Hertz, 49, high ranking U.S. AID official kidnapped by the Viet Cong in Saigon in February 1965; reportedly of malaria; somewhere in Viet Nam. For almost three years his family, friends and the U.S. Government explored every channel, diplomatic and private, seeking his release. Last week his wife received a letter from Cambodia's Prince Sihanouk stating that her husband had died in captivity on Sept. 24. Sihanouk's source: Nguyen Huu Tho, leader of the V.C.'s National Liberation Front.

Died. Hulbert Taft Jr., 60, cousin of "Mr. Republican," the late Robert A. Taft, and chairman of Taft Broadcasting Co., which owns 16 radio and TV stations and produces *Huckleberry Hound* and *The Flintstones* kiddie cartoons; when leaking bottled gas exploded while he was on one of his frequent inspections of the family bomb shelter that he had constructed on his estate; in Indian Hill, a Cincinnati suburb.

Died. James E. Day, 62, president of the Midwest Stock Exchange; of a heart attack; in Chicago. Founder and boss of his own highly successful securities firm, Day took over Chicago's floundering stock exchange in 1946, within a few years had combined with three other Midwestern stock exchanges to create the nation's biggest market outside of Wall Street.

Died. Joseph Kesselring, 65, author of twelve ephemeral plays and one Broadway gem, *Arsonic and Old Love*; of a heart ailment; in Kingston, N.Y.

Died. Adolf Lohse, 65, German financial wizard and longtime (1945 until retirement in October) top executive of the Siemens Group, maker of all things electric; of a heart attack; in Neugründwald, Germany. Senior member of the group's managing troika, Lohse masterminded Siemens' recovery from wartime ruin to second biggest in Germany (after Volkswagen), ranging the world's markets with everything from appliances to computers.

Died. Dr. Rufus E. Clement, 67, Negro educator and president of Atlanta University since 1937; of an apparent heart attack; in Manhattan. Told in 1940 by an Atlanta cop that he would be shot entering a whites-only area, Clement replied: "If I get shot, I'll get shot in the back." That brand of mettle led him to reject Booker T. Washington's philosophy that Negro education should be aimed at vocational skills; instead, he gave A.U. intellectual aims to make it the best of its kind.

Died. Charles Bickford, 78, veteran actor; of emphysema; in Los Angeles. A ruddy-faced onetime lumberjack, Bickford most often merely played himself—a rough, tough, but good and decent man, remembered as the priest in *The Song of Bernadette* (1944), and recently as the leathery ranch owner in TV's *The Virginian*.

Died. Maximos IV Cardinal Sayegh, 89, Patriarch of Antioch and leader of Roman Catholicism's Eastern Melchite Rite; of cancer; in Beirut. One of the fathers of Vatican II, the outspoken patriarch stirred the Council by urging a college of bishops to advise the Pope, an idea that was implemented last September when the Synod of Bishops convened in Rome.

Died. John Nance Garner, 98, Vice President of the U.S. during F.D.R.'s first two terms (see *THE NATION*).



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MCDONNELL DOUGLAS



The French bought up 455 cases of a California wine in four days.



Paris, April 1966.

The French government allowed a few American wine makers to sell their wine in France.
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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Vaudeville of the Absurd

Like an inverted pyramid, all pacifist literature rests upon a single point: as W. H. Auden put it, "We must love one another or die." In *How I Won the War*, Director Richard Lester sharpens the point pictorially but blunts it philosophically by focusing on a platoon of World War II tommy-hallibent on a suicide mission—building an officers' cricket field behind enemy lines in North Africa.

The story is told in film language every bit as wild as the chase itself.



CRAWFORD IN "WAR"
Pyramid to a point.

Time is a liquid, flowing back and forth. One second is the future, and the platoon's officer (Michael Crawford) has been captured by the Germans. The next is the past, and he is just starting out on his mission. Lunacy is the order of the day: staff officers exchange hub-bub-gum cards in the heat of conflict. An ex-cavalry colonel shoots his disabled tank. When a man is wounded, his wife abruptly appears on the battlefield. "It hurts," he groans, looking at his shattered legs. "Run 'em under the cold tap, luv," she advises. Real blood spurts from fictitious wounds. After soldiers die, they return to the ranks—for complex symbolic purposes—eerily uniformed not in khaki but in orange, green or blue.

The basic problem with the film is that the potentially high drama and black comedy are all too often reduced by Lester to a mere vaudeville of the absurd. At times, the kind of war it seems

to be attacking is of the class variety England's upper-crusty Sandhurst snobs are ceaselessly satirized by Crawford and by Michael Hordern as a blimpish colonel obsessed with "the wily Pathan," who claims to understand the working man. "I had a grandfather who was a mimer," he muses, "until he sold it." The larger its targets, the more petty grows the film. In deliberately choosing to caricature one of the most justifiable conflicts of Western history, *War* frequently displays a kind of tasteless, nose-thumbing anti-jingoism, as when a ventriloquist appears with a grating dummy modeled on Winston Churchill.

It is no news to anyone anywhere that war is bloody and cruel. What saves Lester's movie from banality is its dazzlingly surrealistic approach and moments of explosively funny comedy—notably, a court-martial scene in the desert that rivals the Red Queen's interrogation of Alice for sheer illogic. In a generally first-rate cast, Jack MacGowran is outstanding as a mad soldier who could have stepped from the plays of Beckett, while Crawford, as the silly subaltern, alternates hilariously between villainy and vanity. Despite its pictorial audacity and quirky humor, the picture is less impressive as a film against war than as a war against film—the kind of red-blooded Hollywood spectacular that glorifies battle. Nonetheless, Lester's irrepressible stylistic exuberance adds considerable evidence that the four corners of the screen are no more confining than the ancient four corners of the world.

Shortly before *How I Won the War* opened in Germany, Director Richard Lester attended preview screenings before student audiences in Munich, Berlin and Hamburg. Afterward, he debated the film on the stage with politicians and writers. The results, he remembers, were sometimes quite startling. "One politician began shouting that 'the film is an insult to my English comrades in arms who fought bravely against us,' at which point the students in the audience began chanting 'Sieg Heil!' in unison." Such outbursts were the sweet sounds of success for Lester. "Getting these points of view out in the open," he says, "is exactly why we made the movie."

In theme and tone, *How I Won the War* represents something of a departure for Lester, who at 35 is critically regarded as one of the best comedy directors in the business, a camera master of the *tour de farce*. From his first cinematic success with a pair of Beatle capers, *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help!* through *The Knack* and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, he has operated with a cheerful disregard for time, reality, clarity or se-

quence. His films, in more ways than one, cut loose.

Although he now lives in a London suburb, Lester was born in Philadelphia, where he entered first grade at the age of three ("I was bright then, and it's been downhill since"). By 22, he had left a director's job at a local television station to tour Europe and Africa on \$2 a day, coming to rest later at the BBC. There he was assigned to Peter Sellers' memorable madcap comedy series, *The Goon Show*, which in spirit at least resembled Lester's later movies. "We did sketches that had no beginnings and no endings," he recalls. "They would just evolve into totally unrelated situations. You would have a spiral staircase, for example, and down it would be coming a line of U-boat captains and a line of chorus girls."

Lester's first film (in 1959) was a



LESTER
Downhill all the way.

much-praised Sellers' short called *The Running, Jumping and Standing Still Film*, which won an Oscar nomination. Lester was then given a couple of low-budget potboilers to direct, and moved out into daylight with the two Beatles' extravaganzas, which gave the impression of being acted on flying trapezes and established Lester's image as the blithely spirit of the surreal. They also made his fame. "When I lie dying," he says, "the Evening Standard will headline BEATLES DIRECTOR IN DEATH DRAMA, but I don't mind."

Now that *How I Won the War* is finished, Lester has plans to film, of all things, a life of Jesus as seen through the eyes of Judas, John the Baptist and Doubting Thomas, based on the novel *Salt of the Earth* by Carlo Monteroso. His next movie is *Petulia*, starring Julie Christie, which he shot in San Francisco. In Lester's view it is a "sad, desperate, antiromantic picture" (and he would like to retitle it *Romance*).

Like all his post-Goon work, the film



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relies heavily on surrealism, but *Petulia-Romance* achieves this, he feels, in a particular direction: "Not through the exaggeration of detail and incident, but by means of the distortion of time." Instead of flashbacks, there will be a series of flash-forwards, from almost subliminal, brief glimpses of images that appear later in the film to whole sequences outlining a character's expectations. "The film," he says, "is extremely difficult and complex in that it requires the audience to think ahead. But this is indeed the natural way people think."

The Self as Hero

Most people, when they feel autobiographical urges, sit down and commit their story to the typewriter, or just talk to the wife, a bartender or a psychiatrist. Not Conrad Rooks. He decided to make a movie about himself. The result is *Chappaqua*, named after the Westchester County commuters' village where Rooks spent what he considers the only happy years of his youth (from 8 to 13). The film is an 82-minute phantasmagoric *apologia pro sua dolce vita* in which the ex-junkie-alcoholic takes himself into and then out of the world of addiction and related vice.

Assisted by the fluent camerawork of Robert Frank and Etienne Becker, Rooks served as his own writer, director and star, turning himself inside out on the screen. He traces his course from mixed-up rich man's son along a dizzying downward spiral, through some hard-edged therapy at a Paris sanatorium, and toward the bright end of self-realization. Rooks sees most of his life from a hospital bed in a series of intricate overlapping flashbacks that add up to a collage of visions, ranging from drug-inspired distortion to moments of near lucidity. A razor-sharp editing job and imaginative juxtaposition of black-and-white and color succeed as few films have in suggesting how alcoholic and narcotic hallucinations appear to the beholder.

Rooks is an amateur at film making, and it shows: plot coherence is not one of *Chappaqua*'s strengths. Nevertheless, he lured Veteran French Actor Jean-Louis Barrault into playing a key role as the sanatorium's head doctor, and persuaded Sitarist Ravi Shankar to write a vibrant background score that often deservedly moves into the foreground. The film is otherwise peopled by a random collection of the current cool, including Novelist William Burroughs, Poet Allen Ginsberg and Jazzman Ornette Coleman in bit parts.

Rooks, now 32, put 4½ years into the making of *Chappaqua*, along with an inherited \$500,000. He refers to the project as a "rehabilitation program," and claims that "any halfway-intelligent spectator will see that it is not favorable to drug addiction." His only previous movie experience came at 21, when he had a brief fling in production at Expert Films, Inc., part of Man-



ROOKS IN "CHAPPAQUA"

In the eye of the beholder.

hattan's nudie industry (FINE, Oct. 20). That ended when Rooks was arrested for possession of narcotics. Given a three-year suspended sentence, he drifted in and out of odd jobs and a brief marriage, occasionally stealing cash from his father's wallet to buy dope.

When his father died in 1962, Rooks repaired his shattered psyche at a Swiss sanatorium, along lines that suggest the substance of the film and his ultimate redemption. Currently, he neither drinks nor smokes, lives in a Manhattan town house, and bristles with new film projects. He already has a contract with U.S. Distributor Walter Reade to film Hermann Hesse's mystical *Siddhartha* in India next January. "Hesse," says Rooks, "answers the three questions: Who am I? Why am I here? Where am I going? If I can make a film showing this, I can reassure people of the meaning of existence."

THE TRADE

Places, Everyone

At the age of 63, Cary Grant is finally slipping—at least by the standards of *Box Office* magazine, which annually charts the fluctuations of Hollywood's blue-chip actors and actresses. Replacing him as the No. 1 male movie attraction is Richard Burton, followed by Paul Newman, Lee Marvin (up from tenth place in 1966), John Wayne, Sidney Poitier, Sean Connery, Jack Lemmon, Grant, Michael Caine, Steve McQueen, Dean Martin and Dick Van Dyke.

Among female stars, the firmament is considerably firmer: Julie Andrews is first for the third straight year, followed by Elizabeth Taylor, Audrey Hepburn, Jane Fonda (tenth last year), Sophia Loren, Shirley MacLaine, Julie Christie, Doris Day, Hayley Mills, Natalie Wood, Debbie Reynolds and Sandy Dennis—the only new face on the list.

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CIVIL RIGHTS

Rare Rebuke

In the summer of 1963, Selma, Ala., was embroiled in a voter-registration drive among Negroes. In standard response, local police made arrests on charges that ranged from vagrancy to concealing identity, from inciting to riot and truancy (for the children) to driving automobiles without proper license-plate lights.

The U.S. Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit has just reversed all the convictions, as expected. But the reversal was unexpected. In an action brought by the Justice Department under the Civil Rights Act of 1957, the court not only ordered the county to repay fines collected from the defendants and to expunge all notation of the arrests and convictions from the records; but, most unusually, it also ordered the county to pay all costs incurred in defense of the baseless charges, including "reasonable" attorneys' fees.

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

Courtroom Crack-Up

Cellophane courtroom dramas often come to an end with the guilty person breaking down in the witness box and giving himself away while the judge looks on. It rarely happens that way in real life. But the pressures of the courtroom are great, and last week in Manhattan Harold Weinberg found them overwhelming.

In 1954, Weinberg confessed to murdering Greenwich Village Poet-Novelist Maxwell Bodenheim and Bodenheim's wife. A former mental patient, he appeared in court for arraignment on the charges and began singing *The Star-Spangled Banner*. "Are you a Communist?" he asked the magistrate. Minutes later he interrupted his court-appointed lawyer and began pounding his desk. "I need some big-shot attorney who believes in the American flag. I don't want any lawyer. I'm for the public. The public is for me. I'm normal." His outburst made his condition clear. He was declared unfit to stand trial; after being diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic, he was committed to Matteawan State Hospital.

There he remained for 13 years (except for a few hours in 1961 when he escaped). Last April, Matteawan doctors decided that he was now capable of standing trial. He was sent to Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital where other psychiatrists agreed. The only hitch was that in the years since 1954, confessions obtained without informing the accused of his right to silence and a lawyer were declared inadmissible by the U.S. Supreme Court. Weinberg's confession did not meet the requirements,

and the prosecution had little other evidence against him. Whether they knew it or not, the psychiatrists were freeing him. All Weinberg had to do was hang on to his mental balance until a *pro forma* hearing made his release official.

But last week, as he walked under guard into the hearing, he broke down. "Kill me, kill me," he shouted incoherently. "Nobody say anything in this court. I do all the talking." Pointing at his lawyer, he said, "He killed Maxwell Bodenheim. I saw him. Send him to Matteawan for the rest of his life." Justice George Carney finally said, "Take him out." As the door closed behind



WEINBERG (LEFT) AFTER ARREST (1954)
So hard to hang on.

him, Weinberg screamed, "Don't send me back to Matteawan, please, your honor." Said Justice Carney: "I hope he will be given a more careful examination this time."

LABOR LAW

Out of the Featherbed

Freight trains going through Arkansas must perform an odd ritual. At the border, the train stops and picks up one or two additional crewmen. The men remain aboard, working with the regular crew while the train traverses the state; they are dropped off as it crosses the border on the way out.

Arkansas law requires a minimum of six crewmen in both the operation and the switching of a freight train. It and similar laws in other states are the result of persuasive union lobbying, and have generally been upheld in the courts. But now, a three-judge U.S. District Court has struck down the Arkansas

law in such a way as to put the others in jeopardy.

The supposed justification for Arkansas' legislated featherbedding was safety, but the court was not impressed. "We find," said the judges unanimously, "that freight trains have been operated and switched throughout the country for the past number of years with crews of five men or less and that the operations have been conducted with safety. It follows automatically that such operations can be conducted safely with fewer than six men." The court then granted the request of six railroads and threw out the law as being "unreasonable and oppressive," in violation of due process and an "unconstitutional burden" on interstate commerce.

THE SUPREME COURT

The Chief

Few U.S. citizens have led lives unaffected by what the Supreme Court has wrought since Earl Warren became Chief Justice in 1953. The very words "the Warren court" summon in many an instant surge of anger or admiration. Much of that emotion is directed toward Warren personally. "Biggest damfool mistake I ever made," Dwight Eisenhower said privately some years after appointing him. "The greatest Chief Justice of them all," Lyndon Johnson wrote affectionately before Warren's birthday party last year.

Paradoxically, though, the court's spirit, philosophy and thrust have often been credited to Justices Black and Douglas—or to almost anyone but Warren. Little has been said about the Chief Justice's role. Now that Warren, at 76, has begun his 15th term, two new biographies, by former Newspaperman Leo Katcher and Freelance Writer John Weaver, have just been published. Though both are somewhat sprawling and unfocused, they suggest that the Warren court owes much of what it has accomplished to Earl Warren.

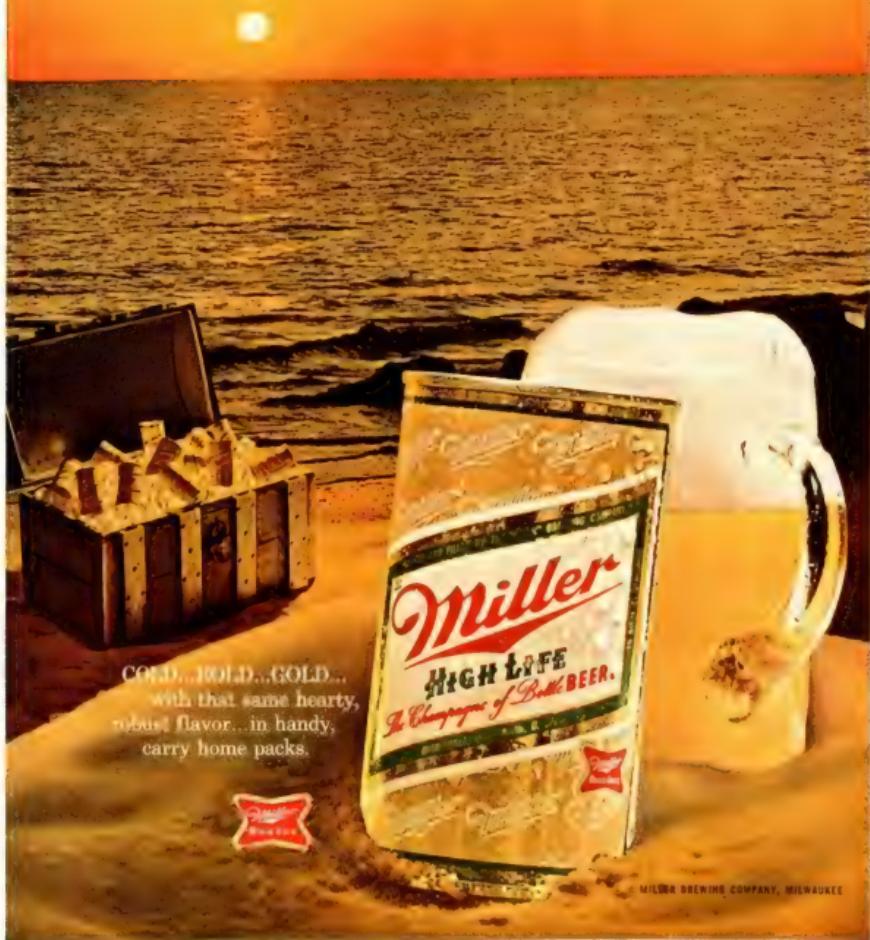
Less on Precedents. Under Warren's leadership, the court has left its greatest marks in three areas: 1) civil rights, starting with the 1954 school-desegregation decision; 2) one-man, one-vote reapportionment; and 3) widened protection for the criminal defendant, promulgated most notably in the *Mapp-Gideon-Eschenbach-Miranda* series.

Warren's deep involvement in the court's major cases began almost immediately after he ascended the bench on October 5, 1953. His first big test was *Brown v. Board of Education*, the school-desegregation case. It was quickly apparent to him that a majority of the court was going to strike down the separate-but-equal rule, which had been challenged in Kansas and three other states. Well aware that an order to desegregate all public schools would be a nation-shaking step, the new Chief was anxious that the decision be unanimous, without any separate concurrences. He

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WARREN COURT'S OFFICIAL 1967 PORTRAIT
Practitioner in the art of the possible.

set out to write that single opinion himself, and after many conferences, revisions and shifts, he brought it off. Separating Negro children "from others of similar age and qualifications solely because of their race," said Warren, "generates a feeling of inferiority that may affect their hearts and minds in a way unlikely ever to be undone."

From that moment, it was apparent that the Chief was to be a judge whose concern and feeling for the individual tended to outweigh his reliance on specific precedents of the law. During oral arguments before the court, it became his custom to break into a lawyer's taut legalistic reasoning and ask: "Yes, but is it fair?" In *Reynolds v. Sims*, which in 1964 extended "one man, one vote" to both houses of state legislatures, he wrote for the majority: "Legislators represent people, not trees or acres. Legislators are elected by voters, not farms or cities or economic interests. To the extent that a citizen's right to vote is debased, he is that much less a citizen. The basic principle of representative government remains, and must remain, unchanged—the weight of a citizen's vote cannot be made to depend on where he lives."

Last year Warren again moved to the support of the individual in the *Miranda* decision. In setting down broad new rules requiring police to tell a suspect of his right to remain silent and to have an attorney present, Warren wrote that the police "interrogation environment is created for no purpose other than to subjugate the individual to the will of his examiner. This atmosphere carries its own badge of intimidation."

* Seated: Harlan, Black, Warren, Douglas, Brennan. Standing: Fortas, Stewart, White, Marshall.

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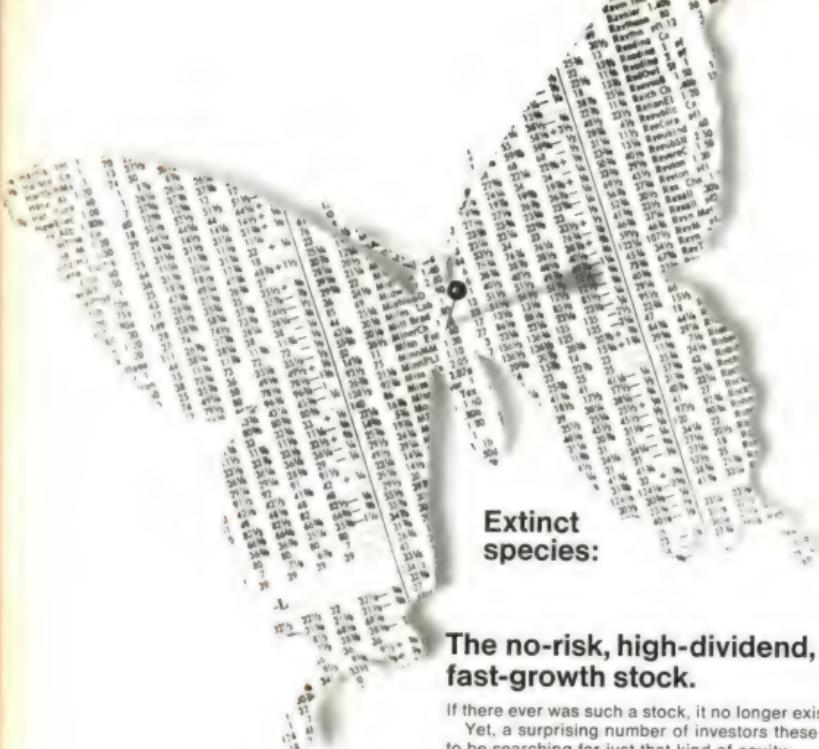
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tion. A recurrent argument is that society's need for interrogation outweighs the privilege" against self-incrimination. But "the Constitution prescribed the rights of the individual when confronted with the power of government when it provided in the Fifth Amendment that an individual cannot be compelled to be a witness against himself. That right cannot be abridged."

The Organizer. In running the court, Warren applies pragmatic talents to achieve his ends. His essential contribution has been that of the canny organizer, practicing the "art of the possible" on his colleagues. As Chief, he can schedule the order in which cases come up during the weekly discussions in the handsome, oak-paneled conference room next to his chambers. By tradition, he speaks first on each case and decides how much time can be allotted to it. Though no Justice would ever cut another off, Warren, as a longtime court watcher puts it, "simply doesn't schedule any wrangling time." He also assigns the writing of decisions when he is part of the majority. By choosing a Justice slightly less doctrinaire in a touchy case, he can often hold together a shaky majority.

Yale Law Professor Fred Rodell writes that what Warren "cares about are results, and preferably unanimous or near-unanimous results, rather than fine or fancy phrases which may trigger dissents." Indeed, though there is still much disagreement among the Justices, the Warren court last term returned 32% of its written decisions unanimously, compared with the 18% recorded by the court under Warren's predecessor, Chief Justice Fred Vinson, in his final term (1952-53).

Those Long Opinions. Warren's unconcern for fine phrases, however, is part of what prompts the most serious criticism directed at him. To many, his opinions lack convincing clarity and contain less than excellent supportive legal argument. "He doesn't have the intellectual qualities to be on the faculty of any good law school," grumps one law professor. The University of Chicago's Philip Kurland, editor of the *Supreme Court Review*, adds that the court's opinions have "too much rhetoric and too little reasoning. They don't have time to write short opinions; so they write long ones." The result is a lack of precision.

Despite his admiration of Warren, whom he extravagantly calls "the greatest Chief Justice after John Marshall," Harvard Law Professor Archibald Cox argues that this lack is an important failing. Only by virtue of how well the court explains itself can it command consent. Its prestige comes "from the belief that the major influence in judicial decisions is not fiat but principles which

* Less serious criticism may well be muted henceforth. Robert Welch recently announced that his John Birch Society was shelving its "Impeach Earl Warren" campaign for lack of public response.



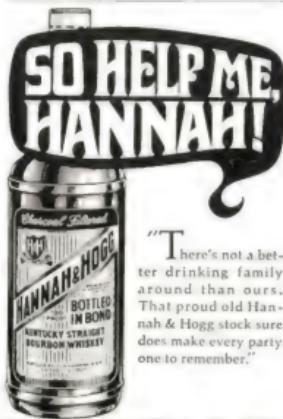
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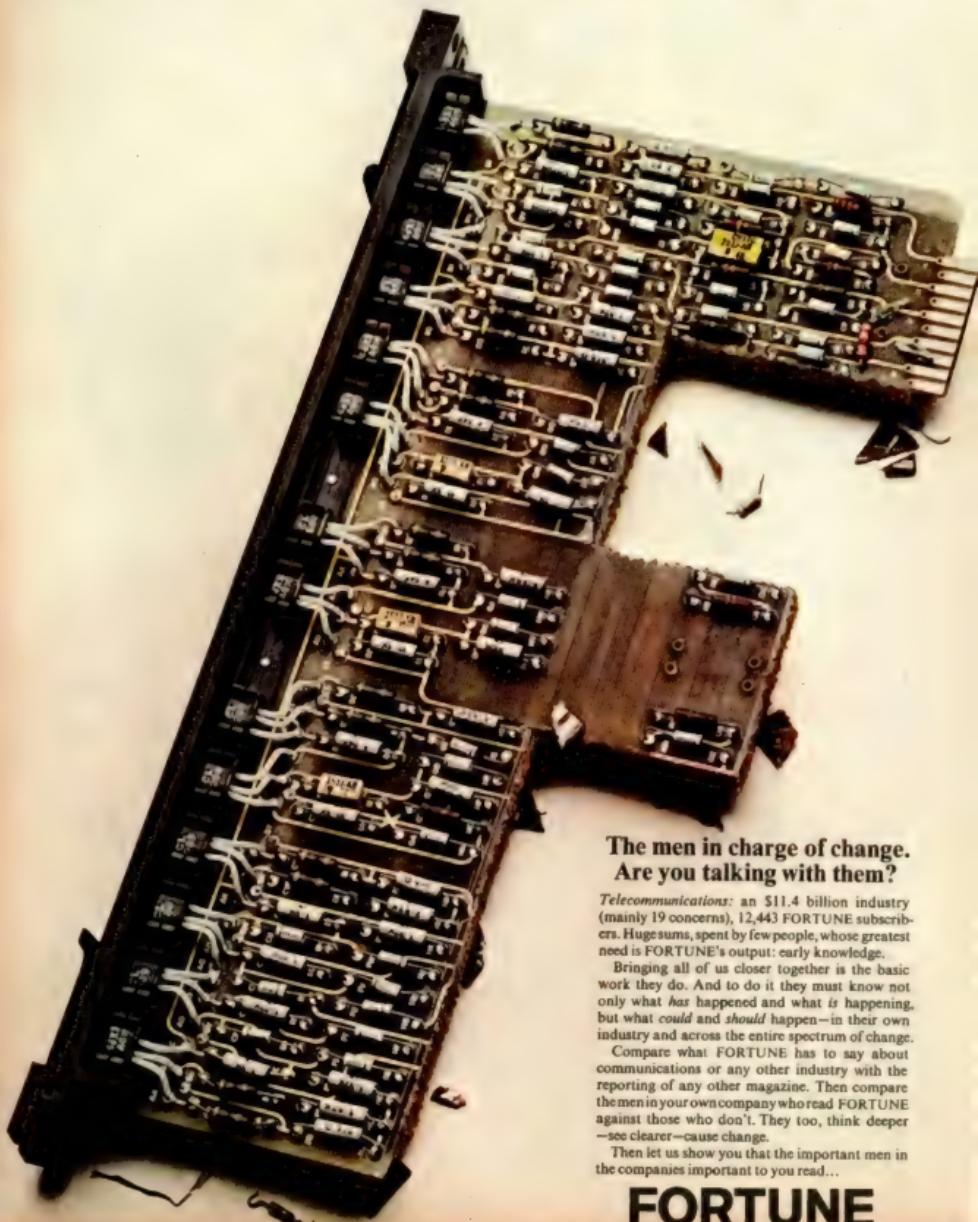


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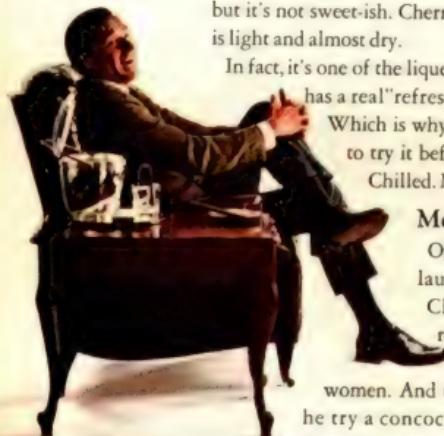
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bind the judges and apply consistently among all men." In addition, lack of precision leads to confusion, and confusion leads to the necessity of reinterpretation. Though the Warren court is by no means the first to spend time interpreting what it has already said, it has had to do a large amount of this work. And sometimes the clarification can lead to new uncertainties, as did *Miranda*, which was meant, said Warren, "to give concrete constitutional guidelines" in answer to the questions raised by *Eichstaedt*.

Primarily Political. Warren had a long career in public life before coming to the court. In all three major areas where the court has left its mark, Warren had previously taken opposite stands. During 23 years as deputy district attorney, then D.A. of Alameda County and attorney general of California, he was, as he puts it, "a hard prosecutor." As for civil rights, he outspokenly backed the infamous internment of all California residents with Japanese blood during World War II. Finally, as three-term Republican Governor, he vigorously expressed his opposition to a more representative reapportionment of voting districts; it would have meant less power for his party.

Still, Justice William O. Douglas has observed that "we all come to the court with our bags fully packed." And Warren's bags contained one overriding asset: his finely honed skill as a politician and administrator. A big, friendly man who has been described as a "Swedish Jim Farley," he has in reality as much political toughness as geniality. Warren obviously believes that in vital areas where the legislative and executive branches will not or cannot move, it is up to the court. Under him, the court has taken the Bill of Rights and extended it in every direction in behalf of the individual.



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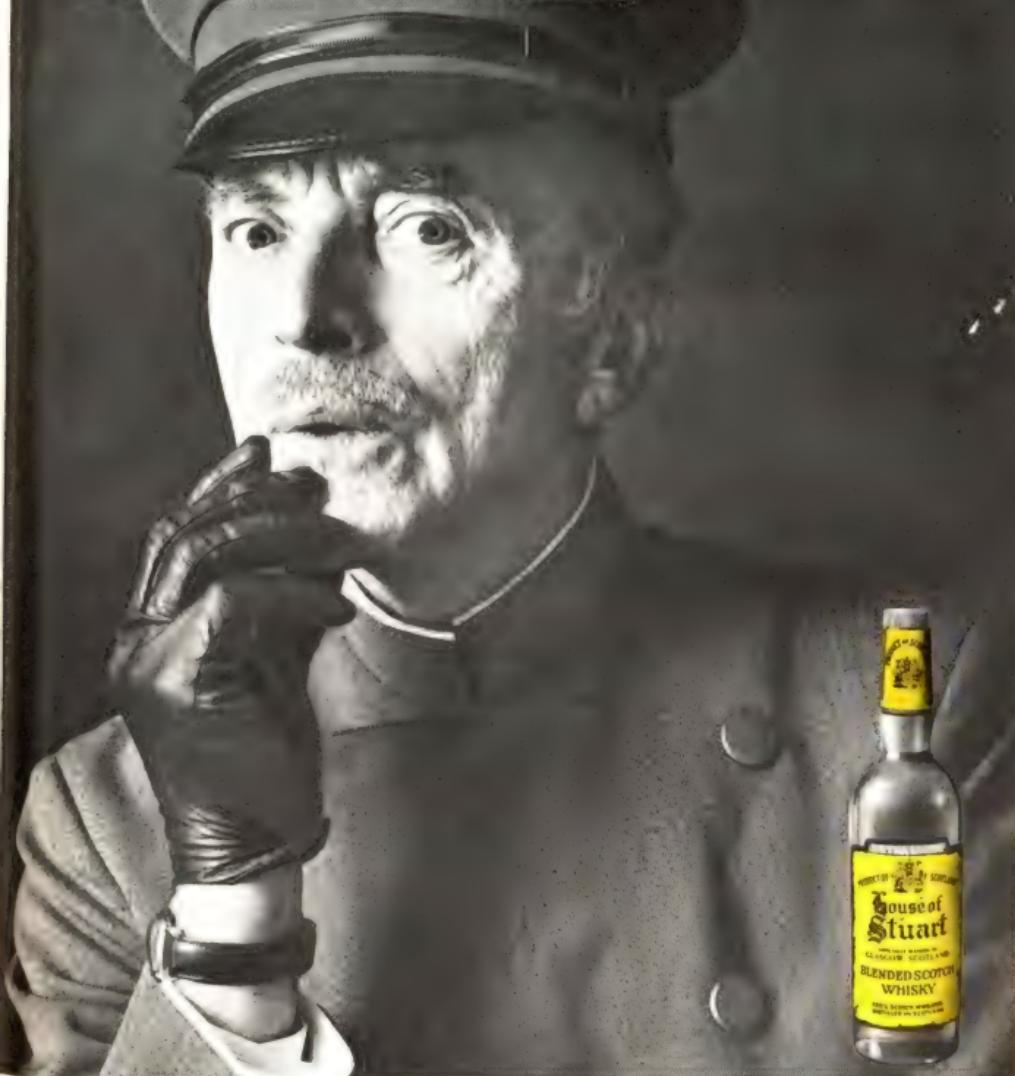
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After the War

Beyond Vietnam: The United States and Asia by Edwin O. Reischauer. 242 pages. Knopf. \$4.95.

Books about Viet Nam have become a sizable industry. In 1967 alone, more than 50 authors produced observations, histories and critiques of various kinds; some of them are reasoned and informed, too many of them either superficial or passionately prejudiced (*see box*). Edwin Reischauer, 57, former U.S. Ambassador to Japan, who now teaches Japanese history and politics at Harvard, has written a different Viet Nam book. True to its title, it ranges far beyond that country. Despite Reischauer's severe strictures against U.S. policy, it is a responsible and hopeful book; despite its sober style, it glows with devotion both to the U.S. and to Asia.

About Viet Nam Reischauer is far from the conventional dove. He believes that getting involved there was a mistake, chiefly because the U.S. can-

not from the outside provide the leadership, the will and the social reforms that Vietnamese society itself has failed to supply. He also believes that if Viet Nam had gone Communist in the early '50s, it would not have mattered much to U.S. interests. At present he favors cessation of the bombing but a continued, strong military buildup behind a barrier along the 17th parallel, to persuade the Viet Cong that they cannot win and must negotiate. Under his peace plan, the Viet Cong would be given undisputed rule of the areas they now control. The next stage calls for North and South Viet Nam to be united as one country whose neutrality would be guaranteed by international agreements.

Less Is More. If and when the problem of Viet Nam is settled, the U.S. must tackle a far more crucial task: a revamping of American policy toward China. As a century-long friend of China, the U.S. reacted like a "jilted lover" when the Chinese Communists took over after World War II. In Reischauer's view, it was necessary to contain

Communist China in the 1950s, and it remains necessary today.

But he also believes that the U.S. grossly overestimates Peking's power and its ability to threaten let alone conquer other Asian nations. He thinks that the U.S. blundered by waging a worldwide campaign to isolate Red China (though he concedes that China did a great deal to isolate itself), and he regards as "silly" and a "shame" the U.S. policy of recognizing the Nationalist regime on Taiwan as the legitimate government of China. Reischauer's prescription: grant immediate diplomatic recognition to Mao Tse-tung, seek Chinese admission to the U.N., and declare publicly that the U.S. wishes harmonious relations with China. He knows that this would have no immediate influence on Mao Tse-tung and the present Peking regime, but he is obviously thinking about another generation of Chinese leaders.

For the long range, Reischauer counsels less not more direct U.S. involvement in Asia. The U.S. Seventh Fleet should continue to shield the island nations, and the line must be held in Korea. But elsewhere, the U.S. should

VIET NAM IN PRINT

A mixed bag of books on Viet Nam published this year:

- **LAST REFLECTIONS ON A WAR** by Bernard Fall (*Doubleday*, \$4.95), is a reminder of the business he left unfinished when a hidden Viet Cong mine killed Fall at 40 last February near the Demilitarized Zone. Beginning in 1952, Fall had dedicated 15 years to single-minded study of Viet Nam's bloody travail, had become a world authority on the baffling complexities of Communist-style guerrilla warfare. This posthumous collection of his last writings carries forward but adds little to arguments that he expounded tirelessly in Viet Nam during frequent trips into battle. He stresses the war's political nature: "When a country is being subverted," he warns, "it is not being fought; it is being outadministered." And he ridicules ideas that Viet Cong guerrillas could be bought off with a massive infusion of material aid. "One can't fight a militant doctrine with better privies," he writes. Fall's perceptions of men at war permeate his last articles and a tape recording recovered from his body. "It smells bad," he commented moments before his foot triggered the mine. "Could be an amb."
- **M** by John Sack (*New American Library*, \$4.50), a raucous and vibrant chronicle of an American infantry company's preparation for combat and its baptism of fire in Viet Nam; and **NO PLACE TO DIE** by Hugh Mulligan (*Morrow*, \$5.95), a catalogue of the many different varieties of fighting in Viet Nam, are both correspondents' books depicting war's unvarnished nastiness. Both also recall the long stretches of inaction between horrors, and each author has an ear attuned to the incongruities, the horseplay and simple compassion of fighting men that explain why soldiers do not turn into professional killers once their day in the front line is done.
- **VIETNAM** by Mary McCarthy (*Harcourt, Brace & World*, \$5.95), is seen darkly through bale-colored glass. The Viet Cong somehow do not make the scene; the G.I. is an unmitigated heavy. Novelist McCarthy confesses at the outset that her visit to the war last February for the *New York Review of Books* was to seek what was damaging to America. Written in corrosive prose, her book is a searing catalogue of squalor: rusting heaps of empty cans marking the prog-

ress of American divisions across the countryside, unwashed refugees and naive do-gooding Americans burbling enthusiastically of winning Vietnamese hearts and minds as they deepen the people's agony. Apparently, she looked for nothing else.

► **THE NEW LEGIONS** by Donald Duncan (*Random House*, \$1.95), has emotional authenticity. Duncan has killed. A professional soldier, he served 18 months in Viet Nam with the Green Berets and then quit to join the antiwar chorus. His account of deadly jungle hide-and-seek by Special Forces "Sneaky Petes" in the Viet Cong's midst throbs with veracity. But it was not the killing that made Duncan change his mind about war, or scenes of murder and torture, or simply the mind-numbing training that preceded his Viet Nam hitch. The crisis came instead deep in Viet Cong territory when he was cut off and surrounded, sure he was about to die. With luck, he got out alive and the go-go editors of the anti-almost-everything magazine *Ramparts* hired him as military editor. The book says as much about the author's state of mind as about Viet Nam.

► **THE VILLAGE OF BEN SUC** by Jonathan Schell (*Knopf*, \$3.95), a 24-year-old Harvard graduate student, unreels an unemotional chronicle of how Americans evicted Ben Suc's 3,500 peasants at gunpoint last January and demolished their homes in an effort to clear the area of guerrillas. He flew in with the G.I.s to Ben Suc, on the edge of the Viet Cong's Iron Triangle stronghold 30 miles northwest of Saigon; then he followed the uprooted villagers to a bleak camp behind barbed wire. He paints a picture of unrelenting misery inspired by wanton cruelty—but he elects to omit details that would have colored it differently. For example, he has admitted to knowing that Propagandist Le Khanh Trung, one of the highest-ranking Viet Cong ever to fall into American hands, was found in Ben Suc; but he does not deem it worth mentioning in his book. Nor does he tell how Ben Suc's farmers were given new land and homes elsewhere, nor that the village was destroyed as part of an operation to deny the Viet Cong use of a jungle sanctuary where 720 guerrillas were killed, thousands of secret documents uncovered and hundreds of tunnels and bunkers destroyed. But all that might have spoiled his story.



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disengage, at least militarily. Reischauer believes that the general trend in Asia is favorable to U.S. interests anyway. That trend is nationalism, and Reischauer believes that U.S. aid, wisely and unobtrusively administered, can promote the growth of healthy national states in Asia. He also holds out hope for regional groupings, and banks heavily on the progressive influence of Japan.

No Arrogance. Reischauer may be too complacent about China (he mentions Peking's nuclear weapons only in passing). And he may also be too relaxed about the possibility of continental Asian nations going Communist despite U.S. economic and political aid. But in sum, his book reflects reason, professional skill—and the opposite of the neo-isolationists' posture. Referring to Senator Fulbright's frequent complaints about the American "arrogance of power," Reischauer maintains to the contrary that "we have shown extraordinarily little arrogance. We might more correctly be accused of showing naïveté in the use of power." The U.S. should have more confidence in "our ideals and institutions and in the good sense of Asians." It is such confidence, argues Reischauer, that ultimately will influence the people of Asia.

Remorse & Victory

ISRAEL JOURNAL JUNE 1967 and DEATH HAD TWO SONS by Yael Dayan. 113 and 191 pages. McGraw-Hill. \$4.95 each.

There is more to Israeli General Moshe Dayan than meets one eye. Not only was he the "Hero of Sinai" in the 1956 war against Egypt and Defense Minister at the time of the Six-Day War last June; he is also the father of a talented daughter who at 28 looks like Joan Baez and writes like S.I.A. Marshall.

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ing reputation: one is a novel that was going to press when the conflict broke out, the other a hasty but exhilarating campaign chronicle of Yael's experiences in the war.

Abraham's Choice. The novel is a stark tale that shows how the ghosts of the Hitler era still haunt the Promised Land. In a Polish concentration camp, Nazi guards tell Haim Kalinsky that since his two sons are so "nice," they will kill only one of them—thus forcing on him a sadistic perversion of Abraham's choice. Kalinsky selects his favorite, eleven-year-old Shmuel, to be spared, while six-year-old Daniel is led away to be slaughtered.

By war's end, Shmuel is dead, and the father later emigrates to Israel but the Nazi camp commander has not actually killed Daniel; his aim was only to torment the father. Saved by a whim, the embittered youth also descends upon Israel. There the tensions of filial hatred and paternal remorse are unstrung against the sun-scorched background of today's Beersheba, city of patriarchs. Author Dayan's hard-bitten way with the English language raises this novel well above the sagging sentimentality of the Urises and Michener.

Moisturizing Cream. The campaign journal is equally well done, if far more ebullient. Yael was assigned as a combat correspondent to the armored division of celebrated General Ariel ("Arik") Sharon. She records how Sharon, outmanned and outgunned, swept out of the Negev, cracked the Egyptian main line of resistance at Um-Katel, and opened the route to the Suez Canal for Israeli armor. She has a sharp sense of color. At the village of Nuebel: "The sandstorm receded, and silence took over. The horn of a burning vehicle was operating—a wan sound of alarm not to die for hours—like a soft reminder of what was."

Between firefights, with her Uzi submachine gun cuddled in one hand, she was frequently taking a moment to apply a dab of "moisturizing cream" to her sunburned face or trying to comb out her tangled braids. And with good cause. Accompanying her through most of the campaign was Colonel Dov Sion, 46, an aide to Sharon. A month after war's end, the colonel and the correspondent were married.

Our Man in Paris

THE COLLECTED STORIES OF ANDRÉ MAUROIS. 396 pages. Washington Square Press. \$5.95.

In American eyes, André Maurois was the official, standard model of the perfect Frenchman: urbane, epigrammatic, totally literate and beyond despair. A connoisseur of the senses, he believed that "the world of appearance is the only one we will ever know." While the existentialists stormed intellectual bastilles, he coolly sat down to write in his luxurious apartment overlooking the Bois de Boulogne, carefully

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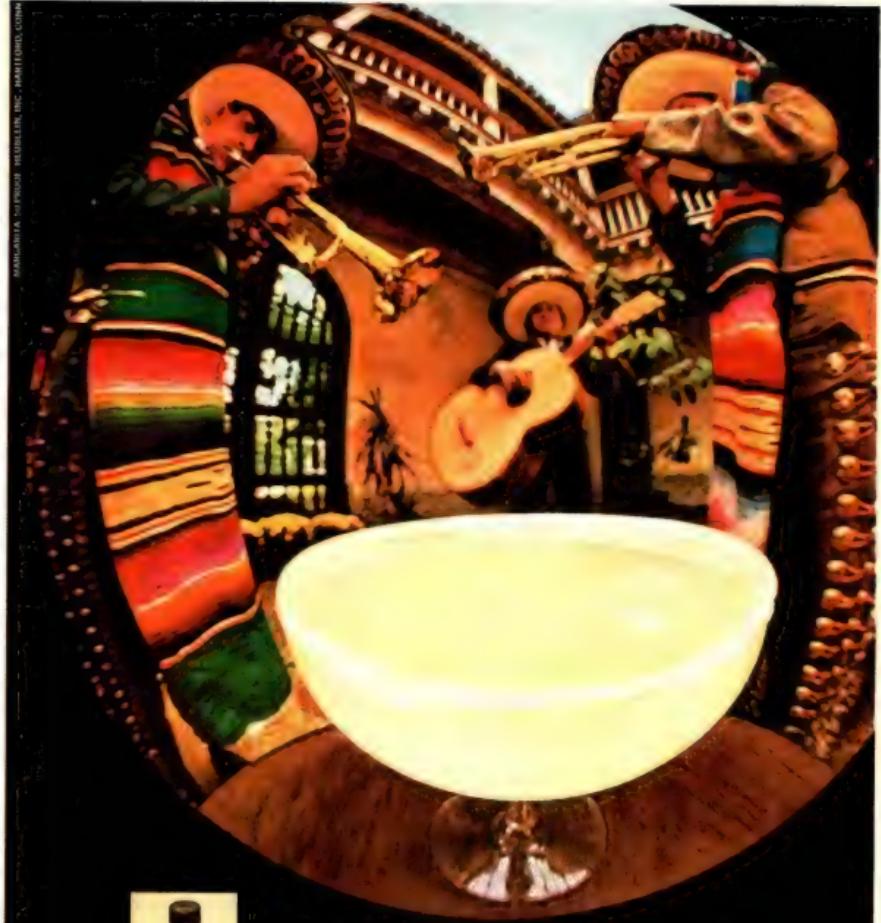
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ANDRÉ MAUROIS

Irony rust on the most intense emotion.

dressed for literature (blue serge suit, quiet four-in-hand, expensive leather carpet slippers). An unabashed Anglophile, he became a one-man diplomatic corps to the English-speaking world; from the Anglo-Saxon point of view, he was Our Man in Paris.

He looked back on the past of others—Shelley, Byron, Dickens, Proust, Disraeli—and returned them to life in supremely readable biographies. When he died last month at 82, Maurois was best remembered and eulogized for those biographies. But he possessed other skills, as is shown by his *Collected Stories*, published a few days after his death. He was a distinguished partisan in the only warfare the French ever enjoyed, and the only fight Americans think that they have pressed hard—the battle of the sexes. "One must make the choice between loving women and knowing them; there is no middle course," said Nicolas Chamfort, 18th century epigrammatist. True for most men, but not for Maurois. He loved women, and he knew them.

Lovers & Cars. The 38 stories read like the notebook of a benign confessor. Most of them are about women—beautiful and rich, wise and foolish, vital and declining, ensnaring and ensnared in a love trap. Or if not in love, then remembering what it was like and regretting the flight of passion. Maurois' women give to friendship only what they steal from love; they give to love only what their husbands have forgotten how to take. His couples are always married but rarely to one another. They change lovers the way Americans trade cars. The transfers usually take place for the same reasons—novelty and the pride of ownership. Maurois uses these affairs of passion for classic purposes—to reveal character and find irony, rusting the most intense of emotions. Talked out of marrying the wrong American, the heroine of *Home Port* marries his French



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equivalent. "You don't change a person's nature," she admits later. "You touch it."

In his finest story, *The Fault of M. Bulzoni*, Maurois brings the full weight of irony crashing down on a brilliant but ambitious scholar. "A really distinguished mistress would spare me ten years of setbacks and sordid intrigue," says Lecadieu. He gets one, a politician's wife. He also gets caught. Exiled from Paris, forced to marry a worn-out woman, he ends up a wreck teaching Latin texts to schoolboys. He can't even remember what his ambition was.

The Somerset Maugham of adultery, Maurois framed his stories as conversations, recollections, letters. Their narrative line is sure, their characters well etched, their climaxes cutting. With a wave of his magician's hand he dismisses doubt. Maurois himself thought his stories "may be the best things I have written." Perhaps. More likely they are best as clues to his personality and his success.

Excess of Sympathy. Born Emile Herzog, son of an Alsation Jewish industrialist, Maurois fled the family textile works and served as a liaison officer to the British army during World War I before taking up his writing career. Despite his gifts of dialogue and invention, his fiction existed within the bounds of bourgeois convention. "I wrote about a rather limited world," he admitted. When he tried to do otherwise, he produced clichés. The interplanetary observers of *The Life of Man* saw human beings behaving like ants. In *The Departure*, the dead queue up to board airplanes. Typically, Maurois chose his biographical subjects for personality, the test being "whether I can get on with this man or this woman." Therefore, the biographies, like his stories, suffered from an excess of sympathy.

Maurois was a lover, not a critic, of mankind. His art paid a price for it. His romantic world was always tidier than its sloppy model. Yet his elegant narrowness brought him intimacy with an audience of millions seeking in literature the order that life denies. The irony would not have escaped him.

Speak to Me!

THE MIND OF THE DOLPHIN: A NON-HUMAN INTELLIGENCE by John Cunningham Lilly, M.D. 310 pages Doubleday, \$5.95.

Like Dr. John Dolittle, Dr. John Lilly is possessed by the idea that humans can and should learn to communicate with other species. To that end, he has spent the past several years learning about bottlenose dolphins, the species that he believes will eventually make the breakthrough.

Why dolphins? Lilly explains that the brain of the seagoing mammal, which is 20% to 40% larger than man's, seems to be at least as complex in structure. This, as well as the dolphin's elev-

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PETER & MARGARET IN POOL

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er mannerisms, suggests to him that its intelligence may be equal to or even surpass man's.

To measure the extent and nature of that intelligence, Lilly established his unique Dolphin Point Laboratory in the Virgin Islands, and in this intriguing but eccentric book he describes how he has examined and trained dolphins, recorded and analyzed their voices, lived like them—and even with them. Lilly, a neurophysiologist who has also had training in physics and biophysics, has spent hours underwater in a darkened pool, attempting to understand the sensations experienced by dolphins. He believes that dolphins try to communicate with man by mimicking human voices and he has cooperated in experiments trying to teach dolphins to speak English. (No success as yet.)

Margaret Howe, Lilly's attractive young researcher, actually lived with a dolphin named Peter in a flooded room for 2½ months in an attempt to communicate more effectively. She found Peter to be very responsive. As a matter of fact, Peter exhibited considerable interest in effecting some kind of sexual breakthrough, indicating that Dr. Lilly may be a good deal nearer the truth about inter-species communication than he suspected.

Lilly undermines his accomplishments, and his book, with a stubborn allegiance to an unsubstantiated theory: that mammals with brains larger than man's are more intelligent than man. Without offering any scientific documentation, he suggests that the sperm whale, whose brain is six times as big as man's, could hear a symphony once, store it in his computerlike mind and play it back to himself note by note. Says Lilly wistfully: "I would like to exchange ideas with a sperm whale." The last fellow who dared to say that was Captain Ahab.



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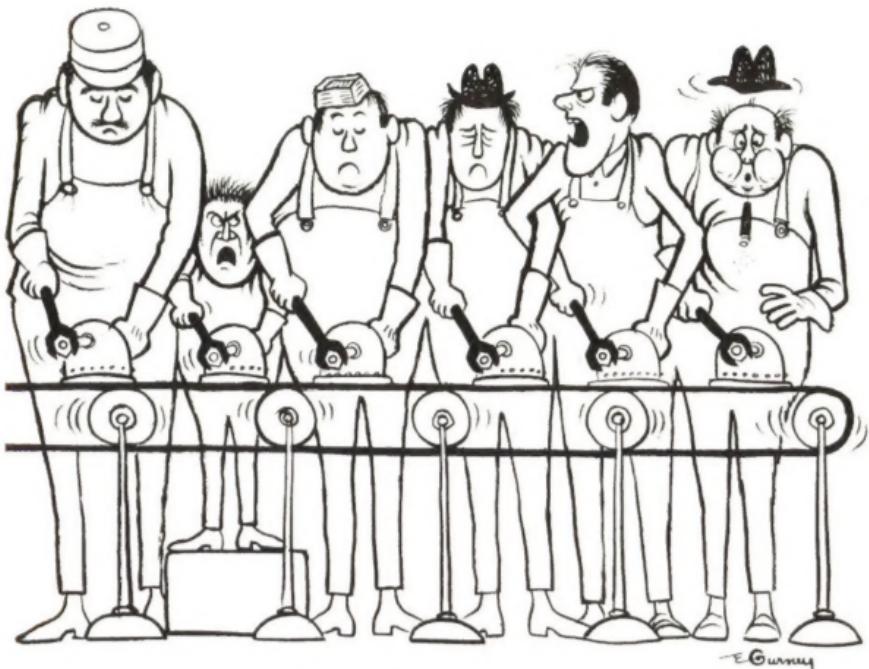
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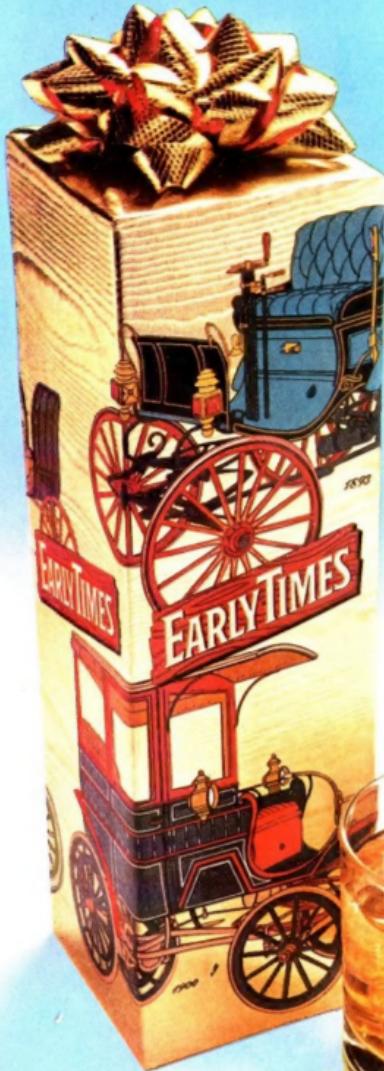
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